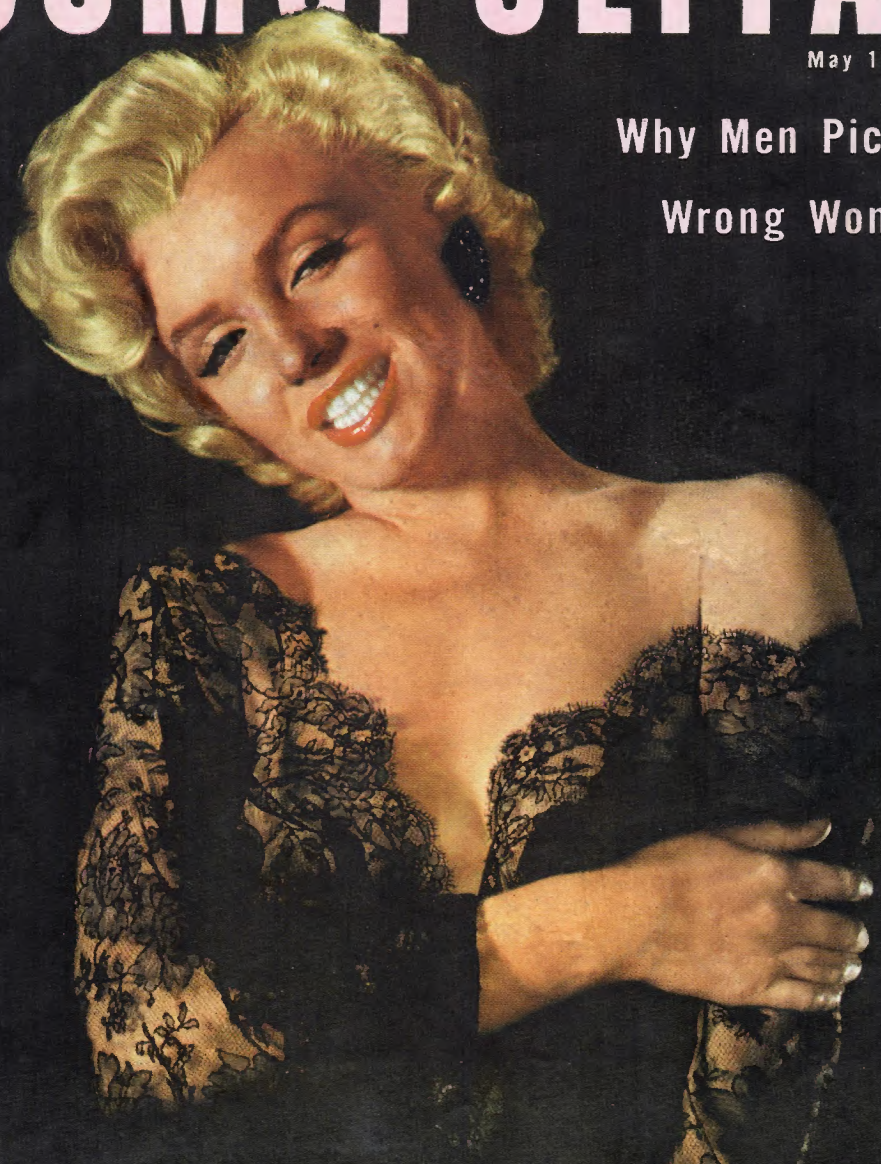
COSMOPOLITAN

May 1953 · 35¢



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Picture of the Month

Tingling with a sense of timeliness and sparked by the always-topical motivation of a man's love for a beautiful girl, M-G-M has conceived a real excitement-exciter in "Never Let Me Go".

It's lusty, gusty adventure, Gable-style, with all the unexpected twists and sudden turns of a taut suspense thriller.

Clark Gable has never been more the man of action... sailing on a mission of danger... battling a storm at sea... and finally winding up with a breakneck climax in which to save himself and his sweetheart he drives his car off the pier into the sea!

So real it seems to be happening on top of you, "Never Let Me Go" introduces Gable, as a hardened, hard-hitting foreign correspondent. After his first tantalizing encounter with the bewitching ballerina, Gene Tierney, they both know love will never let them go.

They marry, honeymoon happily at a Baltic Sea resort, and then... Gable is ordered back to the U. S. His bride is wrenched from him at the airport and held captive in a maze of red tape and intrigue. From here on, it's Gable against a whole government. And he dedicates himself to a daring plan to get her back.

Remembering an off-shore raft they used at the honeymoon resort, he cleverly arranges to meet Gene there on a night her ballet troupe is due to dance at the resort. His journey across the intervening expanse of sea is fraught with peril. At last, he reaches the rendezvous but the plan backfires. He must swim ashore after her. Thus begins a terror-taut sequence of suspense seldom matched for tenseness of pace and wildness of chase.

We can't tell you more about "Never Let Me Go" without taking the edge off a great adventure. We'd rather keep you on the edge of your seat.

★ ★ ★

M-G-M presents CLARK GABLE and GENE TIERNEY in "NEVER LET ME GO" with Richard Haydn. Screen play by Ronald Millar and George Froeschel. Adapted from the novel "Came the Dawn" by Roger Bax. Directed by Delmer Daves. Produced by Clarence Brown.

COSMOPOLITAN

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MAY, 1953

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COVER *A girl with a background like old-time melodrama, Marilyn Monroe was an orphan, a child bride, and a teen-ager who in high-school plays frequently had to play boys' roles because she was a string bean. Here she is today.*

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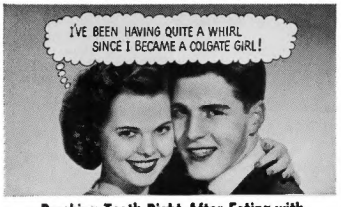

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IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH!

What Goes On at Cosmopolitan

MEN IN LOVE, A RHUBARB, AND GIRLS AT WAR

The way *we* heard it, a table for two, soft music, and the discovery of a mutual liking for Hemingway and pizza were reason enough for a man to get romantic about a girl. But in "Why Men Pick the Wrong Women" (page 50), Amram Scheinfeld gives the *real* reasons

Scheinfeld and *right* woman, his wife

a man is attracted to a woman—too often the wrong woman for him.

We found it reassuring to learn that this problem, like most concerning men and women, is not ours alone. Scheinfeld's study of the sexes, *Women and Men*, is being translated into Japanese!

Red Barber's Unbreakable Rule

"Sportscasters choose their profession because they like to get chummy with big-name people," a psychologist told us recently. Could be, but after reading W. C. Heinz's article "The Two Red Barbers" (page 104), we doubt it. Barber has one stringent rule: Never get friendly with a ball player because it leads to partiality which, in turn, leads to mayhem.

"Only once has Barber been known to break his rule," Heinz told us. It was last summer, when Jackie Robinson, Dodger second baseman, was fined $100 for a rhubarb with umpires. Reporters immediately rushed over to him for a statement.

"I'll never pay the fine," Robinson told them hotly. "And I don't care if I never play baseball again."

"Excuse me, Jackie," Barber broke in. "You say you won't pay the fine until you have a hearing from the commissioner?"

Robinson quickly altered his statement and later thanked Red for saving him. Red probably figured this particular situation was as good a time as any to make *his* exception to *his* rule.

Symptoms of a Budding Author

We've always been curiosity-ridden about how an author gets to be an author. Asking usually elicits all kinds of handy information like how to oil a tractor, or the proper forehand grip on a tennis racket. The first man to give us the answer direct is Marc Brandel, whose unique story "Cast the First Shadow" begins on page 92.

"Decision as to my career was made by my father when I was fourteen," he informed us. "Inherently lazy child, fond of sleeping late in the morning. Father noticed this, said: 'Only two possible careers open to you—night watchman or writer. Don't think you have brains to be night watchman.' Became writer."

This, we figure, is about as close as we'll ever come to the answer direct.

Girl Photographer in Korea

Genevieve Naylor is convinced that whatever else a photographer's life may be, it's not sedentary. On COSMOPOLITAN assignment to get the behind-the-scenes picture story on flight nurses, she flew in an Air Force plane from Washington to San Francisco, to Honolulu, to Tokyo, to Korea, to the fighting sector.

She wore GI clothes. In subzero weather, she slept in a Quonset hut on a folding cot in a sleeping bag, cuddling her camera's battery to keep it from

Genevieve Naylor and son Peter

freezing. In three weeks, she flew 118 hours—more than Air Force nurses fly in a month! And she brought back their story. We are proud to present "Flight Angel," beginning on page 112. **H. La B.**

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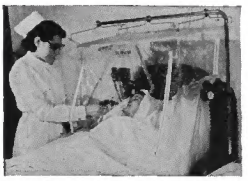

Sky-high Hospital bills can wreck your life savings if you don't have enough Hospitalization. *Mail Coupon Below!*

Look ahead! Think what a blessing it will be to fall back on reliable help with those Hospital bills. ACT NOW!

PROTECTS YOU and YOUR FAMILY

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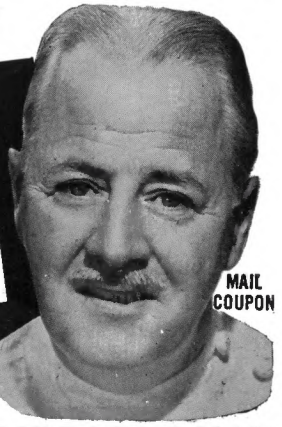

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So be wise! If you're already insured with one Policy — get the "NO TIME LIMIT" Policy for vital EXTRA protection. Of course if you're not insured at all, then by all means get this Policy just as fast as you can — before it's too late.

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This Policy is Sold Only By Mail! . . . It's Good Anywhere in U.S. and Possessions!
If sickness or accident puts you in a Hospital bed — you'll look back and thank your lucky stars you were wise enough to take out the "NO TIME LIMIT" Policy. It's the sensible, practical way to protect your own bank account against the onslaught of high Hospital costs. Ask anyone who's been through a siege of Hospital bills. They'll tell you what a comfort it is to have good, safe Hospitalization to fall back on. And we offer you so much more for your money. So ACT TODAY! Do it before trouble strikes.

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Hollywood enigma, Jean drops from view after each success, prefers animals to people.

The Disappearing Jean Arthur

COSMOPOLITAN MOVIE CITATIONS BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

One of the most American art forms, the Western movie, turns up in masterpiece proportions in a Paramount film called "Shane." Distinctly the best drama of the month, it is presented by George Stevens, one of Hollywood's most outstanding producer-directors, and stars Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, and Van Heflin.

Jean Arthur is well-nigh perfect in "Shane." But, of course, she is always wonderful, regardless of the role, regardless of the picture.

I call Jean the disappearing star. I've known her since the days when she was leading lady to Tom Mix, long before sound and better than a generation before Marilyn Monroe.

I've done scores of stories on Jean. A typical occasion was once when, on one of those impulses that she's subject to, she asked me to lunch with her at her New York apartment. She cooked the meal herself and chattered like a magpie. And yet, when I left her that afternoon, I really hadn't learned anything about her. Nobody has, and her private life still remains a baffling mystery.

When Jean is in Hollywood, no one ever knows where to find her. A disappearing act like this is the neatest trick of the year in this small, spotlighted town. This was just as true when she was in New York, starring in "Peter Pan." Even the company manager didn't know her address or phone number, as she discovered one day when he needed her in a hurry.

Paramount thought they had her nailed down during the shooting of "Shane," when they lodged her in an apartment house they own. They redecorated an apartment exactly to her specifications, and she said she adored it. She did, too, until two A.M. one morning when she

discovered the night watchman punched a time clock right outside her door. This was too intimate for Jean. She moved out, bag and baggage, at three A.M. It was days before the studio found out where.

George Stevens, who has directed her in three of her most successful pictures, "The More the Merrier," "Talk of the Town," and now "Shane," says she continually disappears because she's sensitive and frightened. He says, "Once I needed very much to find her. I looked everywhere for her, but could never find her.

Jean gave a warm performance in "Shane," yet shied away from contact with the cast.

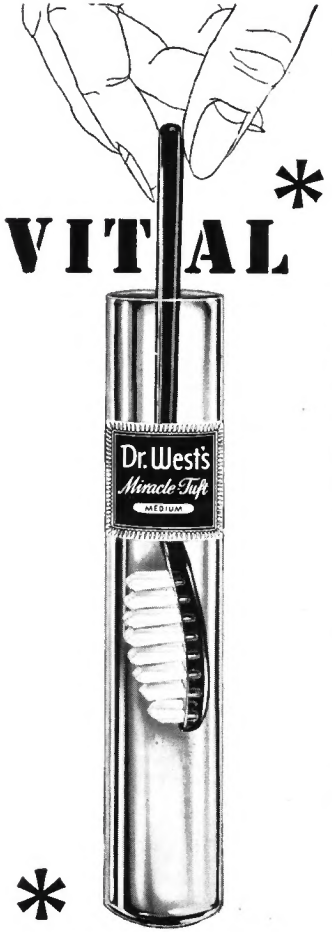
But this mysteriousness about her private life doesn't keep her from being one of the greatest comediennes the screen has ever seen. When she works, she gives everything that's in her, and she studies her roles as few actresses I've ever known."

When Jean was married to Frank Ross, he used to explain that she was so quiet because she was a student. She read everything. She prowled lonely roads. She picked up odd animals.

Apparently her personality is so many-faceted that it all depends on how you see her. On the "Shane" location, up in the magnificent Jackson Hole country in Wyoming, she drove Alan Ladd nearly

(continued)

In "Shane," Paramount stars Jean as the wife of Wyoming homesteader, Van Heflin, who clashes with cattlemen who try to force him off his land. Stranger Alan Ladd appears, and violence explodes. As Jean's son, Brandon de Wilde helps make this a top Western.



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60¢

Cleans INSIDE, OUTSIDE, IN BETWEEN

For a chair-gripping thrill—Alan Ladd's showdown in the homesteaders' battle against the ranchers

nuts. Young Brandon de Wilde played her son in the film, and like many another acting youngster, Brandon is no unmixed delight in real life. Whenever he was about to play a tender scene with Alan, he would stand on the sidelines just before it and make faces at Alan.

And who urged him to do this? Jean. Just before scenes were called, it was Jean who would suggest to Brandon that he ask for a drink of water. Or that he wander off somewhere, or claim that he was too tired to continue.

During the filming, Jean, who never mingled with the rest of the company, fell madly in love with a litter of pigs on the ranch where she was quartered. Whenever she couldn't be found for a scene, a harassed assistant director was sent running to the pigpen, and almost always she was discovered there.

When she finished "Shane," her contract with Paramount was still worth something like $400,000. But she wasn't interested in going on with it, and neither was the studio. So she settled it—as casually as she'd gone swimming at dawn every morning at Jackson Hole where the river never got warmer than forty degrees. And in which she swam nude.

Nobody knows where she is right now, or what she is doing. But one thing I can tell you for sure. She is merely great in "Shane."

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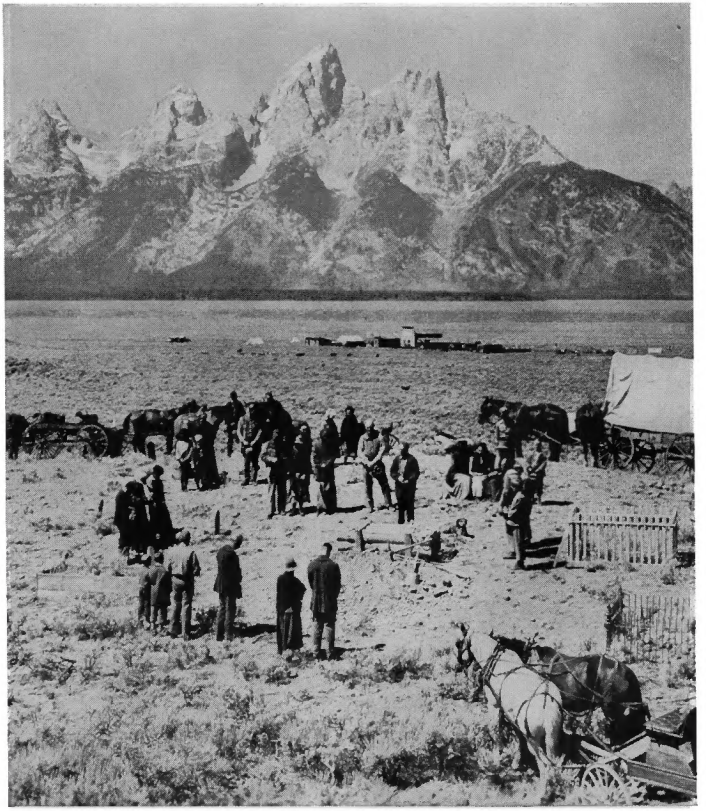
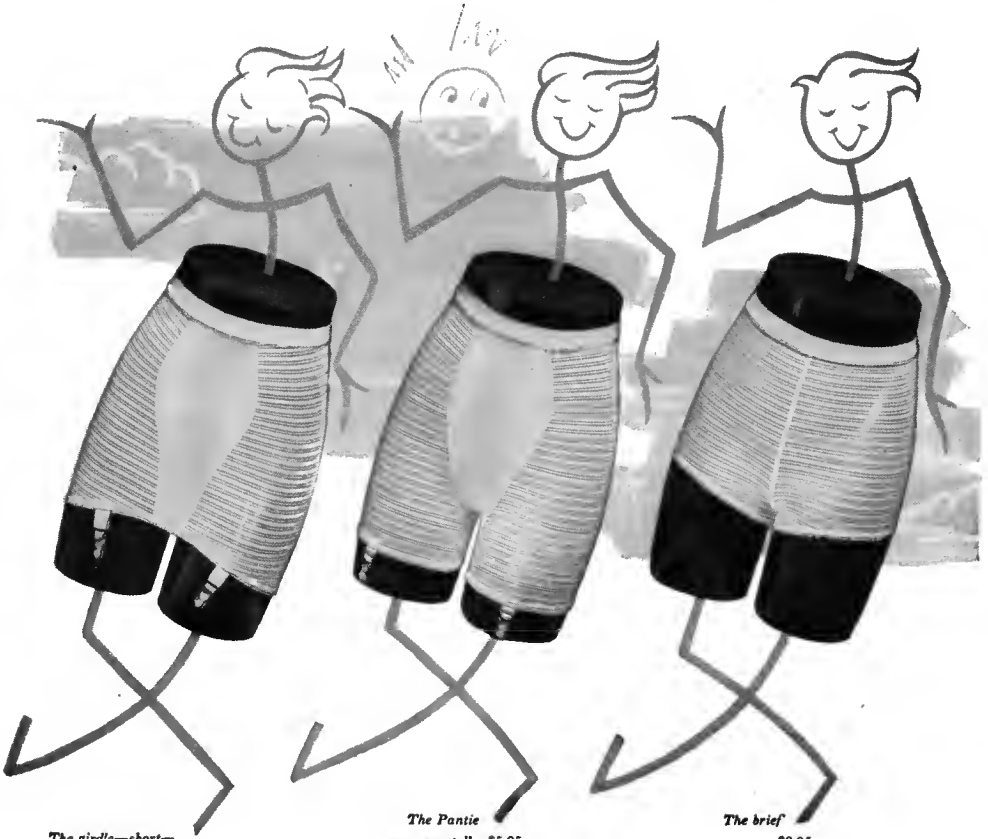


The grandeur of Wyoming's mountains, filmed in Technicolor, is the background for the greed that flares into arson and the murder of a homesteader (Elisha Cook, Jr.). Jack Palance is coldly terrifying as the gunman imparted from Cheyenne by the cattlemen.

FOR SHEER PLEASURE



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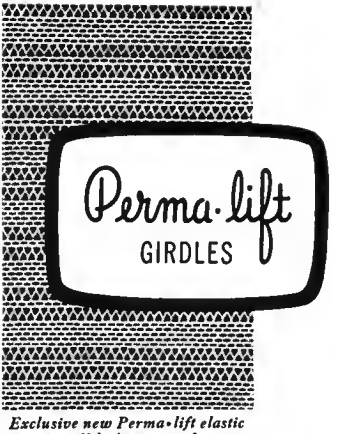

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THE END

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asks **JANE POWELL**

Wear Bur-Mil Cameo's New Wonder Top* Nylons

with exclusive face powder finish

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• Yes, on the screen and off, Jane Powell and other M-G-M stars are wearing the new Cameo Wonder Top nylons. The Wonder Top that stretches 200%—never goes out of shape, wears longer, gives new-found comfort!

• Be Leg-O-Genic—do as Hollywood stars do—wear Bur-Mil Cameo high twist, 15 denier Wonder Top nylons.

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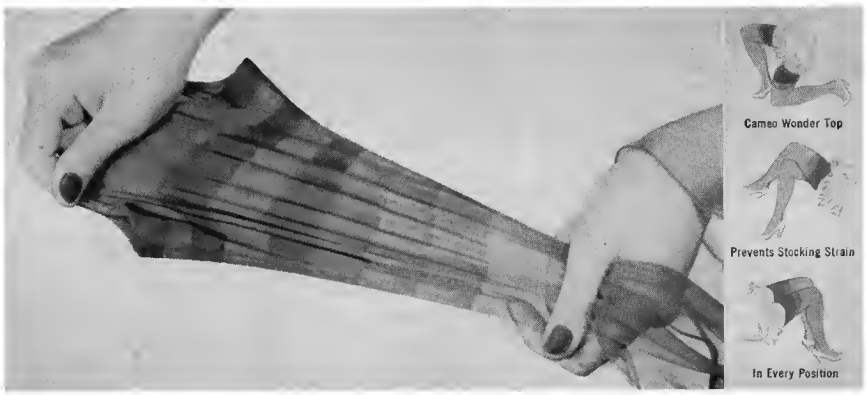

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"Shotgun" Marriages

A word about a social phenomenon, "clutterers," and the infertility of our college graduates

BY AMRAM SCHEINFELD

The premature stork. The probability that many more U.S. weddings than suspected are hurriedly arranged—voluntarily or under parental pressure—because the stork is already on the way is indicated by findings of Dr. Harold T. Christensen (Purdue). Based on his comparisons in Indiana between birth dates of 1,500 first-born children and the wedding dates of their parents, he "conservatively" estimates that for the country at large *about one in five first babies* is conceived well before the parents' marriage. In most of these instances the wedding takes places two to three months after the time of conception, or, presumably, just as soon as the pregnancy is definitely known. The highest proportion of pregnant brides is found among those who marry young, have civil ceremonies, and are of the laboring class.

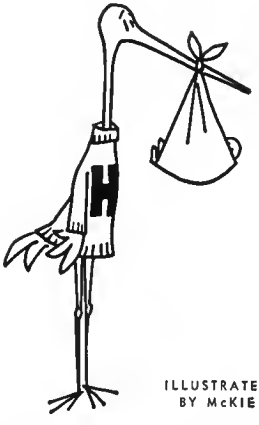
Career women without men. The higher up a husbandless woman goes in a career, the less happy she's likely to be; in fact, it's the lack of personal happiness that prompts many women to push on in careers. So concludes Dr. Evelyn Ellis (Cedar Crest College), after interviewing scores of Alabama single women (spinsters, divorced, or widowed) who rank high in jobs and professions. With many of them, an unhappy childhood—including a feeling of rejection by parents, communities, or schoolmates—had prompted the desire to win career success, and neurotic drives had continued to spur them on. Thus, the most successful of these women tended to be the most maladjusted and lonely, have fewer dates with men, drink more, and have more psychosomatic ailments.

"Clutterers." New light on a common speech peculiarity—the jumbling of words, called "cluttering," often wrongly confused with stuttering—is thrown by Drs. Ruth and Harry Bakwin. One clutterer named is a late senator, who in a speech referred to the "Chief Joints of Staff" and promised a colleague an "opple amportunity" to reply. Most famous was the Reverend W. A. Spooner of Oxford, who spoke of the Lord as a "Shoving Leopard" and told an usher with a titled lady in tow, "Sew her shadylip to a sheet," (which led to such slips being called spoonerisms). The Bakwins say clutterers also may make several wrong starts in telling a story, then get words and thoughts so twisted that they end up far away from their original idea. Unlike stutterers, most clutterers improve or overcome their habit when they are self-conscious or with strangers. As with other speech defects, cluttering is more common among boys and may run in families. Best treatment: Training to concentrate on details of speech and to read and speak every word carefully.

A business of your own? The chances of getting into business for yourself are fully as good today as ever in the past, but the likelihood of a small concern blossoming into a big one is much less, reports Professor Kurt B. Mayer (Brown University). In 1900, there were twenty-two business firms per 1,000 Americans; in 1950, twenty-six. However, Professor Mayer finds that having one's own business today carries less prestige, since with the rise in wages many workers rate higher and earn more than many small-business bosses.

Child sex-victims. Widespread beliefs that abnormal sex experiences in childhood must leave lasting bad effects are challenged by Dr. Lauretta Bender and Dr. Alvin E. Grugett, Jr., of New York's Bellevue Hospital. Studying many individuals who, as young children, had been victims of or participants in serious sex acts with adults, they found that almost all had soon shaken off the effects and made normal adjustments in later years. Those who hadn't, appeared to have been headed for abnormality anyway. Many of them had shown early symptoms of mental disease, which may have contributed to their sexual involvement. An especially disturbing finding is that many children in sex cases are not completely innocent. Noting that they tend to be more than ordinarily attractive, Dr. Bender and Dr. Grugett say, "in many instances it seems highly probable that the child used his or her charms in the role of 'seducer'" (of some weak-minded or perverted adult). However, these children usually come from homes where they receive little affection or homes where there is an unnatural sex atmosphere.

Infertile college graduates. The stork is badly scared off by diplomas, it appears from parentage records for American college graduates (classes of 1923-1926), which show the very low national average of 1.3 children per woman and 1.8 per man, as reported to the Population Reference Bureau. Winner of the old-grad stork race is Brigham Young University, Utah, whose graduates



ILLUSTRATED BY McKIE

averaged 2.5 children per coed and almost 4 children per male. Among leading women's colleges, averages for Vassar, Smith, Wellesley, and Skidmore were 1.4 to 1.6 children per graduate, and for Barnard and Radcliffe, only 1.2 children. Yale males averaged 2 offspring; Notre Dame, Harvard, Princeton, Cornell, and Columbia, 1.5 to 1.8. THE END

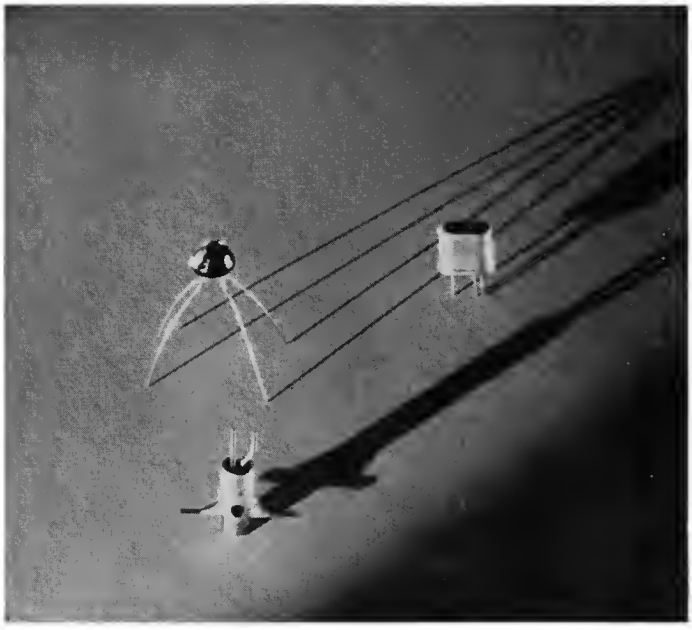


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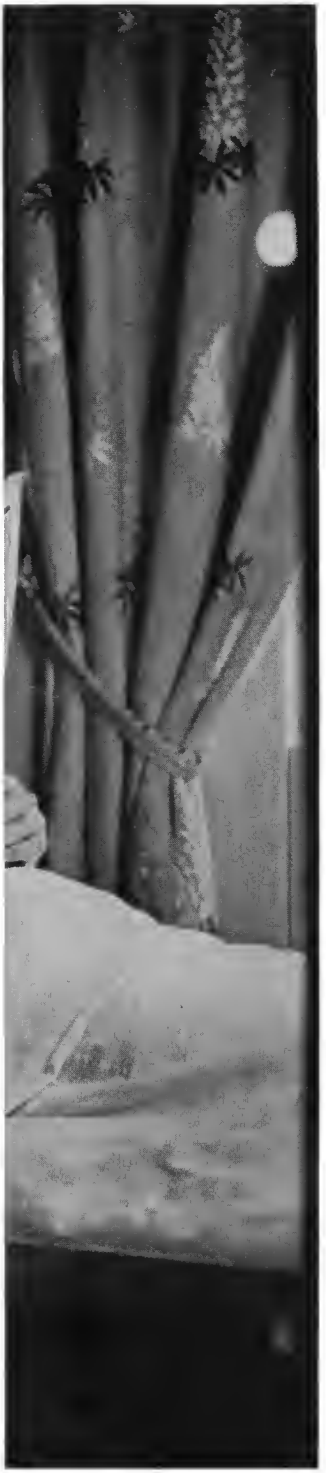
Photo By Angelo Pinto

IN CHILDBIRTH, *hypnotic anesthesia is most valuable, particularly when drugs might prove dangerous*



to either mother or child.

Medical Hypnosis

An ancient magical art is one of the newest weapons against fear—and pain

BY ANN CUTLER

A painful bursitis had caused the woman to go without sleep or rest for almost a week. When she consulted her doctor she was on the verge of hysteria, pleading for anything the doctor could do to give her relief.

After estimating her resilience and intelligence, the doctor explained that he was going to use "therapeutic suggestion." The woman agreed and then concentrated on what the doctor was saying. In two minutes the pain stopped, although the bursitis remained.

The carefully kept records of Dr. Arkad K. Biczak, of Clifton, New Jersey, indicate that it took six weeks for the doctor to dissolve the calcium deposit. But during that time, the patient felt no pain.

The blood pressure of another patient fluctuated between 220 and 240. Medication did little good. Dr. Biczak applied therapeutic suggestion. At first, she was not very cooperative. Her blood pressure fell from 240 to 231. The next time, it dropped to 175. Dr. Biczak then taught her autosuggestion—how to apply the therapy herself. Now he sees her once every three months, and her blood pressure has remained at 146.

These are but two of many cases showing how medical hypnosis can be used to treat the symptoms of varied illnesses. Nor is Dr. Biczak alone in utilizing it. Today, thousands of doctors are using it, and medical colleges throughout the nation are teaching the technique.

In New Jersey, a group of several hundred doctors have been trained by Dave Elman, a professional hypnotist, who, after thirty years of study, has developed a method of conditioning enabling the patient to be "put under" in less than a minute.

A Scientific Explanation for It

You may find it hard to believe that pain can be completely eradicated by hypnosis, but the explanation is scientifically valid. By appealing to the subconscious, Dr. Biczak is able to erect a wall between the conscious and subconscious. Often, in cases of severe pain, a surgeon cuts the nerve that relays pain. But blocking the path with "suggestion" achieves a sounder result.

There is nothing new in this practice. Hypnosis was used by the priests of ancient Persia and Egypt for medical purposes. But charlatans adopted it as an

(continued)

Therapeutic suggestion can remove pain but cannot cure

adjunct of the magician's art, and because of this abuse it fell into medical disfavor. In 1848, it once more appeared as a medical aid. In that year, a Dr. Esdaile, working in India, reported that he had used hypnosis in performing 300 major operations and thousands of minor ones.

A Substitute for Anesthetics

Since that time, its use has grown steadily. Two Australian doctors interned by the Japanese found that hypnosis was an excellent substitute for the anesthetics that were unavailable to them. They also discovered that it worked wonders in reducing pain and bleeding after surgery and promoted rapid healing. They describe twenty-nine successful major operations, all performed with hypnosis in place of drugs.

The greatest hurdle for the doctor using medical hypnosis is the patient's fear. This fear is usually based on superstition. Most of us hear the word *hypnosis* and conjure up visions of Rasputin mesmerizing the crown prince of Russia or of Svengali at work on an open-eyed innocent. The movies have pictured the absurdities of sweaty foreheads and popping eyeballs and strain against the will of the evil-eyed hypnotist.

Actually, no one can possibly be hypnotized against his will. Specialists emphasize that a patient under hypnosis does not respond to any suggestion that violates his moral, ethical, or religious principles. Whenever a conflicting suggestion is made, even such a mild one as asking a woman to raise her skirts above her knees, the subject immediately awakens or ignores the suggestion.

Also, there is no reason for a subject to fear that once he is hypnotized he cannot awaken except when ordered by his hypnotist. Even if the hypnotist refuses to awaken the patient, the subject himself will wake up quickly, unharmed. The reason for this is that, psychologically, one person is not really hypnotized by another. Rather—and especially in medical hypnosis—the doctor shows the patient how to hypnotize himself into a state of complete relaxation. This then allows the doctor to make suggestions to the subject's subconscious mind.

To be successfully hypnotized, a patient must be intelligent enough to cooperate, or no therapy is possible.

Every doctor deals with illnesses that seemingly have no physical basis yet are very real. Migraine headaches, attacks of asthma, ulcers, allergic reactions, high blood pressure, and heart attacks, even when they are rooted in emotional disturbances, can cause pain, even death. Such ailments respond remarkably to hypnotic therapy.

Dr. Anthony J. Pellicane, of New Brunswick, New Jersey, fellow of the American College of Surgeons and International College of Surgeons, estimates that hypnosis can relieve four out of every five victims of migraine in thirty seconds. Suggestion can stop an asthmatic attack in its tracks. But hypnosis cannot cure; it simply relieves painful symptoms.

Typical of the value of hypnosis in treating such ailments is the case of a doctor's nurse who had been an asthmatic since the age of five. She had been dogged by recurrent attacks, lasting anywhere from twenty-four to thirty-six hours. The doctor found that by suggestion he could relieve her almost instantly. Within the past year, no attack has lasted longer than a few minutes.

Jacques Lowe

EX-VAUDEVILLIST *Dave Elman (right) coaches a group of New Jersey doctors in use of hypnosis.*

Dieters also react favorably to hypnosis. First the doctor will "relax" the patient and give him a complete diet. He then gives the patient a posthypnotic suggestion that "it is important to stay on the diet." Posthypnotic suggestions have a strong compulsion: the patient finds it makes him uncomfortable to break the diet, and he stops trying.

One of the most dramatic cases of medical hypnosis concerns a woman who suffered from repeated attacks of paroxysmal tachycardia. The symptom—extreme racing of the heart—may be fatal. The woman had been to several heart specialists. None had been able to find the cause or give her permanent relief.

One morning her condition got worse. Her heart pounded up to 160 beats a minute—and there it stayed. Sedatives, medications, and treatments did no good. As the days passed, the strain on the heart muscles intensified. Her blood pressure fell from 140 to 82. The muscles were fast becoming exhausted. She was placed in an oxygen tent. The increased medication caused violent toxic reactions. Her blood pressure continued to drop, and her family stood by, waiting for the end.

"I decided to use hypnosis," recalled the family doctor. "I pushed away the oxygen tank, picked up her hand, and asked if she would accept my suggestion. She nodded. My own heart was going faster than hers. I was only half through the hypnosis course, and this was the first time I had tried it on a patient.

"The family looked on hopefully. I made the suggestion that by morning her heart would be well and that she would feel better on awakening. Then I woke her. She didn't know what had happened. Her heart still raced, but her blood pressure rose a little. I put her back under the oxygen and left."

The next morning, the patient was sitting up. Her pulse was a quiet 80; her blood pressure had risen to 120. And she stayed that way until she was well.

Just as dramatic, though in another way, are the effects of hypnosis on the relationship between doctors and children. All the trauma of fear is evaporated, even in patients as young as five.

Children Are Willing Subjects

Dr. Sandor A. Levinsohn, former president of the Passaic County Medical Society and noted pediatrician in Paterson, New Jersey, testifies that by suggestion he can have the child smiling even during an injection.

Dr. George Henderson, a Newark, New Jersey, anesthesiologist, has successfully used hypnosis on hundreds of children. This technique is particularly valuable during the tonsil season, from March to June, when children display an attitude something less than joyful toward the operating room. Dr. Henderson carefully conditions the children to ignore the fearsome aspects of a hospital and then "talks" them through the operation.

Dentists, too, are taking advantage of medical hypnosis. Hundreds of them are

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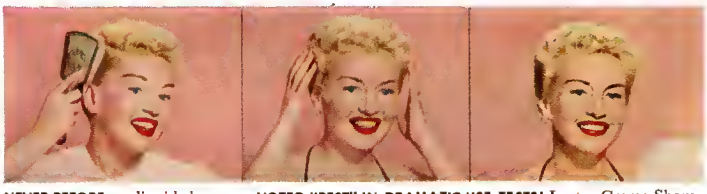

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Medical Hypnosis (continued)

I.N.P.

BETTY JANE HYLAND, *ten, born with a painful spinal disorder, cannot take too much sedation. Her father studied hypnosis, now uses it to relieve her pain.*

practicing hypnodontics. They perform the most painful tasks—root-canal work, chipping at impacted teeth, drilling along sensitive gum lines—without a cry from the patient and with no painkillers.

Dr. M. R. Stein, a New York dentist, reports in Aaron A. Moss's new book *Hypnodontics* that in dental surgery, anesthesia may be localized in any part of the mouth. It is possible to control salivation and to reduce bleeding. The patient may be placed in any position, and gags, mouth props, and retentive devices need not be utilized. After extractions, the dentist can reduce postoperative pain by giving the suggestion before rousing the patient.

Hypnosis Can Ease Childbirth

The most receptive patients are pregnant women. One noted obstetrician, in Passaic, New Jersey, who has delivered five hundred babies without anesthesia or sedation, believes that a pregnant woman, dreading the ordeal of labor, is glad to believe the promise that hypnosis will make her delivery painless and easy.

The obstetrician begins conditioning his patient during the seventh month—"That's when she starts worrying about the delivery." He starts by teaching her autosuggestion, which enables her to relax for short periods each day and conditions her for the complete relaxation necessary when labor starts.

Patients who follow his suggestions have a much easier pregnancy. Nausea, especially, can be eliminated by suggestion. Labor is not only painless but shorter, thus taxing the mother's strength far less than chemical anesthesia.

Many obstetricians believe that hypnosis for childbirth provides a wide margin of safety for mother and child. In their book *Psychosomatic Gynecology* Dr. William S. Kroger, of Chicago, and Dr. Solomon C. Freed, of Mount Zion Hospital, San Francisco, point out that the major advantage of hypnosis is that there is no respiratory or circulatory depression in the mother or child.

Respiratory failure is the largest single cause of death in newborn babies. Many doctors believe too-free use of obstetrical drugs and anesthesia may be responsible for many of the deaths. They say that when anesthetics and pain-killing analgesics are not used, babies are born awake and alert; about 98 per cent take their first breath without aid from the physician. When pain-killing drugs are used, depending on the amount used, babies have breathing difficulties up to 55 per cent of the time.

Often a Caesarean can be avoided by suggestion. One patient, a girl with a small pelvis, was warned by her doctor that the baby was large, and a Caesarean would probably be necessary. However, when labor started, the girl was comfortable and volunteered to hold out. Labor without pain continued for two days, and the baby arrived naturally.

Of course, such dramatic results aren't always produced. Doctors who use suggestion emphasize that it is not a sure thing. It can't be used on every patient. Results are not always uniform—or predictable. Where one patient is permanently relieved of pain, another gets only temporary help. But there is never any danger. And in cases where it is applicable, physicians consider it one of the potentially great tools in man's struggle to relieve human misery. THE END

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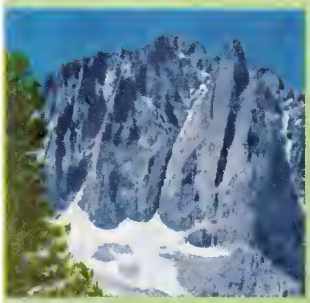

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Lever House, Park Avenue, New York

What's New in Medicine

BY LAWRENCE GALTON

A new drug called Efocaine, a local anesthetic effective for unprecedented lengths of time, and not a narcotic, promises to usher in a heartening new era of pain control. A single injection of it kills pain not for hours but for six to twelve days, or longer.

Pain, undoubtedly the most common reason why people go to doctors, is a symptom of an underlying cause that must be corrected. But pain itself demands attention, too. It interferes with rest and relaxation, may prolong the basic trouble and interfere with treatment. Pain is also an important problem after surgery.

According to the evidence in a dozen recent medical reports, Efocaine, already successfully used by more than a thousand patients, is a boon in many varied pain situations.

For those who have to go through surgery—and each year ten million Americans do—it offers freedom from serious discomfort throughout convalescence.

It has provided long-lasting relief from the afterpain of childbirth. In children having tonsils removed, it has blotted out throat pain, prevented difficulty in swallowing and earaches.

Efocaine has also been tested with excellent results in nonsurgical problems.

Low-back pain may come from many causes, including serious spine disease. But in some cases the trouble lies in certain body areas so sensitive that when touched by even a slight breeze they trigger off a pain arc. Two or three injections of Efocaine have blocked out the arc for an extended period, broken the pain habit, permitted some patients to throw away sacroiliac belts or braces they have had to use for years.

In sprained ankles, the drug cuts short the interacting cycle of pain and spasm, and has put patients back on their feet immediately. When a 200-pound housewife fell while hanging curtains and sprained her ankle, three people had to carry her into a doctor's office. After an injection of Efocaine into her ankle, she walked out.

Severe rectal itching, present in some cases for many years, was relieved in every one of 15 patients who received Efocaine. Prolonged local anesthesia is no panacea for this affliction; cure usually depends upon treating the cause. But, in many instances, extended relief from the itching and scratching prevents further tissue damage and allows the normal body defense mechanisms to get to work and provide the cure.

Efocaine may go far toward solving a major problem after chest and upper abdominal surgery. It's often a stabbing agony just to move in bed after such operations. Many patients lie supine, breathe shallowly, and avoid coughing as much as possible. Then blood tends to settle in the large body cavities, the shallow breathing causes mucus plugs to develop in the lungs, and these plugs, which ordinarily are eliminated by coughing, may accumulate until there is danger that the patient may drown.

In tests at a number of hospitals, Efocaine permitted patients to turn easily in bed, breathe deeply, and cough freely, and helped keep respiratory passages clear. In one hospital, when 30 patients, many of them over sixty, received Efocaine after abdominal surgery, most of them were able to walk to the bathroom, with assistance, even on the first day.

Preliminary trials show that Efocaine also holds promise in many other situations. Sufferers from tic douloureux, the agonizing facial-nerve disorder, have benefited. In diabetic gangrene and in other blood-vessel disorders in the extremities, nerve impulses may keep the blood vessels constricted. By blocking these impulses so the blood vessels stay open and blood circulation is improved, Efocaine has helped avoid amputation. The same is true in frostbite, where cold constricts the blood vessels and Efocaine helps open them up.

Tests at a leading dental school also are encouraging. The pain of a simple tooth extraction rarely lasts very long, and prolonged relief of pain over weeks is not necessary. But Efocaine appears valuable in more serious dental surgery, in the treatment of impacted teeth, and in hooking up prosthetic devices. And where previously when all teeth had to be extracted and replaced there had to be a wait before dentures could be inserted, now, with Efocaine injected as soon as bleeding is controlled, the gums can be sutured and the denture put in immediately.

In the past, attempts to prolong anesthetic action failed. Efocaine's success lies in an ingenious chemical trick which uses a "carrier" solution to transport the pain-killing material to the nerves, then dump it there in a form that isn't quickly washed away by body fluids.

Efocaine is no cure-all. A major ingredient is Novocain, a powerful local anesthetic. Novocain does not "take" every time, and neither does Efocaine.

Moreover, no drug is entirely innocuous. While Novocain is one of the least toxic of local anesthetics, it can produce allergic responses in a small percentage of patients. So may Efocaine.

Efocaine must also be injected carefully. Too superficial an injection can produce a lump near the skin that will erode tissues.

But when used skillfully in the proper situations, Efocaine offers effective long-lasting pain relief. It doesn't interfere with wound healing. It is not a narcotic and it practically eliminates the need for narcotics, which, in addition to their addiction risk, depress vital functions.

Growth in children has been speeded by a powdered beef-liver preparation. The liver, incorporated in chocolate bars, was given to 32 apparently normal two-year-old children at British day nurseries. Similar bars containing no liver were given to 28 other children for comparison. After thirteen weeks, the children getting the liver supplement had gained an average of about a quarter of an inch more in height and ten ounces more in weight.

Lung cancer growing so rapidly it couldn't be removed by surgery was brought under control by intensive X-ray treatment. The patient, a New York City taxi driver, received twenty X-ray treatments over a period of three weeks after surgeons were unable to operate. Seven years later, he is still alive and works regularly. His case is held out as evidence that X-ray treatment may be able to control such seemingly hopeless cancers.

Pregnancy has been detected by a simple new test when the menstrual period was only a day or two late, compared with the ten-to-fourteen-day waiting period required for other tests. Performed by the family doctor in his own office in a few minutes, the test involves drying and crystallizing a sample of cervical mucus and observing it under a microscope. It proved accurate in 99 per cent of 300 cases. THE END

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"OKLAHOMA!"

In ten years, the great indestructible has produced more stars and more income than any other musical

BY PAUL GARDNER AND JOHN FRIEDKIN

Along Broadway they talk of the trumpeter who staggered into the producer's office wailing. "I've been in 'Oklahoma!' so long I've blown my teeth out. For heaven's sake, get me an office job!"

This is about as effective a way as any to describe the durability of America's most remarkable musical comedy, which just celebrated its tenth birthday.

During that decade, more than twenty million people have seen the show. In New York, it played 2,248 performances, a record for musicals. In London, it had the second-longest run of any musical in the long history of the British theatre. It has made return appearances for the fourth time in such places as Los Angeles, and chances are it will return many more times before it wears out its welcome.

Even more impressive was its reception in Berlin in 1951. The show was played in English, and for the length of the run, the box office was swamped. At curtain call, Berlin audiences screamed, "Heil, Oklahoma!", though they hadn't understood a phrase of the show.

In its incubator days, the wise talk concerning this musical without legs, sexy gags, or a chorus line and *with* ballet was that it would be the floperoo of the season. Theresa Helburn, the wise Connecticut matron who with Lawrence Langner supervises the affairs of the Theatre Guild, which produced "Oklahoma!", recalls the heartbreak of raising money for it.

At a backers' party for what became known as "Helburn's Folly," composer Richard Rodgers played his songs and Alfred Drake and Joan Roberts sang. The money boys stifled yawns and out of pity more than conviction invested $2,500. This for a production that was to require $83,000.

Thus far that $83,000 has netted $5,000,000, and they haven't even negotiated for the movie money yet.

In the New Haven tryout days ten years ago, some of the fainthearted pulled out on their investment promises. But one courageous lady took a flier. She invested $1,500 and gave the shares to her son. The profits saw him through college, got him married, and have produced a living for him ever since. By the time all the profits are in, that $1,500 will have paid a record $105,000.

Off to a Dismal Start

For a musical that was to gross over $36,000,000 (another record), the events leading up to the opening on March 31, 1943, were singularly unpromising. Lynn Riggs's "Green Grow the Lilacs," which had been an artistic success but a financial flop a dozen years before, provided the material for "Oklahoma!"

Miss Helburn wanted Richard Rodgers and the late Larry Hart to collaborate on the venture. Hart was ailing, didn't care for the idea, anyhow, and refused. Rodgers then joined forces with Oscar Hammerstein, who was punchdrunk from ten successive flops since "Show Boat."

Rouben Mamoulian, a movie director with no recent stage credits, pulled down the director's job. After the first preview in New Haven, he, Theresa Helburn, Lawrence Langner, and all the principals gathered and decided sadly that the show was sick. It was, among other things, shy on humor.

After a few moments of quiet gloom big, ungainly Oscar Hammerstein started thinking. Suddenly he dashed upstairs to his room, scratched feverishly in a notebook, and rushed across the hall to where Rodgers was sitting at a piano. He recited the lyrics for "Pore Jud."

"Great," said Rodgers and then and there composed the music. Almost on the spur of the moment, a classic of light humor was born.

"Oklahoma!" was first called "Away We Go," but when the production reached Boston, it was rechristened "Oklahoma." Langner stared at this name fixedly, then added the exclamation point.

On opening night in Boston, seven dancers, four singers, and choreographer Agnes de Mille caught German measles. They merely slapped on more grease paint to hide the blotches. Dancer Marc

(continued)

Color photo by Graphic House

Experts saw disaster for a show giving ballet a major role in telling the story.

Howard Keel and Betty Jane Watson were little known before "Oklahoma!"

A $1,500 share in "Oklahoma!" will eventually return more than $100,000

Joan McCracken won audiences with gay interpretation of Agnes de Mille dances.

Celeste Holm played pratfall comedy as Ado Annie, now is a dramatic actress.

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Platt twisted two toes, and a chorine fractured an arm in a mad routine. But no one in the audience ever knew it—not from the way they danced that night.

Critics Were Highly Skeptical

The New York critics sitting in the audience were still skeptical about "Oklahoma!" when the curtain went up. They had come to Boston to see another opus and had obligingly stayed over a night to glance at "Oklahoma!"

But their reviews were raves, and the show next got a hysterical reception in New York. In his hospital bed, Larry Hart heard the news. When he died several months later, it was, according to Broadway legend, as much from a broken heart as from physical sickness.

The demand for tickets bordered on madness. With wartime rationing at its height, the devout offered steaks, nylons, and other hard-to-get-items for tickets. Special maids were hired at the theatre for housewives with babies. From a prisoner-of-war camp in Germany came reservation queries.

One Manhattan lady unexpectedly got two tickets for an "Oklahoma!" matinee in the mails. Delighted with her good fortune, she went—and returned to find her apartment had been robbed by a resourceful second-story man.

It's doubtful that any other show ever produced as many stars from its ranks as "Oklahoma!" Not the least of these was the team of Rodgers and Hammerstein. "Oklahoma!" launched them as the greatest success team since Gilbert and Sullivan. And Celeste Holm got her start

Bambi Linn, now a TV star, moved on to another Rodgers-Hammerstein show.

as Ado Annie, the blonde gadabout in "Oklahoma!"

Shelley Winters, Pamela Britton, Alfred Drake, Betty Garde, Joan Roberts, Joan McCracken, and Howard Keel all have played in "Oklahoma!"

Two companies went on tour with "Oklahoma!" after it closed on Broadway. To keep a company on the road cost $25,000, as there were sixty-seven singers, dancers, and actors, plus an orchestra of twenty. Since the combined weekly gross was $70,000, this made good sense.

Canadians adore "Oklahoma!" In Toronto alone, it has played nine engagements—and to packed houses each time. It has also toured the Pacific, South Africa, Sweden, Australia, and Denmark.

It was "Oklahoma!" that started the vogue of the show album, now a million-dollar industry. About a million record albums, starring the original cast, have been bought. When the show closed on Broadway, more than two million copies of sheet music had been sold. The demand still persists.

The show itself is booked solid until June, with more plans for the future.

Ten Years and $5,000,000 Later

Shortly before the tenth-anniversary party was held on March 31, 1953, in Washington, Richard Rodgers ran into Miss Helburn. "It's ten years," Rodgers said, and he hugged the small, bright-eyed Miss Helburn.

A guy can really get sentimental about "Oklahoma!"—ten years and five million dollars later. THE END

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"I had previously taken two writing courses without success. Now, after enrolling with Palmer I have received a check for my first sale [short story to *Capper's Weekly*]. No wonder I heartily recommend the Palmer Institute."—*Warren Crumrine, Tiffin, Ohio.*

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I.N.P.

From Manhattan to the Thousand Islands, New York has something for everyone.

NEW YORK

The world's top tourist attraction

BY EDWARD R. DOOLING

THIS MONTH'S BUDGET TRIP

The opening of the spring travel season reminds us of the fact that New York is one of America's top tourist attractions. Not only the city but the entire Empire State constitute a travel territory of unusual variety. I am outlining a brief budget tour of the state, beginning with New York City.

A number of New York City's hotels have special package rates for out-of-town visitors. These include double room with private bath and a choice of sightseeing attractions. Typical of such packages is one that calls for one night and two days in New York and includes a choice of luncheon spots, sightseeing trips by bus, or a ticket to Radio City Music Hall or the ice show at the Center Theatre or a matinee balcony seat for

a Broadway show; choice of a sightseeing trip, yacht cruise around Manhattan, or the Rockefeller Center Guided Tour; choice of a visit to the Empire State Observatory, the Hayden Planetarium, or a boat trip to the Statue of Liberty. Cost of the two-day New York tour is $11.90 a person.

A suggested tour of upstate New York takes you north along the Hudson River to the land of Rip Van Winkle, where you may visit the old Senate House at Kingston, site of the first meeting of the New York State legislature; the old Bronck House at Coxsackie; Burroughs Memorial and grave of John Burroughs at Roxbury; the Catskill Game Farm between Palenville and Cairo; and Perrine's Bridge at Rifton, over the Wallkill River, one of the oldest of about thirty covered bridges in New York State.

Across the Hudson are the home of the late President Franklin D. Roosevelt and the Roosevelt Memoral Library at Hyde Park; the Vanderbilt Mansion, a national historic site, also near Hyde Park; and Washington's Headquarters, the old Hasbrouck House, in Newburgh.

The state capitol at Albany is an interesting and historic building, as are the First Church in Albany, with the oldest pulpit in America; Fort Crailo, in Rensselaer, where "Yankee Doodle" was written; the Schuyler Mansion at Clinton and Catherine streets in the capital; and nearby Howe Caverns, just off Route 7, west of Albany, near Cobleskill.

Traveling westward through the Mohawk Valley, you turn north into the colorful central Adirondacks and the Fulton Chain of numbered lakes on the way to the St. Lawrence River and the picturesque Thousand Islands. State parks provide beaches, camping sites, rowboats for rent, hiking and riding trails. The Thousand Islands International Bridge is a seven-mile scenic highway across the islands to Canada.

Following the river westward, you come to the shore of Lake Ontario and historic Sackets Harbor, with its state park, museum, and old military cemetery. The route takes you on to Niagara Falls, one of the world's great scenic attractions, and back across the state with opportunities to visit scenic Watkins Glen, the Finger Lakes, and the Catskill Mountains on the return route to New York City.

Cost for a ten-day trip is estimated at about $240 for two people.

Tip for tomorrow: June is the month of roses in Portland, Oregon. There are, of course, hundreds of thousands of rosebushes in and around Portland, but one of the best and most concentrated displays is to be seen in the thirty acres of Lambert Gardens, located at Southeast Steele Street and Twenty-eighth

(continued)

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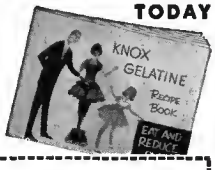

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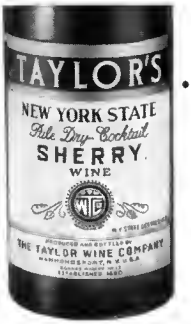

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Avenue, near the Willamette River. There are ten formal gardens in the tract, all threaded through by comfortable walkways.

Mid-June is the time for the annual Golden Rose Ski Meet on Mount Hood. It is a spectacular "winter" carnival staged on the eve of summer.

The Pan-American Highway to Mexico City still frightens some motorists. Theirs are foolish fears. I've driven over the route both ways at least half a dozen times in the last fifteen years and I have never even run into a single nervous moment.

Driving on mountain highways is as easy as crossing the Mojave Desert if you know how. No special skill is required. The simple rules are: keep the car in high gear and maintain a pace of about 30 to 35 miles an hour; sit hard on the horn whenever you see a blind turn ahead; don't try to pass trucks at high altitude unless you have lots and lots of open highway space ahead; never speed on downgrades.

The section of the Pan-American route that makes some people nervous is the last stretch from Tamazunchale to Mexico City, southbound. There are only about 53 miles of real mountain driving, during which the road climbs from about 3,000 feet above sea level to more than 10,000 and then drops into the Valley of Mexico at about 7,500. It's all excellent road, skillfully engineered and constructed, with no part that requires shifting into low or second gear. It is better than lots of mountain roads in this country.

An off-the-trail spot well worth discovering is tiny Tryon, North Carolina, in the southern Appalachians. Tryon is in a thermal belt, which produces an unusual atmospheric condition, tempering both winter and summer and adding extra weeks to the spring and fall seasons.

Rolling farm and fox-hunting country, turbulent mountain streams and waterfalls, a backdrop of blue mountain peaks, and a profusion of flower and foliage color give Tryon its scenic appeal. Autumn coloring around Tryon lasts longer than in mountain areas of comparable altitude, frequently extending into mid-November. Sourwoods, dogwoods, oaks, maples, and hickories produce the fall blanket of yellows, reds, and russets. White pines, boxwoods, spruce, and holly keep the mountainsides green in winter. Wild flowers border the hiking and bridle paths that radiate from Tryon.

Inns and local tourist homes and motels now remain open all year. The village has become a favorite locale for retired people, and many well-known people maintain homes in the area. These have included among the writers, artists, and

naturalists of the past and present such personalities as Sidney Lanier, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Margaret Culkin Banning, H. V. Kaltenborn, John Burroughs, William Gillette, and Donald Culross Peattie.

Although the permanent population is only 2,000, the shops and stores of Tryon present an amazing variety of good merchandise. You can buy today's newspapers from New York, tweeds and leather goods from England, imported herbs, or handmade baskets produced by the local mountain folk.

In Los Angeles' Pershing Square, California's counterpart to London's Marble Arch, orators declaim upon any favorite subject. Day and night, under the palm and banana trees that grow above the new municipal garage housing 2,000 automobiles on three levels, the Los Angeles Demostheneses bellow their beliefs to a conglomerate and shifting audience.

Most of the speakers pursue religious themes, seeking to launch small revivals of their own in competition with the religious mass meetings that are a constant part of the Southern California scene. The Pershing Square preachers are of all types—male and female, old and young. Some carry signs proclaiming their special formula for salvation.

I.N.P.

Miss Liberty greets New York tourists.

The crowds frequently argue, and sometimes the arguments become heated. Usually, however, they end peacefully, and the Los Angeles police simply keep a watchful eye on the crowd to make sure no overzealous religionist attempts to fight his way into heaven with his fists.

THE END

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This bustle bathing suit, *in cotton with embroidered dots, is Cynthia's choice for its sheer femininity and figure-enhancing qualities. The bathing suit is by Brilliant; straw hat by Deauville; gold jewelry by Coro.*

Fashion Photos by Peter Martin

At the airport, *Cynthia and Jack compare notes. Her tailored suit is of Lorette, a new fabric that retains pleats and won't wrinkle. By Joselli.*

Clothes for a Second Honeymoon

Jack and Cynthia Lemmon, one of TV's most attractive and hard-working young couples (she is known on TV by her maiden name, Cynthia Stone), decided that Arizona was the place to spend their second honeymoon. They briefed their two well-behaved puppies, Duffy and Proddy (short for Production) on the trip, locked up their apartment, and boarded a TWA plane for Pboenix.

Since Cynthia's daily life is one big round of conferences and TV rehearsals, most of her wardrobe before the trip consisted of conservative, work-a-day city clothes, not at all appropriate for a second honeymoon.

The vacation presented her with a wonderful opportunity to shop gaily for a wardrobe of fresh, colorful clothes to match the fresh, colorful Arizona countryside.

On these six pages are shown her selections. And from the jaunty way she wears them, any woman will recognize how much a new collection of clothes can contribute to a happy honeymoon—first or second.

(continued)

TWA

Everybody rides horseback *in Arizona, to see the beautiful countryside where there are no roads.*

The play's the thing! Any game under the sun gets rid of the Lemmons' job kinks

At the ticket office, *the Lemmons find out how much luggage they're allowed. Cynthia's jersey raincoat is by Lawrence of London.*

At cocktail time, *Jack and Cynthia eye the dining room eagerly after a day of riding and swimming. Her knitted dress was designed by Bonnie Cashin for Joseph Guttman.*

Caught in a trap, *Cynthia asks for Jack's advice on how to get out of the sand. Her handsome golf dress and hat are by Serbin, the two-tone golf shoes by Hill and Dale.*

Desert Sea News Bureau

Authentic frontier towns *have been re-created in many states to give vacationers the flavor of the old West.*

Wide-striped denim shorts *and a button-front cotton blouse were Cynthia's choice. The pants also come in pedal-pusher and mid-calf lengths. The blouses and pants are by Coleman Worth. Hats and shoes by Deauville.*

(continued)

Phoenix Chamber of Commerce

An invitation to swim *or simply to relax is typical of what Arizona offers vacationers.*

Chief vacation luxury for Cynthia: time to dress her prettiest

For a pretty good-morning, *Cynthia wears her favorite negligee, a filmy cloud of nylon net in three shades of pink, with a wide, cuffed neckline. Designed by Schiaparelli.*

Going out for the evening, *Cynthia and Jack say good night to the nylon net embroidered with red flowers, with a red nylon-net stole.*

pups. Cynthia's gown is of gray It was designed by Junior Formals.

THE END

TO SMOOTH THE WAY FOR THE

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THE FORMFIT COMPANY
CHICAGO, NEW YORK

Photos by I.N.P.

A PUBLICITY SUCCESS, *Marilyn aspires to be a real actress. A Hollywood shift away from cheesecake*

could leave her jobless.

The fabulous story of Hollywood's biggest build-up

Marilyn Monroe

BY ROBERT L. HEILBRONER

Marilyn Monroe, a blonde in a bananaskin dress with a walk that threatens to unpeel it, is the closest thing to a national institution to come out of Hollywood in fifteen years. In this world of changing values, she has been guided by the basic principle that sex, after all, is here to stay.

The impact of this modern-day Monroe Doctrine staggers even Hollywood. She has been voted pin-up girl by numerous organizations. While she was filming "Niagara," nine men volunteered to go over the falls in a barrel if she would put herself up as a prize. She receives as many as a hundred bids for personal appearances in a week. The famous calendar, for which she posed with nothing on but a smile, is hawked from a thousand stores. She has sent a million men to the movies, each with the idea that if he doesn't blink, he'll see something the Johnston office didn't.

In part, the Monroe magnetism depends on a staggering set of measurements: 37, 23, 34. But statistics are only part of the story. For behind such rather obvious matters lies one of the heaviest and most skillful publicity barrages in years.

When Marilyn appeared on the scene several years ago, Hollywood was in a slump. Movie attendance was down. There were a few familiar glamour attractions, like Lana Turner and Rita Hayworth, but the field belonged to the sweetness-and-light gang—Jane Powell, Doris Day, June Allyson, Jeanne Crain. The throne of Sex was vacant—it had been since Jean Harlow's death.

How to Fill Movie Seats

In Marilyn, the boys saw a chance to fill the nation's empty theatre seats with a new dose of that old magic. They flooded the mail with pictures of her. They dreamed up tags for her: the Woo-Woo Girl, the Girl with the Horizontal Walk, the AC-DC Girl. When a woman columnist accused her of appearing in "organic" clothes, they rushed to her defense with a statement that she'd look as good in a burlap bag—and proved it with a picture that hit 427 newspapers. They put her opposite Jane Russell in the forthcoming "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," and the tagline was a natural: "The Battle of the Bulges." Columnists like Earl Wilson ("Marilyn Monroe quivered today and not just with indignation when I asked her the question: 'True or falsie?'") became aware of Marilyn Monroe.

However, there's more to the Monroe

(continued)

Question: Dumb blonde or bluntly honest?

Doctrine than ballyhoo. There's the terrific wallop that Marilyn herself packs. "Everything that girl does is sexy," says Joseph Cotten, her co-star in "Niagara." "She can't even light a cigarette without being sexy. A lot of people—the ones that haven't met Marilyn—will tell you it's all just publicity. That's malarky. They've tried to give the same publicity build-up to a hundred girls. None of them took. This girl's really got it."

A Flair for Doing Things Wrong

Part of "it" is a natural flair for doing or saying precisely the wrong thing at the right time. When a press agent posed her with four servicewomen for a routine picture, Marilyn managed to lean over distractingly. Result: officials refused the picture. Marilyn quipped, "Why, I thought everybody was looking at my grand marshal's badge."

Asked casually what she wore to bed, Marilyn answered, "Chanel Number Five."

Asked if she liked sun-bathing, she replied, "No, I like to feel blonde all over."

Asked about sex, she said, "Sex is part of nature. I'd rather go along with nature."

"She's all in character," explained one publicity man. "When the calendar story came out, she didn't pussyfoot or deny it. She said, 'Sure I posed. I was hungry.' And what could have been a black eye turned into a terrific publicity boost. This girl's a natural, not a phony. She doesn't put on sexiness like a slinky dress. She *is* sexiness. All these wise remarks and all this cheesecake wouldn't mean a thing if the girl herself didn't just ooze it."

But the institutional Monroe is only part of the Monroe story. Behind the face and figure is a Cinderella script so downright improbable that even Hollywood would reject it as corn.

The script begins nearly twenty-seven years ago (making Marilyn four years older than her studio admits), when one Norma Jean Mortenson was born to Edward Mortenson, a baker who was shortly thereafter killed in an automobile crash, and Gladys Pearl Mortenson, one-time film cutter for RKO. The mother was unable to care for the child, and in a dozen years Marilyn was handed over to as many foster parents, as well as to an orphanage.

One family made her recite, "I promise, God helping me, not to buy, drink, sell, or give alcoholic liquor while I live; from all tobaccos I'll abstain, and never take God's name in vain." The next family gave her empty liquor bottles to play with. Another set of foster parents forbade her to go to the movies. "If the world came to an end with you sitting in the movies, do you know what would happen?" they asked her. "You'd burn along with all the bad people." But when Norma Jean went to her next "home," her new parents played bit parts in the movies, dressed her up in a hula skirt, and gave her lessons in knife-throwing and juggling.

At nine, she entered the Los Angeles Orphans' Home. Here she got her first job, helping in the pantry for five cents a month. After a while, she got a raise; she started washing dishes for ten cents a month.

A Real Home with "Aunt Anna"

After the orphanage came more moves —Marilyn was in and out of so many families she finds it a little confusing to sort them out—and then the one break that may well have prevented tragedy. She was taken in by Mrs. E. Anna Lower,

(continued)

THIS WILLING BUT TOO SEXY POSE *caused gasps, was refused by recruiting bureaus.*

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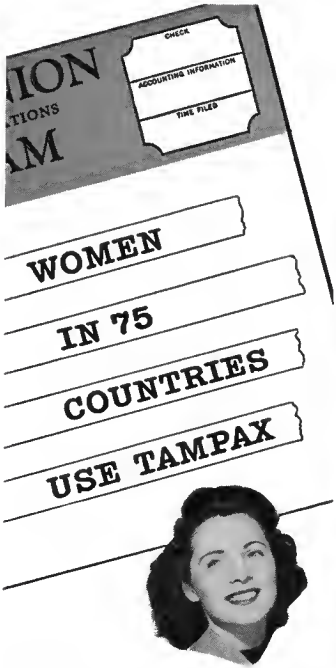

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AT LOS ANGELES COLISEUM *football game, Marilyn got more eyes than the game as she was rushed across the field by a publicity man.*

of West Los Angeles, a warm, understanding woman. Living with "Aunt Anna," the frightened, stuttering, fantasy-absorbed little girl began to emerge as a person. She took part in high-school plays —boys' parts because she was a string bean—and conceived a devotion for Mrs. Lower that never diminished.

But the shuttle was not yet over. Mrs. Lower was taken ill, and Marilyn—Norma Jean, that is—was forced to make two more moves. She ended up with Mr. and Mrs. Goddard and their two daughters, in the San Fernando Valley. But until Aunt Anna died, Marilyn constantly visited her and sought her guidance.

At fifteen, Marilyn was just a good-looking kid who wore too much make-up. She got a crush on Jim Dougherty, the president of the student body at Van Nuys High School. "She was sweet and innocent," he writes. "She had a typical adolescent crush on me, things like liking me in white shirts and being fascinated by my mustache." But what might have been only a high-school romance took a more serious turn when the Goddards decided to move to West Viriginia. Grace Goddard put Norma Jean's fate squarely up to Dougherty. "We can't take her with us," she told him, "and Aunt Anna hasn't the money to keep her

(continued)

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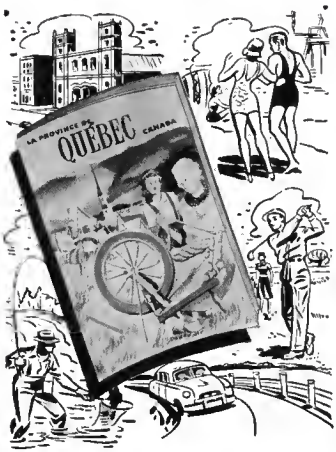

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"GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES," *with Charles Coburn, stars her.*

Current loves—DiMaggio, Tolstoy, and Emerson

now. Unless you marry her, she'll have to go back to the orphanage."

Thus on June 19, 1942, three weeks after Norma Jean had turned sixteen, Jim Dougherty took for his lawful wedded wife the girl who was to become America's number-one sex institution.

But Norma Jean was not yet Marilyn Monroe. She asked Grace Goddard before the wedding if she could be "just friends" with her husband. She had read a book on marriage and "was shaking so she could hardly stand," Dougherty recalls. (They were divorced in 1946, and he has since remarried. He is now on the Van Nuys police force.)

Except for her days with Aunt Anna, marriage was the first security Norma Jean had ever known. Dougherty says she used to call him "Daddy" and would talk for hours about her forlorn early life.

When Dougherty shipped off in the merchant marine, Norma Jean got a job inspecting parachutes. She began to do some photography modeling, too. In one month, she appeared on the covers of four magazines. Twentieth Century-Fox gave her a screen test. Leon Shamroy, an Academy Award cameraman who made her color test, says, "When I first watched her, I thought, This girl will be another Harlow. I still think so. Her natural beauty plus her inferiority complex gave her a look of mystery." Twentieth Century-Fox signed her for a year at $125 a week.

Broke, She Posed for That Calendar

Like a thousand other hopefuls, Norma Jean Mortenson—now officially Marilyn Monroe—found there was a lot more to getting into the movies than just getting inside a studio. After a year, Twentieth Century-Fox dropped her. Then she got a tiny part—one minute on the screen—in a Marx Brothers picture. She toured for the Marx Brothers and returned to Hollywood, broke.

To make ends meet, she returned to

(continued)

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Marilyn Monroe (continued)

HOPEFUL AND NAÏVE, *Marilyn posed for publicity shots all too often ridiculous, risked being made a joke.*

modeling, and for fifty bucks she posed nude for a photographer named Tom Kelley. The result was That Calendar. Then she met and befriended an M-G-M talent scout named Lucille Ryman.

Her Big Break: "Asphalt Jungle"

That was a real break. For John Huston was casting "The Asphalt Jungle," and Lucille Ryman recommended Marilyn for the part of Louis Calhern's "niece." Huston took her—and she took audiences. Joseph Mankiewicz, impressed, cast her as George Sanders' "graduate of the Copacabana School of Dramatic Arts" in "All About Eve."

Darryl Zanuck hastily backtracked and gave her a seven-year contract at $500 a week with options up to $3,500. RKO producer Jerry Wald borrowed her for a measly $3,000 ("I couldn't get her for $100,000 now," he says) and put her in "Clash by Night" with Barbara Stanwyck.

Back at Twentieth Century-Fox, Marilyn was cast in a quick succession of pictures. Her latest, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," cost Twentieth Century-Fox $3,000,000. They hope it will gross double or triple that. Marilyn Monroe has arrived.

Is this the real script of Norma Jean Mortenson, the girl who went from an orphanage to a star's dressing room?

It leaves out Johnny Hyde, of the William Morris Agency, who loved her, believed in her, and knocked himself out to get her where she got. After a heart attack a few years ago, he died in a hospital room in Marilyn's arms. The script also omits Sidney Skolsky and a few others who spotted her early and plugged hard for her. It does not include the usual scuttlebutt about her and some Mr. Big. Marilyn had luck and plenty of help, but she herself is the real heroine of her success story.

She certainly didn't make the grade as a result of acting talent. She got there because, as Cary Grant said, "The publicity about her is far in excess of her talents but not in excess of her sexual impact."

Philippe Halsman, one of America's

(continued)

CANADIAN WHISKY, A BLEND, 86.8 PROOF • SCHENLEY IMPORT CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Sophisticates scorn her, but her salary tops $100,000

Color photo by Globe Photos

best-known photographers, remembers when he first photographed Marilyn. "She was with three other starlets," he recalls, "and I asked each of them to pose in four ways: as if they were tasting the most delicious drink they had ever had, laughing at a hilarious joke, shrinking from a dreadful horror, and making love to a thrilling lover. Marilyn wasn't much at the first three, but she was far and away the best with the last."

Those who meet Marilyn find her neither a siren nor a vamp. "Everybody loves her," testifies Dinah Shore. "How could you help it? She's so honest."

"The girl's soul doesn't belong to her body," says Natasha Lytess, her drama coach. "She has emotional depths that should be revealed."

Quite recently Marilyn took a literature course at the University of California at Los Angeles. Her teacher, Claire Seay, was astonished to find out who her student was. "Marilyn was so modest, so humble, that she could have just come from a convent," she said.

To those who know her best, Marilyn is like the earnest, uneducated, but by no means dumb blonde in "Born Yesterday." "After all," said one of her friends, "here is a girl who has a background that would horrify a psychiatrist. In all her life, she's had only one thing she could look to for security, one thing to depend on. That was her face and figure. Sure, she's infatuated with her looks. She can take two hours to make up her face. Certainly, she struts her stuff. But she's only doing with what nature gave her what an insecure rich man does with his money."

Marilyn is very direct, totally devoid of sham and sophistication, and relatively unaffected—except for the breathy voice the studio has coached her in. One friend said he felt she would be happiest married to an older, intellectual man, that such a man would hold her and interest her far more than just another Greek god.

Small Wardrobe, Large Library

"I was astonished," Philippe Halsman says, "when I first went to photograph her, to find that the girl owned almost no clothes—at least for someone in her position. Instead, she had books and records. She has no chitchat and no veneer. When you ask her a question, no matter how light, she answers you seriously, although sometimes with a pixie sense of humor. She may be ingenuous, but she is certainly not a dumb blonde."

All this makes the Monroe future exceedingly difficult to foresee. Can the Institutional Monroe endure? Already there are disquieting signs. Protests have come from women's clubs. The teen-agers are more shocked by her than sold on her. Seeing her sashay up to get a Photoplay Award ("Fastest-Rising Actress"), newsreel audiences tittered at her breathy thank-you. At a certain point, sexiness becomes a travesty on sex, and when that happens you're not a sex queen, you're a joke.

Can She Learn to Act?

Much depends on whether she'll ever make the grade as an actress. Opinions vary. "She speaks English as if it were a foreign language," was the acid observation of one of the few critics who managed to concentrate on her acting. Marilyn is studying. She wants to be an actress, not just a body. In the opinion of one veteran Hollywood observer, she may succeed. "That girl will be as good as her director," he said.

Success for Marilyn has meant more than money, publicity, security. It has meant the first opportunity for a frightened, lonely person to establish a real personality for herself. By Hollywood's standards — or by Keokuk's — Marilyn has not been a bad girl. She doesn't drink much, smoke much, nor make a public spectacle of herself—except, of course, in her role as The Institution. No broken homes, no scandals, no night-club incidents are linked to her name. Her private life is private, and Joe DiMaggio aside, there is a startling dearth of those romantic items on which Hollywood's gossip merchants thrive. Her marriage to Dougherty was premature, immature, and sensibly severed in 1946, an understandable outcome for a union entered into under duress by an abandoned girl.

"That girl could be a box-office sensation for the next ten years, or she could be forgotten in two," one publicity man told me. "Her whole career is upside down. She was a celebrity before most people had even seen her on the screen. Her job isn't to make her name, it's to live up to it. Can she? Brother, if I could answer that, I'd be running this company and not working for it."

THE END

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Why Men Pick the Wrong Women

Not just bad luck, but hidden fears and fetishes lead to tragic marriages

BY AMRAM SCHEINFELD

"He's marrying *her*? Impossible!" You probably know many of these "impossible" marriages. A brilliant man and a nitwit. A respectable man and a promiscuous hussy. A youth and a woman almost old enough to be his mother. A distinguished, middle-aged man and an immature cutie. A kindly, popular man and a hot-tempered shrew.

Why do men make these terrible mistakes (if and when they are mistakes)? Social scientists are studying this problem carefully since it is the cause of most unhappy marriages. We're talking mainly of men's bad choices, because men, for the most part, still do the proposing. If it were all up to women, there might well be fewer lopsided matings.

Your first thought, when a marriage baffles you, may be, It must have been love—or sex—and there's no explaining *that*! But psychologists insist there's always an explanation. People don't just *fall* in love—they're *pushed* into it by forces inside or outside themselves.

Many psychoanalysts, such as Dr. Edmund Bergler, hold that virtually no bad marriage is an accident, that in almost every case the person has the mate he unconsciously wants. Other authorities, such as Dr. Abraham Stone, noted marriage counselor, think that's too sweeping. They hold that while this may be true for neurotics, it doesn't apply to most average men and women, who end up with mates wrong for them because of inexperience, unfortunate circumstances, or plain bad luck. Either way, the men who go wrong maritally are more to be pitied than censured.

A Man's Choice Is Limited

Americans actually have much less free enterprise in picking their mates than they like to believe. As Professor A. B. Hollingshead of Yale showed in a recent study, almost every man, when he starts out to seek a wife, is limited at the outset to a very small pool determined by his race, age, religion, family origins, and social and educational class. (For example, 97 per cent of the Jewish men, 94 per cent of the Catholics, and 74.5 per cent of the Protestants keep within their religious pools.) When men disregard these injunctions, we have the first important type of wrong marriage.

Let's start with one of the most startling, history-changing romances of all time—that of King Edward VIII and Wallis Warfield. Why, after a prolonged bachelorhood during which he turned down the pick of the world's eligible princesses and highborn ladies, did Edward choose a twice-married, twice-divorced American commoner. She was completely impossible according to the rules of his royal caste, and marrying her meant he would have to forfeit his throne. Love was the reason he gave, and there is no reason to doubt it. But why was the woman he loved specifically this one?

The case came up recently among some psychologist friends at my home. As they gave their opinions, something clicked in my mind. I brought out an editorial headed "Poor Prince," which I had written for a newspaper in Baltimore in 1924. This was thirteen years before Edward's marriage, and now it sounded almost prophetic—though what I had written merely reflected what many others thought at the time.

"Pity the poor Prince of Wales," the

(continued)

Photo by Roderick Horne

YOU MAY THINK *she's right for you. You could be dead wrong! Much depends on why she attracts you.*

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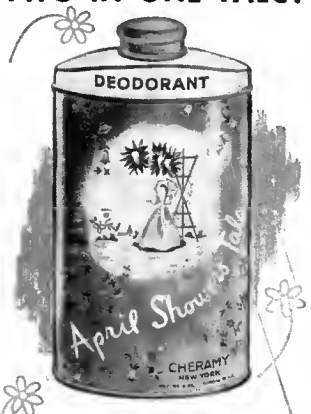

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by CHERAMY PERFUMER

Handsome men often select ugly girls. Here's why

editorial began. "He is trying so hard to . . . stave off the day when he must inevitably settle down to the serious task of kingship." It spoke of the reckless way he rode horses, danced with abandon, continually sought new interests, of how he could only "play at being a normal young man" and was "denied the right to love and choose his own mate." (At the time, there was talk of marrying him off to a sixteen-year-old Rumanian princess.) And it concluded, "No doubt, many times the prince wishes that he could chuck the throne and live his life like other young men."

All this was startlingly in line with the theory now offered by my psychologist friends: that—with no question of the sincerity of Edward's love—the subconscious cards had been stacked for him to make the choice he did. He never wanted to be king, they argued, and his selection of a woman completely unacceptable as queen of England was the one way out. (Not overlooking the fact that he might also be happier with Wallis.)

In the more ordinary social mismatings, the clues may lie not so much in the woman the man goes for, as in what he's going against. He may feel resentment toward his group; he may wish to free himself from certain ties and responsibilities; he may be in revolt against one or both of his parents and the way they've trained him. While his motivation may be unconscious, his choice of a wife is his means of revolt.

Rebellion Leads to Mismatches

Backing this up, Professor James H. S. Bossard of the University of Pennsylvania reveals from his current study of interclass marriages that "men who deliberately and consistently take the wrong kind of woman [in this case those who married women of a lower class] seemed to be always taking the odd side in every discussion I had with them." In other words, men who pick wives much outside their own group usually are nonconformists in other respects as well. This is true of some—but certainly not all—men from strongly religious families who marry women of radically different faiths. They may be rebelling against their religious affiliations. However, in any mismating, we mustn't confuse the cases of a man who picks a woman just because she's of a different group and the man who picks a woman who has unusually fine qualities that overshadow their differences in background.

Moreover, there are certain cases in which a woman may be socially wrong for a man but psychologically right. An extreme example headlined a few years ago was the marriage of an ultra-aristocratic, old-line American youth to a humble mulatto girl. No marriage could have seemed more wrong. But psychologists, analyzing the situation, found that the young man was below average mentally and had been a misfit and the butt of jokes in his own social set. With the mulatto girl and her unpretentious family and friends, who regarded him as a fine young man, he had the feeling for the first time that he belonged. His own family didn't see things this way and succeeded in bringing about a divorce.

Coming to the second and largest class of wrong marriages—those concerned with personality differences—we plunge deep into psychology. In many, the surface lures are looks and sex.

There is no question that these attractions, mistakenly evaluated and overemphasized, mislead American men more than anything else. Perhaps you give a carefully planned party to bring together, let's say, an out-of-town friend, Jack Brown, and a girl you're very fond of, Jill Jones. You're sure they are meant for each other. Then, alas, Jack ignores Jill and makes a beeline for another girl you never dreamed he'd like.

What explains such impulsive choices? Instinct? Animal attraction? Chemical affinity? No, say the scientists. A man's preferences are almost all psychologically conditioned (often the wrong way), with the result that a man may reject a woman who might be right for him and choose a wrong one.

The average man is attracted by the kind of looks his group considers most desirable. There's nothing inherent in beauty or sex appeal, and the pin-up type varies greatly throughout the world.

If a man is dedicated to blondes, it's certainly not because his hormones demand a blonde. He'll go just as quickly for the drugstore blonde as for the real one. So, too, with the man wildly at-

tracted to redheads (wrongly assumed to be more passionate), or to women with almond-shaped eyes, full lips, or buxom figures. It's all in the mind, say the experts. Often such a preference is linked with some lasting early impression made by a mother, nursemaid, little-girl playmate, or some storybook character.

A Fetish Can Cause Infatuation

When a man is so strongly drawn by a single physical detail that he ignores the rest of the woman, we are dealing with a fetish. Overconcentration on bosoms is a fetish with many American men. Fetishes account for some very strange infatuations, especially when they involve such odd details as thick ankles, bowlegs, large ears, cross-eyes, or a grating voice. So if there's no other way to explain a woman's appeal for a man, consider her least attractive feature. That may be the thing that draws him. This applies to personality quirks, too.

One Hollywood screen idol has three times married women who have abused, ridiculed, and humiliated him in public. "I must be crazy," he confided to friends, "but I can't respond to women who like me. The only ones I go for are the kind who make me miserable." Psychoanalysts could tell him he's a masochist, the type of person who gets satisfaction out of being hurt. In his case, this may be because he feels he hasn't deserved his success and wants to be punished.

There is also the sadist, who enjoys hurting others. Often both masochist and sadist tendencies are combined in the same person, and sometimes both husband and wife are the masochist-sadist type. Not long ago I was at a Greenwich Village party, where a well-known couple got into a violent fight. "Don't stop 'em," the host said blandly. "They're having a wonderful time." Sure enough, in a little while they were as amorous as newlyweds. The rough, tough, hard-living man and the high-strung, tomboy woman often team up in these cat-fight marriages.

Mother is blamed by psychologists for many marital messes. When a mother weepingly complains, "My son was such a good boy. How could he break my heart by marrying *that* woman?" the psychologist often feels like replying, "Sorry, madam, but the reason he picked her is *you*." A mother who overdominates her son, keeping him tied to her emotionally, suppressing his masculinity or fostering resentments or hatred toward her can affect his choice in various ways.

A Midwestern town was plunged into a furor when a high-school senior eloped with his Latin teacher, a spinster twice his age. It wasn't hard to explain. The lad, frail and sensitive, had long felt unwanted and rejected by his mother. The teacher was a mother substitute. For the teacher, the boy was a son substitute.

Usually, though, it is an unnaturally strong attachment to his mother that impels the son to marry a mother type,

(continued)

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Infatuation: A merry-go-round of wrong choices. Divorce is never a solution

who is much older than he (in about one in a hundred American marriages the wife is ten or more years older than the husband) or who is motherly in other respects. Similarly, some girls have father complexes and are drawn to and marry men much older than they.

Three separate episodes involving young men and occurring in New York last year intrigued one psychoanalyst. In two of these cases, the man involved told police he'd been *raped* by a pair of girls who had "forced him to submit" (at revolver point in one instance, knife point in the other). In the third case, about which the analyst was consulted, the son of a socially prominent widow eloped with a notoriously loose woman. The analyst found that in these three seemingly unrelated cases each man was in his mid-twenties and was the weakling son of a domineering, repressed mother who had conditioned him to regard sex as evil. To give expression to his sex feelings, the man had to be (and wanted to be) seduced by a bad woman, to whom he could transfer the guilt.

Don Juans Often Wed Unwisely

Physically, of course, a man's being raped by a woman is preposterous. Psychologically, it happens very often. Ironically it's Don Juans who are most likely to be seduced and swept by their twisted notions of sex into bad marriages.

Most henpecked husbands are "mother's boys." It's hardly surprising that a man who's used to the squashing influence of a mother should marry—or, more precisely, be married by—a woman who will continue the squashing process. Men who've had weakling mothers and autocratic fathers often pick women they can dominate; men who resent their mothers may pick wives they can crush.

The attraction of opposites, as shown in Professor E. Lowell Kelly's studies, is the exception, for like tends to marry like. Where the contrary is true, the man is often dissatisfied with himself and subconsciously wants a woman to substitute for what he might like to be or do. Familiar examples are the sensitive, idealistic man who picks a hard, practical wife; the shy man with an aggressive, busybody wife; the stingy man with a spendthrift wife; the goody-goody man with a flirtatious, unfaithful wife.

Take physical opposites: The tall man who is attracted to small, cuddly girls may be emotionally still a little boy who doesn't *feel* that big. The small girl both matches and takes the place of his child self; when he's babying her, he's also babying himself. And the cocky little man who goes only for tall women actually feels that he's big. Marrying a big woman gives him a sense of increasing his own stature. This also explains the small girl who goes only for tall men. Psychologically similar are the aging Ponce de Leóns who try to gain the illusion of youth by marrying young women.

Then there are the handsome men who deliberately pick homely women. Says psychiatrist Lena Levine, "I've found that many good-looking men and beautiful girls think themselves ugly because of some inner traits they're ashamed of. They may therefore feel more properly matched with homely mates." A timid man who's afraid to cope with beautiful women may turn to homely ones. Some beautiful women go for homely men. Recently thrice-married film star Doris Day said, "As far as I'm concerned, handsome men lack sex appeal. Some ugly men become magnetic characters."

So far we have dealt mainly with mismatings in which the man chose the type of woman he consciously or unconsciously desired. Some of these unusual matches, though considered wrong socially may be right psychologically, and

if they survive the opposition of the families and groups concerned, may turn out surprisingly well. However, a large proportion of the neurotic wrong marriages are regrettable. What can be done to prevent them? Or, if they can't be prevented, how can they be worked out satisfactorily?

Most experts say that the man who consistently picks women wrong for him is emotionally sick. "For most of these men," Dr. Emily Mudd, Philadelphia marriage counselor, says, "almost any wife would be wrong, because they aren't properly prepared for a right marriage." Five-time-wedded bandleader Artie Shaw sadly admits to much the same thing. In his frank autobiography *The Trouble with Cinderella*, he writes about his marital ventures: "I made an unholy botch of every last one of them." But, pleading that it takes two to make a bad marriage, he adds, "I had a good bit of help in making these botches."

A man who is aware that he's being pulled toward a type of woman he knows isn't good for him had best find out what's wrong with his emotional steering gear. Just thinking through the possible reasons for his mistakes may help. If he still can't understand or free himself from disastrous infatuations, he needs a psychiatrist.

Suppose, though, the man is already married, and his neurotic pattern—and perhaps his wife's, too—can't be changed. Here many analysts say that despite the difficulties, the individuals may yet be less unhappy with each other than they would be with persons of different types. Or, as one psychiatrist put it, "For some people, abnormality is normal, and they must learn to adjust to it." If mismated neurotics aren't straightened out emotionally and can't learn to adjust to one another, it is Dr. Bergler's theory that divorce won't help, since these people will go right on picking the wrong mates.

Hopeful Note on Bad Marriages

The most hopeful note is the belief of many experts that wrong marriages are much less often the result of neurotic wrong choices than of accidental wrong choices. Dr. Stone, who has dealt with thousands of problem couples, said, "I believe the majority of bad marriages are those in which the individuals are quite normal and average but are wrong for one another, though each might have been right for someone else. It is hardly surprising that we should today have so many instances of people picking or getting the wrong mates. On the one hand, the requirements for a happy marriage have become increasingly greater as the complexities and stresses of modern family life have grown. On the other hand, the selection of mates has become more impulsive as the authority of parents over children's decisions has lessened, and as young people meet, court, and marry under pseudoromantic

(continued)

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"If we are to do something to reduce the growing number of bad marriages, our hope lies much less in cure than in prevention, by better preparation of our young people for marriage, and by training them to be more careful and sensible in picking their life partners."

How to Pick the Right Woman

Acting on the principle that there are plenty of right choices for every man, hundreds of marriage counselors, like Dr. Stone and Dr. Mudd, are now at work throughout the country, in marriage clinics, colleges, churches, and social agencies, guiding Cupid's arrows to the proper targets. Here are some suggestions gleaned by experts that can help a man pick the right woman:

1. Be clear as to what you are and have to offer before you decide who or what your wife should be.

2. Don't overstress looks. Stop and think why you are so carried away by a certain physical type. For rational reasons? Or because you're a slave to unconscious forces? The more mature a man is, the less he'll be swayed by one certain kind of looks.

3. Don't be fooled by what you think is sex appeal. Many women who appear to be sexiest are least so—or won't be with you. Sexual compatibility is usually much more the result of psychological than physical factors.

4. Don't make the mistake of thinking that the girl who is most fun to romance with will also be the most satisfactory wife.

5. Don't go for just one aspect of a woman, but for the whole woman. Remember that some desired traits may be linked with something you won't like (glamour with expensive upkeep, for instance).

6. Think very, very carefully of what sort of mother the woman would be for your children.

7. Keep in mind that marriage is a union of families and groups as well as of two individuals. The better your wife fits in with others who mean a lot to you and you fit in with those who mean a lot to her, the more solid your marriage will be.

8. Don't go only by what you and the woman are today, but by how you'll be able to grow and develop together.

9. Remember that a wrong husband can make a potentially right wife wrong.

10. Above all, don't start out with a fixed type of woman in mind. Then your range of choice will be wider, and you'll be more likely to get the right one.

And finally, there might be a lot fewer mistakes if the picking were left to women.

Because love and marriage do mean so much more to women, they're likely to appraise the basic values better than men. Also, they are much better trained, if not inherently better qualified, to do so.

Girls, from earliest childhood, are more socially perceptive, more intuitive, and more adept at sizing up people. Polls of young men and women regarding the respective qualities they sought in a mate show that women place more emphasis on the solid qualities—social compatibility, likeness of interests, fitness for parenthood, prospects for the future—and much less emphasis than men on surface physical attractiveness.

Many women, of course, do go badly astray in picking men. But in most situations it's less a matter of the girl getting the kind of man she wants than of taking the kind she can get.

In short, if the experts had their way, every year would be leap year. THE END

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If this was tennis, then somebody had changed the rules, for it closely resembled an older game that any three can play

THREE CHAMPIONS

BY MEL HEIMER

Scotty Osborn sat sleepily under the striped awning over the marquee stand of the West Side Tennis Club at Forest Hills and watched the Wightman Cup matches. Even to violently enthusiastic young tennis players—and Scotty was thirty—women's tennis is rarely exciting.

In the ordinary course of events, there would have been no reason for Scotty to be at Forest Hills in mid-June. That is woman-tennis-player time at West Side.

For two months now, Scotty had been playing in tournaments from Bermuda to Germantown, tourneys customarily won by Californians of eighteen or twenty. These beardless conquistadors, now in Europe, had left the domestic spoils to the creaky ones, like Scotty.

He had stood up under the punishment gamely—even winning most of the tourneys—but this week he bad flung up his racket in despair, told the staid old Albright Club in New Jersey that he had broken the left fibula in his right leg, and fled to Manhattan. Once there, he had discovered a grim fact: there is nothing to do in New York in the afternoon. That was why he was now attending the Wightman Cup tourney. Lulled into a comatose state by the dreamy antics on court, he was just about asleep when Apricot Randall entered the marquee, slid into the next chair, and slapped him briskly on the abdomen.

"You look fat," she said.

Scotty opened an eye. "You, too," he grunted, "only in the right places."

He had a point there. Apricot Randall,

ILLUSTRATED BY J. FREDERICK SMITH

Once he'd tried absent-mindedly to kiss her and had got just what he'd deserved.

for six years the national women's singles champion, was Junoesque. A little too tall for Hollywood, a little too intelligent for television, she had played tennis, poker, and mother confessor with and to Scotty Osborn over the seasons. He even had dated her one evening and had been slapped—it was kind of a backhand overhead smash—when he tried to kiss her, absent-mindedly.

"You the mainstay?" he asked lazily.

"The mainstay," she said.

"Who've the British got?"

"A doll named Cherry Whistler," she said. "A new one. Left-handed and pretty good, they say. She's playing singles next. Are you too excited, or can you wait?"

He grunted. "Let's go out for a beer."

To Apricot Randall, who had been in love with Scotty for some six years, this sounded like an invitation to the palace ball. She was about to snap at it when Mabel Flagler, her coach, arrived on the scene. She and Scotty Osborn had one thing in common: dislike.

"You should be lying down, relaxing," she said to Apricot.

Scotty winced. "Translation: why don't you stop talking to the tennis bum?" he murmured.

At this point, Miss Cherry Whistler, blue ribbon in her hair, blue eyes sweeping the scene for eligible males, made her entrance. Four surplus umpires and a net-cord judge sat up as if jerked by strings. Scotty was suddenly wide-awake. Apricot eyed Miss Whistler dispassionately, then turned to the absorbed Scotty.

"She's pigeon-toed," Apricot said professionally.

Scotty sighed. "She has toes?"

Apricot eyed him disgustedly. "This you will find out," she said, "when you take her dancing tonight."

Apricot Randall was partly right. At least he took Cherry dancing.

But it was not a long, endlessly blissful evening of dancing. He arrived at her swank hotel to pick her up at 10:45 P.M., and he returned her promptly at midnight. There had, it appeared, been one before, and there was to be one after, judging from the expectant appearance of the dinner-jacketed youth who sat in the lobby as they came in.

"Why," Cherry told Scotty, wide-eyed, "I think I did rather well to fit you in between Phil Lawrence, the boy I had dinner with, and Buzzy Benedict. Buzzy's going to take me down to your Greenwich Village. Buzzy, do you know Scotty Osborn?"

"I know who he is, of course. Hello, Mr. Osborn. Gee, I patterned my backhand after yours when I was eleven. You were runner-up at Wimbledon then."

"Perhaps we can play in a father-and-son tourney someday," Scotty said acidly. He turned to Cherry. "Are you always

She had the kind of looks that turn every woman's heart to stone and every man's to mush, and she could also play tennis.

this booked up? I mean, I thought we could have lunch tomorrow, if you don't have an engagement with the student body of Groton."

She gave him the girlish laughter. "You are so terribly quaint," she said. "Give me a ring around noon and perhaps we can lunch at your—Chambord, is it? G'by." And she was gone, in a swirl of expensive perfume, stone marten, and beardless youth.

Scotty existed in comfortable fashion financially, but this was chiefly because the dates he took out were what might be termed average American girls. It was with difficulty that he adjusted to the costly whims of the blue-eyed Miss Whistler, who at the tender age of twenty had already concluded that a man is a bank account that takes you dancing.

Mr. Osborn and Miss Whistler lunched duly at Chambord. They lunched the following day at Twenty-One, and then at a succession of expensive cabarets. Near the end of this week, Mike Lafferty, in Chicago, received the first of a series of telegrams from his worst salesman.

BUYING FOUR NEW RACKETS FOR EASTERN GRASS CHAMPIONSHIPS NEXT WEEK, this one read. CAN YOU ADVANCE ME FIFTY UNTIL PAYDAY?

Mike took the wire in stride. A millionaire, he had discovered tennis at fifty, and at fifty-one had first seen, then admired, then hired Scotty Osborn. "If you can peddle our stuff at some of the nice clubs you play at," he had told his protégé, "well and good, but if you can't, don't let it bother your tennis. We are going to win that championship this fall, Scotty boy. You're just entering your prime."

"Horsefeathers," Scotty had replied dourly. "The age for this game is eighteen."

Scotty, it had turned out, was an incredibly bad salesman and an equally bad handler of money. The wire for an advance until payday had become orthodox.

By the time Scotty returned to tennis the following week, the men players and the women players had converged on the Longwood club in Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts. Scotty was seeded first, but this was somewhat dubious because several California hotshots had returned from Europe to play in this one. Cherry arrived with her retinue of menservants. With somewhat less fanfare arrived Miss Apricot Randall, the American women's champion, and hatchet-faced Mabel Flagler, her companion and bête noire.

Apricot was practically vacationing, since she was playing only doubles. She was mulling over offers to turn professional, and as Miss Flagler saw it, there was no sense turning pro if she mopped up all the other girls and left no one to turn pro with her.

The first day of the tourney, Scotty was taken to 10-8 in the third set by an eighteen-year-old Stanford sophomore before even reaching the second round.

That night, when the warriors gathered around the bridge tables, Scotty hardly had strength to lift his cards. The rest of the foursome was Cherry and two of her younger admirers. Scattered around the club were other bridge players, including the formidable Apricot Randall, who soon wandered over to Scotty's table.

"Rough day, Osborn?" she said sweetly.

He reddened. "I was giving the kid a few courtesy games," he said.

"When he unearthed that cramped forehand of yours," she said, "you didn't have to give them away. He knew the combination to the safe."

"And now," he said balefully, "my style, like my forehand, is cramped."

"Why don't you come out early tomorrow, and I'll give you a few pointers on how to loosen it up?" she said. She nodded graciously and walked out the front door of the club.

The weeks blew away, and for Scotty Osborn, they were wracking, delightful, miserable, nervously hysterical weeks. From that time he first had seen Cherry Whistler, as irresistible in a blazer and carrying six rackets as if she had been braiding her hair on a rock in the Rhine, the spell had been upon him. And surprisingly, he was playing the best tennis of his life. This is not to say it was top-drawer, Budge-Riggs-Tilden tennis. Apricot Randall had pegged his game that evening over the bridge table at Longwood. But love, the report goes, is quite a thing.

For weeks Scotty and Cherry Whistler ran the same path. They played in the same tourneys, and he was allowed to think he had the inside track to her heart. His pocketbook was damaged, but life was reasonably good. But when he went to the annual Newport Casino tourney, Cherry went to the Essex Club matches at Manchester in Massachusetts.

It was on the third day—he was hanging on by a thread—that the casino was graced one afternoon by the unexpected appearance of Miss Apricot Randall.

"You are not here," Scotty said. "You are playing up at Manchester."

She grinned. "Only doubles, and that was this morning. I flew down."

"On wires?" he asked. "Like Peter Pan, on Broadway?"

"I've been taking lessons," she said, "and today I handled the controls myself. Benny deParis, my instructor, is downtown having a beer. We go back in an hour."

Scotty looked at Apricot with sudden interest. "I'd *love* to watch you fly, Apricot," he said, with unhealthy geniality. "Look—I've got an idle day tomorrow. Why don't I ride back with you to Essex tonight, for a lark? You can fly me back here tomorrow afternoon on your next lesson."

It was a little too good to be true—but who's got perspective after six years of unrequited passion?

"Sure," Apricot said. "I'll pick you up in three-quarters of an hour, and we'll drive out to the field. Give you the ride of your life." And she hurried away.

The craft was a four-seater, and Scotty sat up front with Apricot, while Benny deParis sprawled over the two back seats and studied a racing form.

"You were so right about my forehand," Scotty said absently, looking over the side at the lakes and barn roofs. "I doubt I'll get to the quarter-finals at Forest Hills."

Apricot smiled at him sidewise. "What do you want to be a tennis champion for, anyway?" she asked.

"I don't," he said. "That's for kids. Or somebody like you, who's good enough to make money at it professionally."

"For somebody who doesn't want it," she said, banking over the airstrip, "you've been breaking your legs trying to get there, this season."

He brightened. "Oh, that isn't for me," he said. "It's for Cherry."

The four-seater had leveled out for the long glide onto the runway; now it yanked up and roared back into the sky as Apricot, suddenly grim, pulled the stick back with outraged violence.

"Nice stunt," Scotty said admiringly. "You'll be trick-flying in no time."

"If I live," she said. The plane bumped savagely on the runway. She drew it up in front of the little headquarters building, then turned to Scotty and eyed him with the coldness of dawn.

"I'm going to practice take-offs for a while," she said. She looked at her watch. "Miss Great Britain should be about through with her singles. You can buy her a cherry smash at the corner drugstore."

Bewildered, Scotty climbed out the door of the plane.

The girls and boys come home to roost at Forest Hills in the last part of August, and for the first few days, matches are played everywhere but in the rest rooms under the stadium.

Miss Apricot Randall's progress through the tournament had never been so swift and ruthless. She swept through the first four matches without losing a single game. "This won't help the pro gates any," Mabel Flagler warned her darkly. "Who do you think you're going to play on tour—Kramer?"

Meanwhile, Cherry Whistler, flitting

"Tennis," Cherry said blandly, "is only a game, and I couldn't beat you the best day I lived."

all about the court like Tinker Bell, struggled through to the women's finals, and Scotty Osborn, perhaps unsettled by the fact that Miss Whistler had returned to her three-dates-a-night schedule, fought his way bravely to the semifinals of the men's tournament. At this point, he took the creaming of the year, 6-1, 6-1, 6-1.

It was the night of this defeat that Mike Lafferty went down to the Forest Hills Inn and saw Apricot Randall picking forlornly at a grapefruit off at a corner table. He went over, and all he had to do was look once. Mike Lafferty was not clairvoyant, but after all, he *was* Irish.

"I won't tell you he isn't worth it," he said comfortingly. "Many men are worth considerable. Who is he?"

"Scotty Osborn," she said sadly. "The mallethead."

"He isn't worth it," Mike Lafferty said.

"It's that Whistler dame."

Mike nodded. "She is a pretty one," he said.

"She is a witch. Besides, she's not the right girl for him. He's too fine for her."

"Fine?" Mike asked, dubiously. "He's got a cramped forehand."

"He's a good man, Mike. Dumb, but good."

Mike Lafferty looked at her a moment, and he could see that she meant it. It wasn't hard, either, looking at Apricot Randall. For a moment, he wished he were twenty years younger. He pulled back his wandering mind abruptly and did some brief but powerful thinking.

"Do me one favor," he said suddenly. "Tomorrow, after your match with Cherry, start her talking about Scotty when you're both back in the locker room." Apricot looked at him, not understanding. He shook his head impatiently.

"Just get her to talking about him, woman to woman," he said. "Leave the rest to Michael Lafferty, last of the leprechauns." And he kissed her on the forehead and bade her good night.

The last of the leprechauns bribed his way first into the women's locker room and then the men's that night. He was there, all told, maybe a half hour. And later, when he slept that night it was the sleep of the just.

The next day, thirteen thousand spectators crowded into the horseshoe to see the bouncing British beauty and the solemn, businesslike, but graceful American blonde.

Cherry won the toss and chose to receive. Apricot went to the shaded side to begin serving. She swung her racket into the air and whacked an ace past Miss W. She served three more aces, then tossed the spare ball back to a ballboy and marched briskly around to change courts. The umpire bellowed, "One-love, and Miss Randall leads."

Miss Whistler's eyes narrowed a trifle as they passed each other by the umpire's stand. Then she went to her baseline and served. Her serve went maliciously to Apricot Randall's backhand, and Apricot stroked it cleanly down the line for the first point.

It went to 4-0 in the first set, with Cherry Whistler having won one point out of the seventeen played. Then, dramatically, she crumpled to the grass in a wistful little heap. Linesmen leaped out of their chairs, fighting to be gallant. She lay, white and shaken, and finally opened an eye. From the stands, you could see the poor wan face and you could see her talking slowly to the officials bent over her. Then the old umpire climbed back up onto his ladder-chair.

"Miss Whistler," he said imperiously into the loud-speaker, "having suffered a recurrence of an old side injury, finds herself unable to continue."

"Well," said Apricot Randall later, back in the locker room. "I guess you won't be able to do any heavy dancing with our friend Mr. Osborn for a little while." They were alone in the white, hospital-like room, and Cherry Whistler sat up on the wooden dressing bench where she had been stretched out.

"You don't really think I hurt my side, do you?" she asked sweetly.

Apricot stared at her.

"Tennis is only a game." Miss Whistler continued blandly, "and I couldn't beat you the best day I lived. Anyhow, my ambition is not to be the greatest tennis player in the world."

"What *is* your ambition?" Apricot asked.

"Tennis is a steppingstone to social security," Cherry said. "You meet ever so many eligible young men in this pastime."

Apricot eyed her, shuddering faintly. "Like our friend Mr. Osborn?"

Cherry tittered. "Heavens, no!" she said. "Oh, he's a passable enough male—but good Lord, he *sells* things for a living."

"Not very many things."

"And he doesn't *really* have any money to his name."

Apricot got up slowly and made for the door. Reaching it, she looked around at Miss Cherry. "It didn't bother you at all, throwing that match to me today, did it?"

Miss Whistler looked at her brightly. "Of course not," she said. "My heavens, it's only a *tennis* match, isn't it?" Apricot shook her head and walked out of the room.

In the men's locker room directly overhead, Scotty Osborn listened to the slam of the door in the women's locker room. Then he sat back and looked at Mike Lafferty, who fifteen minutes before had invited him up to look at a new racket.

The two of them sat silent for a while. Then Mike coughed.

"I guess," he said slowly, "something's wrong with the air vents. You could hear every single word from the downstairs locker, couldn't you?"

"Every single word," Scotty Osborn repeated. He looked up wearily to see what he had in his locker for such situations, and the best he could find was an old, warm bottle of Coke. He pried the top off and took a swallow. Then he looked at Mike.

"Am I such a bad salesman, Mike?" he asked.

"The worst," Mike said, grinning. "You want to take a try at the business, though, I could find a spot for you this fall," he said. "Chicago ain't a bad town to live in."

Scotty nodded sadly. "What difference does it make where one lives?" he said tragically. "Sure. Thanks."

At around nine o'clock that night a downtrodden Mr. Osborn, full of dinner and a sense of the overdramatic, walked across the field courts in the bright moonlight, climbed up the few steps into the marquee and down the other side, and strode out onto the center court. The concrete stands were dark, the broadcasting booth empty, and the silence deafening.

"Good-by," Scotty said, looking around. "Good-by, tennis." He snuffled a little. "Old pal."

He stood, meditating somberly. A voice in his ear aroused him.

"How about a beer?" Apricot Randall said.

He turned and looked at her. She had on a crisp white piqué dress, her short blonde hair gleamed, and her blue eyes were wide and warm.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"I had to stick around for dinner with Max Phillips, the promoter," she said. "I'm turning pro."

"Mabel Flagler's handiwork," he said.

"Right," Apricot said. "But when we signed the contracts, she said good-by. She's going back to California to teach movie actors how to hit a forehand. Told me I was the biggest headache she ever had, and she was going to let me take care of myself from now on. I think her last words were 'or get some man to do it.'"

They stood there on the center court without saying a word. Then Scotty took her arm.

"Let's get that beer," he said, and as they disappeared through the marquee, you could just hear the last part of what he was saying, something about how did she like Chicago. . . . THE END

The Hotelkeeper and the Madonna

For a few dollars, Johannes Badrutt bought a painting in 1886. Some experts say he bought the world's most famous Madonna, and if so, the Madonna the Kremlin stole may not be worth the frame it hangs in!

BY JOAN AND DAVID LANDMAN

This is the story of a family and a painting, and of a faith that has been handed from father to son for generations.

In the east writing room of the Palace Hotel at St. Moritz, Switzerland, the most distinguished hotel in society's top winter playground, hangs the Madonna. It is the most important thing in the life of Andrea Badrutt.

It's hard to persuade the soft-spoken host to tell you the stories he heard as a boy of how it was when Britain's Queen Mary was just a princess who danced half the night. Or about the guest who borrowed fifty million dollars' worth of jewels. Andrea Badrutt would rather talk about his painting. For, like the Badrutts before him, he believes his is a Madonna by Raphael.

Great-grandfather Johannes Badrutt established the family in the hotel business a century ago, when St. Moritz was an insignificant village astride the muddy road to the Maloja Pass. As Johannes Badrutt prospered, he built the Kulm Hotel. Then he began to travel, in search of beautiful furnishings.

In Modena, Italy, he saw a painting of a Madonna and Child in blue and rose and sienna and a dozen subtler hues. Part of the paint was peeling, and the canvas had been torn. It intrigued Johannes. Its owners called the picture "Assunzione della Madonna." It had hung in that same house since the great-grandfather of the clan, the major-domo of the Duke d'Este, cut it from its frame and carried it out of the palace ahead of Napoleon's marauding army. They thought it had been painted for the Estes three centuries before.

Mr. Badrutt asked the price, and leisurely bargaining began. Since it was not known who the painter was, the stakes were not high; nor was there any hurry. Four years later, in 1886, the hotelkeeper made an acceptable offer. Since exporting old works of art from Italy was illegal, Badrutt hired some innocent-looking workmen to roll the canvas in their gear and walk with it into Switzerland, under the noses of the border guards.

An Expert Uncovered Its Glory

After Johannes examined his prize proudly, he sent it off to Alois Sesar, an art restorer in Augsburg, Germany. "The picture arrived in very damaged condition," the latter reported. The lower part of the picture had been painted over, and the repaint and varnish were so dry that the original shone through like sun behind clouds. Fortunately, the faces of Mary, Jesus, St. Sixtus (San Sisto), and Santa Barbara needed no retouching.

Herr Sesar went to work. He stretched the painting on new canvas, repaired the rips, and peeled off the old repaint job, uncovering a pair of angels, a parapet, and a tower.

As the restoration progressed, Herr Sesar realized what Johannes Badrutt may not even have suspected: that the painting known as the "Assunzione" was either an extraordinary copy of the most famous Madonna in the world, the "Sistine Madonna" of Raphael—or else the "Sistine Madonna" was a copy of it!

The "Sistine Madonna" was the gem of the 2,500-picture collection of the Royal Gallery in Dresden. It was bought from the Black Monks of San Sisto in Piacenza, Italy, and hung in a special room where visitors approached it with the reverence befitting a holy shrine.

Yet few of history's art treasures possess such a beclouded pedigree. It is reasonably certain that the "Sistine Madonna," if it is truly a Raphael, must have been painted by the master without assistance at an uncertain date for an unimportant chapel and unknown patron. The why and how have mystified scholars for centuries.

Herr Sesar noted then that the subject

(continued)

IS THIS PAINTING *Raphael's "Sistine Madonna"? Hans Badrutt studies the work experts can't agree on.*

Color photo by Heinz Vaterlaus

The Hotelkeeper and the Madonna (continued)

Trying to prove his point, Great-grandfather Johannes became a student of Renaissance art

matter of the two paintings is identical, the color similar. Both are unsigned.

Badrutt's painting is larger. The Dresden work is painted on rough canvas with seams in it; the other is on a single piece of linen damask. Both have been restored and retouched—the "Assunzione" twice, the "Sistine Madonna" four times.

Johannes Started the Belief

To unravel the truth, Johannes Badrutt began a meticulous research project. He pored over books about the Renaissance masters. He pumped art connoisseurs for their opinions. Finally he was satisfied that his Madonna was the original Raphael. Proudly he hung it in the hotel lobby, where he could see it often and where his rich and titled fun-seeking guests might view it in their soberer moments. He also took his son, Caspar, aside and bequeathed to him the story of the painting and the obligation of its ownership.

Johannes Badrutt died, and Caspar took over the family's affairs. Soon he built a grand new hotel, the Palace, with a sunny room designed especially for the Madonna. With the zeal of a convert, he carried on the hunt for proof of the authenticity of his painting.

He studied Raphael's life. He studied the history of the powerful House of Este, the dukes of Ferrara and Modena, who had once owned his painting. He learned Latin at the age of fifty, so he might study the history of the monastery where Dresden's Madonna was found.

Repeatedly he took his son Hans to the writing room to talk about the family treasure—not monetary, though by now the Badrutts owned half of St. Moritz—about the Raphael.

From old documents, Caspar learned that Duke Alfonso d'Este was gonfalonier (papal standard bearer) in the coronation procession of Pope Leo X. The standard he carried, according to Badrutt, was his Raphael, painted especially for this important occasion. It was a great rectangle of billowing damask almost ten feet high. Three or four courtiers helped the duke carry it. Afterward, he hung it in his private chapel. Much later, it was retouched by a court painter named Bastiano Philippi, who worked on many pictures for the Estes. The Madonna was then attributed to him.

Caspar Badrutt wrote a book entitled *Assunzione della Madonna*. Being a Swiss gentleman, he wrote no fiery pamphlet, no denunciation of the Dresden Madonna. In simple narrative, he told the history of his own painting and what little was known of the other. At no point did he state what he so fervently believed, that his was the original and Dresden's a very creditable copy. For the Badrutts have always believed that in time their painting will be recognized.

Andrea Badrutt inherited the hotel from Caspar's son Hans last February and with it the family faith.

Badrutt's Palace is a magnificently run hostelry, where even a bottle of beer arrives at your table nested in ice in a silver bucket. Like all good hosts, Andrea Badrutt supervises everything, from the aging of cheeses to the temperature of the red wines. But this is just a job. His special attention goes to the many art specialists who come armed with knowledge. For it is the duty of a Badrutt to assemble new and conclusive evidence.

The experts who visit St. Moritz have had interesting reactions to the "Assunzione." Some have said: "Sorry, Mr. Badrutt, but yours is a copy." Some, like the German painter Hans Thoma, stated: "No one but Raphael could possibly have painted the 'Assunzione.'"

Some have entered the controversy a little way, and then, like a man who opens the door to the wrong hotel room, backed cautiously away. Like Giovanni Morelli.

This famous authority on Renaissance painting could tell at a glance whether a pair of folded hands was executed by Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, or by some earnest pupil. When Caspar Badrutt brought him to St. Moritz, they agreed to meet in front of the Madonna at eight o'clock the next morning, when the light was strong and clear. The hotelkeeper walked in punctually at eight the next day and found Mr. Morelli already there, staring at the painting.

"The gentleman has been here since seven," an attendant whispered to Badrutt.

For another hour the critic continued his intense study, walking back and forth to get new angles, coming close to peer at a detail. When Mr. Morelli finished his examination, he would make no comment. He simply went home. But the next new edition of his works omitted all reference to the Dresden "Sistine Madonna," which had formerly rated a whole page. Surely some strong secret conviction must have made him suddenly delete the world's most famous Madonna from his book.

Hans Badrutt asked Professor Arthur P. Laurie to examine the picture chemically and microscopically. Laurie, the expert of the Royal Academy of Art, has unraveled many a knotty legal dispute over paintings. He emphatically insists that the "Assunzione" was painted between 1500 and 1520, during Raphael's last and most productive years.

The pentimenti provide new, favorable proof. Pentimenti are artist's corrections, which are revealed by ultraviolet light. Even the greatest master cannot execute a large canvas without deciding to redo a fold of drapery or part of a hand. The "Assunzione," eighty square feet, is full of pentimenti. Copies of paintings are almost always without them.

The reason is quite obvious. The original painter experiments as he goes along, correcting as he progresses, changing a stroke or a color hue until he translates onto canvas what is in his mind. The copyist follows to the best of his skill what he sees before him: this, of course, requires a minimum of correction and therefore a minimum of pentimenti. To the Badrutts, this indicates that their painting is an original. It doesn't prove that the Dresden painting is a forgery. But so far as they can determine, recent X-ray examinations of the Dresden painting have not been made.

And what have they said about all this in Dresden?

Well, what would they say in New York if you told them the Statue of Liberty was a copy of a colossus in Kenosha? Some of the outraged Germans have almost exploded. But the art world is replete with stories of grand and glorious fakes and rediscovered lost masterpieces—especially Raphaels.

Even the Louvre Has Been Fooled

Twice the Louvre hung paintings as Raphael's "Madonna del Popolo," only to decide these were copies and take them down. Art historians were nevertheless sure the master once did execute a wood-panel Madonna for the Church of Santa Maria del Popolo. In 1925, the art world was electrified by a report from the town of Nizhni Tagil in Siberia that

a Raphael had been discovered there. The head of the Soviet State Restoration Bureau hurried to the scene, where he found half a painting on a slab of wood that passed for a table, the other half in a stable. They looked as if they had been walked on with ironshod boots, but they formed the long-lost painting that had been brought to Siberia by the wealthy family that once owned the gold and platinum mines at nearby Mt. Blagodat.

Another Raphael, "Madonna della Impannata," hung in the Pitti Palace for centuries. Then, in 1912, Professor Pasquale Farina, a Philadelphia art restorer, declared that a wood panel he'd seen in Texas belonging to Mrs. Mary Putnam was the real "Madonna della Impannata." Farina went to Europe to prove he was right, and later Mrs. Putnam's painting was shipped to Italy and hung right beside the other Madonna. For months the experts studied the two. Then came their verdict: the Texas painting was the original; the other was not even a first-class copy.

The point of the story is this: Until the two paintings were placed side by side, no expert but Farina would state flatly that the accepted work was not genuine. For art critics are conservative men and cautious. Until proven otherwise, they say what's been hung is authentic.

Public Comparison Was Refused

Old Caspar Badrutt knew this. He wanted to test the authenticity of his painting by hanging it beside the "Sistine Madonna," where critics could examine and compare them simultaneously. He wrote the Royal Picture Gallery in 1892 offering to bring the "Assunzione" to Dresden. Back came the answer from gallery director Karl Woermann. He would agree to hang the paintings side by side *for one hour*, provided the public was not admitted. The Badrutts still await the opportunity to display their painting publicly beside the other Madonna.

The history of Dresden's "Sistine Madonna" remains a stubborn mystery. The "Encyclopedia Britannica" frankly admits that "little is known about the Madonna di S. Sisto." Many other editors rely on a brief statement by writer Giorgio Vasari that Raphael painted it as an altarpiece. Actually Vasari was a boy of eight when Raphael died, and apparently never saw either picture.

Scholars ask why the coarse canvas of the Dresden painting has seams across it. In his other works Raphael never used cloth with seams in it.

Also, altarpieces are usually painted on wood, not canvas.

And why doesn't the Dresden picture show the varied brushwork of the artist's pupils, since rich, busy master painters almost always used assistants. Some point out that the Badrutt painting shows unmistakable evidence of such varied brushwork.

And scholars wonder why Raphael painted a picture for a church altar that was consecrated twenty-four years after his death.

They ask how the small, poor Piacenza monastery ever came to own the painting, anyway. For only the rich bought Raphaels, even in those days, just as only the rich buy Picassos today.

One noted art editor, Jellinek, doubted that the "Sistine Madonna" was a Raphael at all.

The Badrutts of St. Moritz have an explanation to these mysteries: *The "Sistine Madonna" is a copy of their painting.*

Certainly copyists might use pieced canvas. Certainly they have no assistants. There's no mystery here. A copy of a fine painting could be found in the poorest monastery. The Duke d'Este gave a copy of his Titian to the king of France. Isn't it reasonable to believe that the duke gave a copy of his prized Raphael, "Assunzione della Madonna," to the Pope when the latter visited him in 1543? And since the Black Monks were going to dedicate the altar of their Church of San Sisto the following year, isn't it also reasonable to believe the Pope sent them that copy of the painting that portrayed the Madonna and their patron saint?

The Badrutts know many more logical arguments in their favor, but they do not rely on argument. They tell you: look at the painting.

Moscow Has the Dresden Work

But today it's rather difficult for experts to look at both paintings and compare them. When the Red Army marched into Dresden in 1945, they sent the "Sistine Madonna" back to Moscow. Rumors are that it's hanging in the Kremlin.

Andrea Badrutt considers this a pretty good joke on the Russians. What they took was valuable, yes. Old, yes. But, after all, just a copy.

The controversy may not be settled for years, but Andrea Badrutt is patient. And in the Palace's writing room is the final evidence, he says—the picture itself.

For he has inherited the Palace, and the painting, and the faith. THE END

Swiss Travel News Bureau

ANDREA BADRUTT *stands before the Palace Hotel, which he inherited along with the painting and the family's belief in it.*

The Birdman of Alcatraz

THE FANTASTIC STORY OF A SELF-TAUGHT AUTHORITY WHO HAS ENDURED OVER HALF A LIFETIME IN A SOLITARY PRISON CELL

BY THOMAS E. GADDIS ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL NONNAST

There is a man in Alcatraz who has been in isolation for thirty-seven years. This is probably longer than any other Federal prisoner has ever been kept in isolation. Steel doors shut behind Robert Stroud in 1909. Prison, in the Arabian phrase, is engraved on his eyeballs.

Robert Stroud is sixty-three, a tall old man who wears a green eyeshade cap, like an aging baseball umpire. He has a long, narrow face and penetrating blue eyes, magnified by metal-rimmed lenses. He is now six feet tall. When he went to jail, he stood six-three.

He kissed his last woman when Teddy Roosevelt was President. He has never filled out an income-tax form.

"The writer," he said of himself in a recent court petition, "knows exactly as much about driving a car or modern traffic regulations as a Berkshire hog knows about the quantum theory. Unassisted, he would probably starve to death before he could get to the other side of the street."

What are the memories of such a man? He has uncommon ones: He was twice sentenced to death. Once he watched his gallows being built and lived to see it torn down. At one time he had more than five hundred live canaries in his cell and was consulted by bird fanciers throughout the country as an authority on avian diseases.

No one is allowed to visit him except his brother and a prison chaplain. No one can have access to his file. He is permitted to send and receive a limited number of letters from a mailing list of three. He can have but one book at a time, and he is not permitted inside the prison library.

Stroud is in prison because he killed two men, one in 1909 and the other in 1916. The first slaying occurred in a frontier town in Alaska; the second, in a prison, with 1,200 convicts watching. Stroud denied neither. This was characteristic. From his earliest years, he has shown an almost pathological candor.

His Father Beat Him Regularly

"Robbie" Stroud was born in January, 1890, in Seattle. During his mother's pregnancy, his father drank, kicked his wife, and took up with another woman.

When Stroud was a young boy, he was regularly thrashed by his father. But his mother lavished affection on him, even when he refused to go to school after the third grade. After one particularly severe beating when he was thirteen, Robbie fought back and tried to kill his father. Then he ran away from home, and for the next four years roamed the country.

He returned at seventeen, a tall, soft-spoken, wiry youth who knew the highways and the railroads and the flophouses

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UNEDUCATED AND TWICE A KILLER, Robert Straud studied birds with fanatic zeal and became an outstanding authority on avian disease.

of the country. His mother was overjoyed to see him, but within a few weeks a bitter quarrel broke out between father and son. Robert took off again, signed up with a railroad section gang headed for Alaska. In the gang he met another hand, a man who wanted to write about salmon. His name was Rex Beach.

He Drifted to Frontier Alaska

Stroud drifted, wound up broke in Juneau a year later. It was 1908, and the town was full of dance halls, drunken sourdoughs, and crowded cemeteries.

It was here that Stroud, at eighteen, fell into his first and only physical love affair. She was a thirty-nine-year-old prostitute. A strong, long-legged dance-hall girl with an Irish complexion and temper to match—Kitty O'Brien. Kitty returned the tough kid's infatuation with fondness. She nursed him through a siege of pneumonia.

One fateful day, she sent him on an errand to the shack of a Russian bartender named F. K. F. Von Dahmer. He pimped for the girls at the Montana Bar, and owed Kitty some money. Kitty told her young lover to go and get it. Stroud went. Von Dahmer was found dead on the floor of his cottage. Two shots had been fired. One .38 slug was found in the cabin wall; the other was lodged in the bartender's stomach.

Stroud appeared in the city marshal's office. "I shot a man," he said. The jail doors closed behind him in January, 1909. He was nineteen years old.

The gun was found in Kitty O'Brien's room. City Marshal Mulcahy and a man named J. T. Towers testified at the preliminary hearing that Kitty had admitted to them that she had told Stroud to "go and kill the Russian." Although Kitty testified she did not remember having such a conversation, she and Stroud were indicted for first-degree murder.

Stroud's mother scraped together all available money and sailed for Alaska to defend her son. But the case never came to trial, because Stroud entered a plea of guilty to the lesser charge of manslaughter. Kitty O'Brien's case was dismissed because of insufficient evidence. Stroud got twelve years, and Kitty quickly took up with someone else.

Stroud was shipped to McNeil Island Penitentiary, where he became a number with a shaved head and stripes. This was some four years before the prison-reform movement began.

After serving twenty-eight months in McNeil Island, Stroud stabbed a lifer in the shoulder during a quarrel while they were peeling potatoes. "He tried to snitch," Stroud said. They added six months to his time. When a new cell house was completed at Leavenworth, Kansas, Stroud was tagged for the transfer.

In 1913, the prison-reform movement began. The first reform warden at Leavenworth began his term by forcing a cook to eat a quart of his own stew before firing him. Stripes were abolished. A library was installed, and correspondence courses were made available for prisoners.

Stroud's cellmate enrolled. He had a high-school education and was considered learned. He patronized Stroud because of his third-grade schooling.

One day Stroud watched him struggling with a math assignment. "I can do that twice as fast without your education," Stroud said.

"Why don't you, then? Or can't you spare the time?"

Stroud enrolled. He completed his first nine-month course in three months with a grade of A. This awakened in him a hunger for knowledge. Prison officials were amazed at the young tough who sailed through courses in astronomy and structural engineering.

But there was no indication that the prisoner's outlook changed much as a result of his learning. The "code of the con" had soaked in. He hated the "hard-rock hotels and the screws."

In 1915, a prison guard, Andrew Turner, was transferred from Atlanta to Leavenworth. Rumor traveled that he was considered unsafe because he had beaten a prisoner there, and so he was hated from the outset by the older convicts, among them the high-strung Stroud.

On Saturday, March 25, 1916, Stroud's young brother, Marcus, arrived at Leavenworth, having traveled the long distance from Juneau, Alaska. Marcus asked to see Robert, but was refused because visitors were not permitted on Saturday afternoons. He left fruit and candy, and word that he had been turned away. He could, of course, return on a legitimate visiting day.

But Stroud was furious. That night he seethed and tossed. Next morning he wrote his mother, "I have been thinking all night. I can't see any hope. I can see very little in life for either of us."

That noon the prison band played as 1,200 cons dug into their meal. Stroud rose from his seat and approached Guard Turner. Words were exchanged, and Turner raised his club. Stroud seized the guard with one hand and drew a thin knife from his jacket. He thrust it sharply into Turner's chest, threw the knife on the floor, and stood motionless as the dying guard sank to the floor. Stroud was hurried off into solitary.

The prisoners stirred menacingly, and guards bore down on them with upraised clubs. Twenty-six knives were found inside the prison that day, and a black river of hate boiled along the corridors.

The struggle to execute Stroud for his crime lasted four years. Stroud wrote letters immediately, but they were confiscated by the warden as evidence. Through newspaper accounts, Mrs. Stroud learned of her son's desperate situation. She closed her rooming house in Juneau and took the next boat for the States. She hired top lawyers.

There were three complete trials. Stroud's neck hung on what was said between him and Turner before the stabbing, since this would determine whether it was a cold, premeditated murder (first degree), one committed in the heat of passion (second-degree murder or manslaughter), or, if Turner had seriously threatened his life, a killing necessary for self-defense (justifiable homicide).

The convicts' testimony conflicted. One prisoner testified that Stroud was "cool as a cucumber." Another swore he was "very angry." Five convicts were handed full pardons as they stepped to the witness stand to testify against Stroud. Stroud's attorneys were not permitted to subpoena prisoners, though they requested the right to have nine convicts testify in behalf of Stroud.

The first trial jury found Stroud guilty of first-degree murder, and he was sentenced to hang. On the basis of the judge's instructions to the jury, a U.S. circuit court ordered a second trial.

In May, 1917, the second trial jury found him "Guilty as charged in the indictment, without capital punishment." Again Stroud's attorneys appealed, and again a new trial was ordered.

The third trial put Stroud's neck in the noose. The Supreme Court affirmed the verdict and the sentence of death. Stroud's date with the gibbet was set for April 23, 1920, in the yard of Leavenworth Prison.

The strong, set face of Elizabeth Stroud now took on added lines. Prior to the trials, her business ventures in Juneau had prospered. She had inherited $12,000 from a relative. Now, a haggard pauper, she awaited the execution of her favorite son.

He Watched His Own Gallows Built

After the final verdict, Stroud was returned to a solitary cell at Leavenworth. One morning in the spring of 1920, he heard the sound of a saw biting through wood outside his cell. Through the bars he spotted a trusty sawing planks. Stroud hissed through the bars, but the trusty ignored him.

Stroud got word through the prison grapevine for the trusty to walk nearer his cell. He came by the next day.

"You're building it," Stroud said.

"For you, Bob. Tailor-made."

Stroud grinned. "That thing will never drop me."

Later, Stroud watched them test the gallows with a sandbag. This grisly experiment made him stare deeply into

himself. "The doomed man," he later wrote, "found the defect within himself that made him kill, and having found it, now took steps to correct it and rebuild his life on constructive lines, even while he listened to the construction of his gallows." He claims he has never attempted violence since.

Ten days before the execution date, Elizabeth Stroud borrowed some money for a last desperate effort to save her son's life. She went to Washington, D.C., and because her family was well known in Illinois, got a hearing with ex-Senator J. Ham Lewis of Illinois. Through the senator's efforts, she was able to talk to President Wilson's secretary, and finally to Mrs. Wilson herself. Later, Mrs. Wilson went into the sickroom where the President lay, and a few minutes later came out with a piece of paper. On it was scrawled in a trembling hand, "Robert Stroud commuted to life imprisonment. W. W."

He's Treated As a Vicious Man

Since the day he killed the prison guard, Robert Stroud has been treated as a vicious and dangerous man. He has been confined to a solitary cell, never permitted to mingle with other prisoners.

Stroud's letters after the trials revealed the effects of his near escape from death. He showed a strong sense of living on borrowed time. He felt a deep obligation to his mother, and tried to support her by painting Christmas cards and, later, pictures. He worked for two years, but his eyesight began to fail, and he abandoned the project.

Two ironical events followed: His mother got a job in a casket factory at twelve dollars a week. His younger brother changed his name to L. G. Marcus, entered vaudeville, and became The Great Marcus, The Great Escape Artist.

A new prison administration at Leavenworth took note of Stroud's weakening eyes and physical condition. They installed brighter lighting and allowed the prisoner exercise and fresh air in a walled-in section of the yard adjoining the isolation building. A lone figure with his individual allotment of light and air, he took to playing handball.

One day he saw something tiny move in a corner of the yard. He blinked, got closer, and saw it was a young sparrow with a broken wing. He got a matchstick and a strip of cloth and made a splint for the sparrow. By the time it was well, it had grown tame.

A month later, he asked to see the deputy warden, who was known to be a bird lover.

"This is Jerry," Stroud said. "Jerry, play dead." The sparrow rolled over on his back and lay stiff. The warden's eyes widened.

"Wake up, Jerry! Stroud ordered the

(continued)

IN A ROARING FRONTIER TOWN, HE FELL IN LOVE WITH A DANCE-HALL GIRL, KILLED HIS FIRST MAN, AND KISSED HIS LAST WOMAN

FROM HIS CELL WINDOW Stroud could see a gallows being built—for him.

bird. Jerry came to life and hopped on his shoulder.

"How did you get him to play dead?" the warden asked.

"It takes time. I've got plenty of that, you know," replied Stroud.

The deputy warden grinned. "All right. You can keep the bird."

Later a prisoner who had been given a pair of canaries asked permission to turn them over to Stroud. It was granted.

Stroud begged a wooden soapbox from a guard, brought a stolen razor blade from hiding, and went to work. He took apart the boxes, saving the nails, and then fashioned a bird cage. His mother brought bird foods and medicines to him, and his brother sent money. Soon there were eggs, then canary chicks. He got pop bottles from the guards, and he broke them off an inch from the bottom, then rubbed them against the stone of his cell until the glass became smooth. Now he had water and feed cups for his birds. A year later, the solitary cell block at Leavenworth echoed with the song of a score of roller canaries.

Stroud was permitted to subscribe to leading bird journals, and his brother sent him books. The guards helped him build wire cages. Soon he was shipping healthy warblers to his mother, who became his agent, handling the sales of the birds for him. His dream of supporting her from prison came true.

He Studied to Save His Birds

One day, two of Stroud's canaries died. Next day, most of his birds lay lifeless on the floors of their cages.

In panic, Stroud appealed for books on bird diseases. He wrote to universities, secured books on avian anatomy and pathology. He discovered how little was known, and his desperation increased.

"I began to fight," he wrote former prison official William I. Biddle, then city editor of the *Leavenworth Times*. "No longer did I kill birds to stop the spread of the disease. They were permitted to die, were carefully dissected, and my mind, free from all thought of personal loss or other emotions, worked twenty-four hours a day to weave these facts, ideas, and observations into logical theories. It was a wild brand of logic, often based upon half-guessed truths. . . . No bacteriologist or doctor would ever have tried the things I did. But one of them worked."

Stroud had discovered how to keep his birds alive.

An oral agreement reportedly took place between the warden of Leavenworth and Stroud. Stroud was given wide mailing and correspondence privileges, including publication of his writings in bird journals, provided he would not reveal that he was a prisoner. He was permitted to have a typewriter to answer his heavy mail.

Bird breeders began writing him for information about his canary cure, and they sought his advice on other problems. The *Roller Canary Journal*, the *All-Pets Magazine*, and other bird periodicals soon carried articles with the by-line Robert Stroud, Box 7, Leavenworth, Kansas. The low post-office box number sounded like a large established address (it was!), and none of the readers could have had the slightest idea that the scholarly articles were written in a prison cell. Stroud's articles were titled "Hemorrhagic Septicemia in Canaries," "Specific Treatment for Septic Fever," and "Psittacosis Data."

E. J. Powell, editor of the *Roller Canary Journal*, stated, "Stroud's articles are the finest I have ever read. I have received requests for reprints from as far as England." He later published Stroud's first book, *Diseases of Canaries*.

A former official tells how Stroud took part in a stunt that helped boost his earnings and bolstered the prison's public relations. Touring visitors would approach the isolation section, and the guide would lower his voice to tell about the murderous past of "this Stroud" and how no one dared go near him. Then, like tossing meat to a caged lion, the guard would flip a pack of cigarettes at Stroud. Stroud would glare and snarl convincingly. Then, to illustrate the prison's humane treatment, the guard would point to the books and the birds. The visitors, impressed, would buy souvenirs and birds from "Stroud the Desperado."

One day in 1930, an Indiana widow named Della Jones opened her favorite magazine, a bird journal. Her pet songster had just died, and so she read with special interest a technical article on septicemia by one Robert F. Stroud.

Later, the bird journal announced a contest for the finest mothering technique and best ability to care for nestlings, and Mrs. Jones offered one of her own canaries as a prize.

She was pleased to learn that the contest winner was the scholarly bird authority, Robert F. Stroud. She thought he must be a modest college professor. She could not ship a prize canary to a post-office box that he gave as his address, so she wrote requesting a better address.

A Bizarre "Marriage" for Stroud

Della was shocked—but intrigued—to learn that Stroud was a convict. She began to correspond with him, and in April, 1931, visited Leavenworth Prison. A series of meetings ensued, and she and Stroud decided to go into business together. She moved to Kansas City.

Then, in a bizarre manner, Stroud and Della were "married." They drew up a contract stating that each to the other was "everything that a true, loving, and faithful spouse can possibly be," and signed it, and Della filed it in the office of the Recorder of Deeds of Leavenworth County, Kansas, on August 15, 1933.

Now in his early forties, Stroud had acquired hope and a goal. His cell was banked from floor to ceiling with labeled cages containing hundreds of canaries, including a new crested warbler he had originated. Every inch of space was crowded with medicines, technical books, and bird foods. He was piling up years of good behavior as a prisoner. He was supporting his mother. He felt of value as an aid to hundreds of bird lovers.

His letters of this period reveal his conviction that he had put his time to good use. He began to hope for parole.

Meanwhile, the new Federal Bureau of Prisons had been created in Washington. In 1930, it brought central control and common standards to the mushrooming Federal prison population. An order was issued prohibiting prisoners from conducting business, and Stroud was ordered to give up his birds and discontinue his business within sixty days.

He began a frantic struggle to keep his birds. Della, despite Stroud's agreement not to reveal his status as a prisoner, wrote an article for a bird publication disclosing his identity, and canary raisers rushed to his aid.

It was during jobless 1931, and people were restless and angry. Congressmen made protests to the startled Federal Bureau of Prisons. Thousands of signatures were affixed to petitions on Stroud's behalf and sent to President Hoover.

The pressure worked. The bureau's director disclosed that the order did not really apply to Stroud after all. Stroud was given an adjoining cell for his birds. Specialists checked his eyes. Kansas Wesleyan University donated a microscope and slides. Laboratory equipment was made available. It was revealed Stroud would be up for parole in 1937.

But public interest waned. Prison authorities offered Stroud a plan whereby he would continue to raise birds, but the profits would be turned over to a prison welfare fund, except for a small wage for Stroud. Stroud turned down the offer, and his special mailing privileges were withdrawn. His correspondence dropped from sixty letters a week to the prison standard of two. Bird breeders who wrote received no answer, and they lost interest. As a result, Stroud's curious prison enterprise died.

Meanwhile, Stroud continued his experiments. He summed up his findings in a manuscript illustrated by painstaking drawings.

When Stroud's application for parole came up in 1937, it was denied.

After Stroud's "marriage," friction had developed between his mother and Della Jones. After his parole failed to materialize, Della gradually lost interest. The failure of his bird business broke the only tie between them, and she drifted out of his life.

Elizabeth Stroud now began to complain that she felt very tired. Within the year, she died.

These were terrible blows for the aging convict. But despite them, he completed *Stroud's Digest of the Diseases of Birds*, now a standard work, in 1942.

Prison officials, meanwhile, were displeased. They said Stroud used his laboratory glassware to make hooch in, and complained that his birds were dirty.

One day, the week before Christmas in 1942, two guards brusquely opened the door of his cell.

"Let's go," said one guard.

"Where?" Stroud asked, startled.

"You're getting your Christmas on the Rock."

Stroud looked at his birds for the last time, then walked from his cell, his face stone-hard.

His Role in the Alcatraz Riot

Stroud was transferred to Alcatraz, officials explained, because he had broken prison rules at Leavenworth. At Alcatraz, he was lodged in D Block, a segregated section for convicts considered too dangerous to mingle with other prisoners.

Stroud, now fifty-three, began to study law.

In 1946, hell broke loose on the Rock. A quintet of dangerous convicts set off one of the worst riots in the history of Federal prisons. One of their first moves was to unlock some cells in D Block.

The warden of Alcatraz, James A. Johnston, reasoned that the armed convicts were holed up in D Block. Stroud cried out to the guards, "There are no guns in D Block," and then risked his life in a vain attempt to get recognized as a peaceful spokesman for the prisoners of D Block.

But Warden Johnston was taking no chances. For hours, Stroud and nine other prisoners huddled on their cell floors behind a barricade of mattresses and books while bullets, grenades, phosphorus bombs, and tank shells exploded in D Block. Finally the deadly barrage lifted. Some of Stroud's books and writings were destroyed, but he was not injured.

In March, 1950, as a result of a petition he made to a Federal court, he revealed the existence of a 350,000-word manuscript detailing his life in Federal prisons since 1909. He has not been permitted to release this manuscript.

For a while, Stroud was given special book privileges. But prison officials said that his cell floor was cluttered with open books, making too much work for the orderly who cleaned his cell, and withdrew his extra privileges.

In May, 1951, an Iowa bird lover wrote the Federal Bureau of Prisons, citing Stroud's work, and inquired whether he was still considered dangerous.

"It is undoubtedly true," answered A. H. Conner, acting director, "that Stroud's work on the diseases of birds has been most helpful to the bird breeders of the world. It is most unfortunate that his adjustment in our care degenerated so that it became necessary to transfer him to the prison at Alcatraz. . . . The U. S. Board of Parole has considered his application for parole on a number of occasions, but has not indicated that he is ready for release to the community."

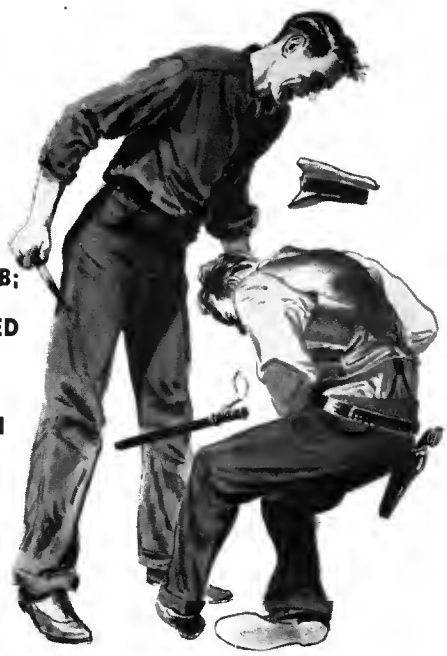
Despite his Promethean endurance, a querulous note began to creep into his letters in 1951. After an intense gallbladder attack he wrote, "You can't imagine how it is to fight for every ounce of energy to do with, and what that means year after year, being stimulated to hope and then let down to despair. . . . I believed I deserved it [a pardon] for the good I had done, but I wanted it on merit or not at all. The only things I had left were my mental and moral integrity, and there was no reward that could ever induce me to compromise."

He Tried to Kill Himself

Around Christmas, 1951, the prisoner swallowed an overdose of barbital pills. He was discovered and given swift emergency treatment. When his stomach was pumped, its contents yielded a sealed tube. Inside the tube were instructions to the coroner to place his story of Federal prison life before the public.

Now Stroud stares into his forty-fifth year of imprisonment, and his thirty-eighth year of isolation. He still hopes, still dreams. He hopes the President may choose to intervene in his curious life. He dreams of making a ten-acre sanctuary for birds, if a pardon comes.

He does not know the real name for Alcatraz. It is the *Isla de Los Alcatraces*, or Island of Pelicans. They used to call it Bird Island. THE END



THE GUARD RAISED HIS CLUB; STROUD WHIPPED OUT A THIN KNIFE; THE MAN FELL DYING TO THE FLOOR

AN ACT OF FAITH

In this, his bitterest hour, he found the one way a man can see through darkness

BY W. L. HEATH ILLUSTRATED BY HARDIE GRAMATKY

It was 4:15 A.M. when they stopped for Prater. Bert didn't know Prater, and he was disappointed that Charley had asked him along. He had hoped there would be just the two of them, like it used to be—or at least as nearly like it used to be as possible. But since he was Charley's guest, he had felt obliged to keep his feelings to himself. After all, it was nice enough that Charley was taking *him* along.

Charley tapped the horn once, very lightly, so as not to wake the sleeping neighborhood. Presently a door opened and closed, and Bert heard the sound of heavy shoes striking the sidewalk. He heard the right-rear door open, felt the cold air wash in about his neck, and heard the ringing *clink* of a gun barrel against the side of the car.

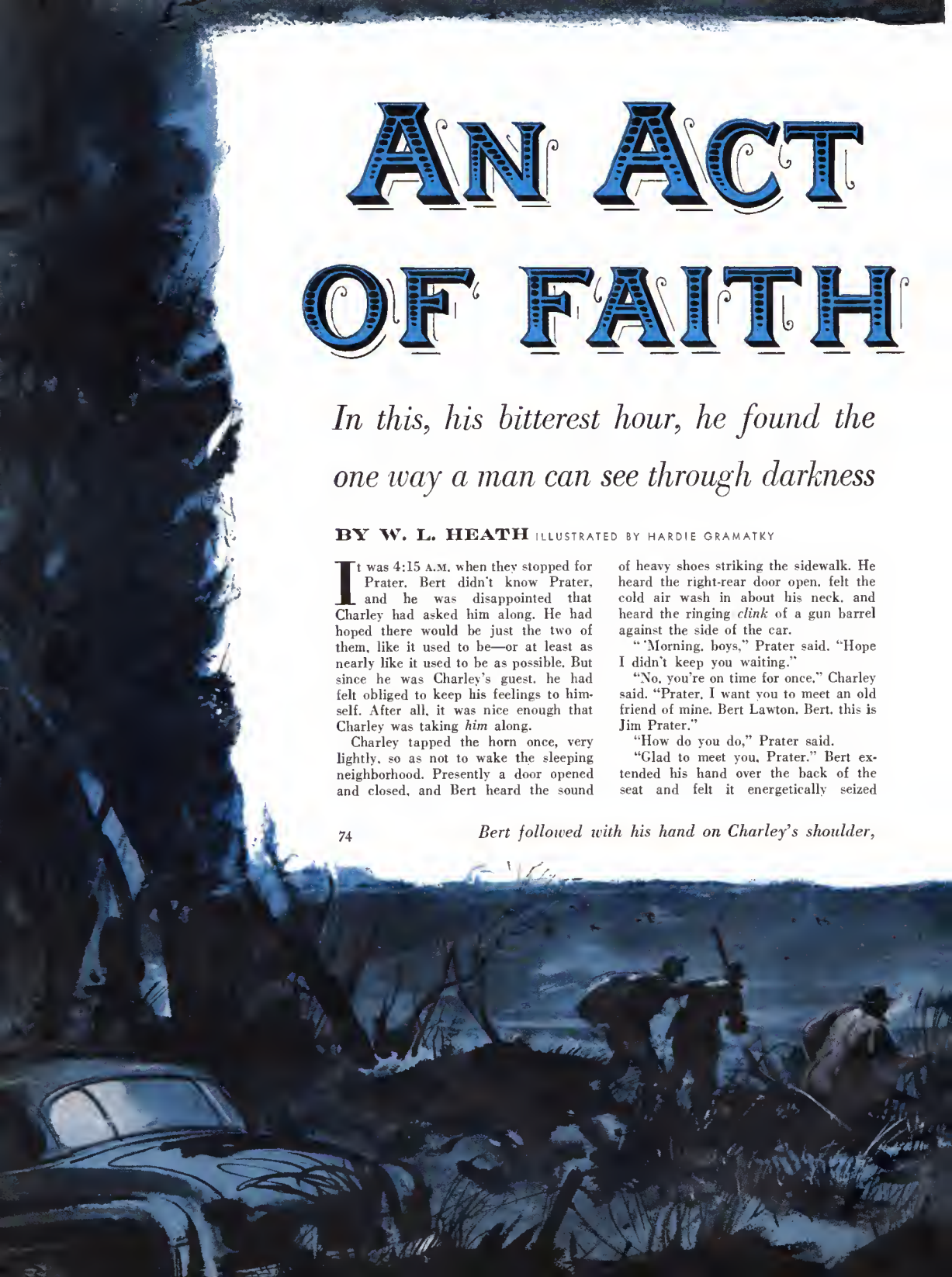
"'Morning, boys," Prater said. "Hope I didn't keep you waiting."

"No, you're on time for once," Charley said. "Prater, I want you to meet an old friend of mine, Bert Lawton. Bert, this is Jim Prater."

"How do you do," Prater said.

"Glad to meet you, Prater." Bert extended his hand over the back of the seat and felt it energetically seized

Bert followed with his hand on Charley's shoulder,



by the large, warm hand of Jim Prater.

"Bert lost the sight of both eyes in an accident last year," Charley explained.

"Aw, the hell he did!" Prater said with blunt, surprised sympathy.

Charley put the car in gear. "Yeah. He's going along to get the feel of it again."

"Well, that's mighty fine," Prater said, his tone indicating that he admired a blind man who would do that sort of thing. "What happened to you, Mr. Lawton—or maybe you don't like to talk about it."

"Automobile accident. Damage to the optic nerves." In ten months, he had reduced that little speech to the fewest possible words. To change the subject, he turned toward Charley and said, "Where we going?"

"This late in the season, I thought Mud Creek would be the best bet."

Prater leaned forward. "You see, there's plenty of water up there, and it's shallow, Bert. Lots of stumps."

"I know what it's like up there," Bert said irritably. "I've probably hunted it more than you have, Prater."

Charley laughed, trying to smooth it out. "You may not know it, but you're talking to a real duck hunter, Prater. Me and Bert here have knocked down more ducks together than you ever saw."

Prater was lighting a cigar now. "Well," he said pleasantly, "I didn't know I was going out with a bunch of professionals."

Don't be so generous, Bert thought bitterly. He had been prepared from the start to dislike Prater; now he had reason. Prater was going to be kind to him, sympathetic and solicitous, an attitude Bert hadn't yet learned to tolerate. He could visualize the man now; he ran nearly to type. A big fellow, hale and hearty, expansive, loud-mouthed but well-meaning, blunt-mannered but soft-hearted. The sort of man you couldn't insult because his skull was too thick.

"Is it getting light yet?" Bert said, to interrupt an unpleasant train of thought.

Prater answered. "No, not yet. We're still using the headlights. I'll let you know when it starts to get light."

"You needn't bother," Bert said. Yes, Prater was going to spoil the whole thing. That was clear.

Bert was lost for a while, but when the car turned onto a gravel road, he knew where he was again.

"Charley, remember the last time we came up here to hunt?"

"I sure do, Bert. Year before last."

"We got into a mess of scaups and killed three over the limit, remember? That's the only time in my life I ever went over the bag limit."

"Bert here used to really knock them down, Prater," Charley said. "I saw him shoot the cleanest triple a man ever shot. Remember, Bert?"

Yes, he remembered. He'd shot that triple a hundred times in his mind's eye since the accident—five pintails coming down the wind like a quiver of shot arrows; him standing there knee-deep. He'd just raised his arms and bang, bang, bang—one, two, three, down they came. The last one had hit the water still flying, skidding and tumbling over the surface of the water two hundred yards from where he was hit. Yes, he remembered that triple all right. It was his last.

The car was going over some rough road now. In a moment it would stop

and it was as if the darkness might lift any moment.

With the whisper of wings, his longing

AN ACT OF FAITH (continued)

with the lights falling on a sagging cattle gate. Bert's pulse quickened as it occurred to him to ask if he might open that gate. He could do it: in his memory he could see it as clearly as he had ever seen it with his eyes. But then his nerve faltered. Prater would be certain to object. "You might stumble over something," he'd say. "Better let me get it." So he suppressed the impulse and sat in silence as the car stopped and Prater jumped out to open the gate. He heard the clanking of the chain and the soft scudding sound the corner made scraping across the ground as Prater swung it back. Then the car went forward a few feet, stopped, and Prater got in again.

They were almost there now. The lake lay directly ahead of them, but it would still be too dark to see it. You had to smell it to know it was there. The car stopped, and Bert ran the window down on his side. There it was, the cold, brackish smell of the water, the old familiar excitement tightening up his chest. It was hard to believe that the blackness pressing against his eyes was not only the night. It was temptingly easy to watch that blackness for a ray of light, to see the night sky fading into frail dawn, and beneath it a cold expanse of water like an enormous sheet of hammered tin. And finally, the ultimate, heart-stopping sight of the strong birds flying, hurtling out from the dark silhouette of horizon, coming closer. . . .

"I'm going out there with you, Charley," he said. "I want you to tell me all about it. I want to see every shot in my mind."

"All right, Bert," Charley said affectionately. "I'll do the best I can."

"We'll give you a play-by-play account," Prater said from the back seat. "You'll think you're with Dave Stern, or whatever his name is, at the Army-Navy game."

Bert ignored him carefully. "Do we get out now, Charley?"

"No, it's a little early yet. Let's drink some coffee."

Prater wanted to pour Bert's coffee for him—as Bert knew he would—and for that reason he insisted on pouring it himself. He held the cup by the lip and poured very cautiously, touching the mouth of the jug against his finger so he would be sure to hit the cup. The coffee scalded his finger, but he did not flinch. The odor of it was good—better than the taste now, it seemed. A cigarette would smell good now, too. He wished he hadn't given up the habit. That would have made the scene complete: a cigarette, coffee, and the smell of the water. Funny thing, you could smell the guns, too, and the hunting coats and rubber boots. One thing you couldn't do, though, was shoot duck. You could hear them, of course—the spine-tickling whisper of wings as they went over. But you couldn't shoot by ear.

Or could you?

Bert felt his scalp prickle suddenly. Couldn't a man maybe flock shoot by ear and get one? Why not? What would it hurt to try?

No. Absolutely, no. The idea was absurd. Why get so het up over the idea of shooting just one more? Put it out of your mind, old boy, he told himself. You must be going soft in the noggin.

He took a deep breath and sipped his coffee and tried to stop thinking about it. But somewhere in the back of his mind he knew now that he was going to try it. Sometime, out there this morning, he was going to say, very casually:

"Charley, let me have your gun. When the next bunch comes in I'm going to try to pot one by ear."

Maybe it wasn't all over, after all. Maybe a man could nail him one more duck that way.

When they had finished the coffee, they got out of the car and began to pull on the heavy waders. Bert heard Charley go to the rear of the car and take out the two sacks of decoys. They made a hollow clatter on the frozen ground when he dropped them.

"Charley," Prater said, "if you can handle the decoys by yourself, I'll carry the guns and help Bert."

Bert clinched his gloved fists. "I can manage, Prater. All I have to do is keep one hand on somebody's shoulder."

"Well," Prater said stubbornly, "I'd hate for you to fall and get wet."

"He won't fall," Charley said. "Bert knows every stump in this water." It was a monstrous exaggeration, but Bert appreciated it.

Then they set off down the slope toward the water, Prater in front and Bert walking behind and slightly to the left of Charley, his right hand on Charley's shoulder.

Ice lay on the water of the slough. It broke like panes of delicate glass under their boots. As they went deeper, the ice disappeared and Bert felt the water grip his legs coldly. In a little while, the light would come gradually out of the east, giving depth and perspective to a gray world of water and fog and scrubby islands.

grew unbearable, and a crazy plan unfolded inside his head

After five minutes of wading, they stopped to rest. It was slow, laborious going in the mud and hip-deep water, and if you worked up a sweat in your wool shirt, the sweat would turn to ice water when you waited, motionless, in the shooting stand.

"Prater," Charley said, "we want to go out to that second flat, off the point. I thought Bert and I would take the left side and you the right."

"Sure thing, Charley."

Bert remembered the place. It was a good spot to shoot from, but it annoyed Bert that Prater would be so near to them. He'd hoped Prater would be away, out of earshot, when he asked Charley for the gun. He didn't want Prater to see, or even to know about the shot unless it was successful. He was vaguely aware there was something pathetic about his wanting to try it, and he didn't want Prater to see it.

When they reached the stand, Charley pulled several tufts of marsh grass and spread them out on the ground for them to sit on. Then Bert heard him pick up a sack of decoys and start out into the water again.

"Set them out between us and the wind, Charley," he said. Charley knew to do that, of course, but it gave him a sense of participation to say it. "And don't forget to put out a watcher."

"Boy!" Prater exclaimed from his stand. "This guy knows his duck hunting."

Bert clinched his fists again. He wanted to shout back, "It's my eyes that are gone. Prater, not my mind, you idiot."

When Charley returned, they settled down to wait. Prater was smoking again. Bert could smell the cigar across the narrow neck of water that separated them. Then Charley said, "It's starting to get light, Bert."

Somehow Bert had sensed it. Soon a small wind would come across the water, caressing his face with icy fingers, and the tufts of grass would begin to stir and fret and rub against each other. Then, soon, the ducks.

There was a long, long silence. Bert waited, feeling the dawn come up. Then suddenly Charley gripped his knee. "Here they come."

Bert felt his heart turn over. He waited, listening, not moving, not breathing, crouching there in his own private darkness, projecting every faculty of perception into the void above him, searching.

The sound of Charley's gun struck Bert's ears like a hammer blow. *Blam! Blam!* Prater was firing, too, now. Bert heard the whistling of the wings; then there was the tiniest fraction of total silence, followed by a loud splash nearby, then two more, distantly.

"I shot a double, Bert," Charley said excitedly.

"One for me," Prater called.

Bert sighed and relaxed. Now the shot came down, sprinkling the water around them, *tuk, tuk, tuk, tuk.*

He touched Charley's bootleg. "Tell me, Charley." He heard Prater splashing off to pick up the birds, and Charley, breathing hard with excitement, slumping down beside him.

"There was twelve or fourteen gadwalls. They came out of the east. For a minute. I thought they were going to pass us by, but then they veered in for a look. But in range. I got the lead duck and the second. Prater must have had a tough shot, because they were more over here, to our left."

"They went up, didn't they?"

"Yeah, went for altitude when I fired the first shot."

"I heard them trying to get up there out of it."

Bert settled back against a stump. His heart was thumping, and the palms of his hands inside his gloves were wet with perspiration. He knew he had to try it. More than anything in the world, he needed to participate just once more, to be able to think of himself as a hunter still, instead of the sightless, helpless invalid blindness had made of him. . . .

An hour later, after three more flocks and three more volleys, Charley took his fourth bird from a flight of pintails, finishing out his bag limit for the day. Prater had only three. Bert sat with his hands thrust down under the bib of his waders, feet numb, nose smarting with cold.

"Here comes a double," Charley said suddenly.

Bert listened, then heard Prater scrape to his feet and fire twice.

"Well, that does it," Prater called. "Four and four makes eight."

Charley started to get up, but Bert put out his hand and stopped him. "Charley?"

"Yeah, Bert?"

"Let's wait a little longer and see if another bunch will come in. I thought I'd like to try a shot myself—you know, just shoot where it sounds like they are."

He could feel Charley's eyes on his face.

"Sure. Why don't you, Bert?" Charley turned. "Hey, Prater! Get your bird and

He lifted his gun, and hope was like a sudden shaft of light—before doubt made the darkness doubly black

come back to the stand. Bert wants to try a flock shot."

"Good boy!" Prater called back heartily. "Be with you in a second."

Bert heard Charley load the gun. He put out his hand, and Charley gave it to him carefully.

"I'll use the caller, Bert. That way we maybe can get them right down on the blocks. You want them bunched, and if I was you, I believe I'd fire both barrels. You might get two or three."

The tension was mounting now, and Bert suddenly wished he did not have to go through with it. It was a wild idea—ducks were hard enough to hit when you could see them. And Prater was going to be there, encouraging him, pitying him. He wished he could call it off. But he couldn't. Somehow it was very important now. It was important to try, because this was not enough, this listening and longing. A man had to bring home his own game, or he was no part of it. And with that thought, Bert knew he had struck a bargain with himself: if he failed, he would never go hunting again.

Prater joined them, panting from the long wade out to get his last bird. Bert could smell the cigar on his breath, and that somehow increased the annoyance he felt toward the man. He wished again, fervently, that Prater had not come along—just he and Charley was the way it should have been, like in the old days. The ducks were flying now; they were in the air every minute, judging from the conversation between Charley and Prater. But most of them were high and far.

"You know exactly where the decoys are?" Prater asked.

"Yes. Exactly. Now, don't try to point the gun for me, Prater, because that'll just distract me."

"I won't, Bert. I just want to make sure you get yourself a duck. I'm here to help you."

There was another long silence, broken only by the lapping of the water.

"What about those, Charley?" Prater said.

Charley began to use the caller, squawking softly. Bert waited, tense and listening, acutely conscious of Prater's presence.

"You turned them," Prater said.

Silence.

"They're coming in, Bert," Charley said. "Pintails. Get set."

"Geeze!" Prater whispered hoarsely. "They're coming right in!"

Bert waited, every muscle tight as a steel spring. He heard the wings whispering, heard two or three skid into the water with that electrifying, rushing sound. He raised the gun, aimed it into the noise, and pulled both triggers at once. The recoil almost dislocated his shoulder, but he scarcely felt it, because Prater was shouting: "You got one! You got one, Bert!"

He felt a heavy hand slammed into his back. But he waited, listening for Charley's voice. Finally he heard Charley say, "Yep, you got him, all right!"

He suddenly realized he was trembling. He had missed. Somehow, by the tone of Charley's voice, he knew he had missed. This was Prater's idea of kindness. Now there would be a lot of splashing around, pretending they were retrieving his bird, and then probably they'd give him one of their ducks to carry, like a child. A feeling of helpless fury seized him.

And that was the way it did happen. Prater splashed out and back, making a lot more noise than was necessary, and pressed a large duck in his hands.

But the odd thing was that the duck felt limp and warm, like a bird that has just been killed. His spirits flickered up

They started back, Bert carrying his duck. It was a fine

again. Maybe he had shot it. All at once he was suspended between belief and disbelief. Had he or hadn't he? There was only one way to find out: to count them. If there were nine ducks, then this one was really his. But if there were only eight . . .

They started back then, through the cold wind and water. And Bert carried a duck. He held it by the legs and felt the heavy body bumping against his leg as he walked. It was a fine feeling, just this much of it, but it was not enough unless this duck was really his.

He had to know. As he sloshed through the water, one hand on Charley's thin shoulder, he began to work out a plan in his mind.

The chance came, halfway home, when Charley stopped at a roadside restaurant to refill the coffee jug. Prater stayed in the car, but Bert had anticipated that.

"Prater," he said. "Wonder if you'd mind running in there and getting me a candy bar."

"Of course not, Bert," Prater said, solicitous as ever.

He heard Prater get out, and listened tensely to the sound of his shoes crunching on the gravel as he walked across the space between the car and the restaurant.

He slid quickly beneath the steering wheel, opened the door, and got out on the left side of the car. With his left hand following the chrome strip, he made his way to the back of the car. He felt across the smooth, dust-coated trunk door to the license tag, and below that to the trunk handle.

He tried it, felt it give, and felt the door lift against the knuckles of his hand as the spring pulled it up. Now the ducks were there in front of him on the floor of the trunk, lying side by side. He reached down and began to run his hands over the slick, cushiony feathers of their breasts. One, two, three—

"Bert."

The sound of Prater's voice went through him like an electric shock. There was an interminable moment of total silence. Then Prater's voice again, quiet and patient, but no longer compassionate.

"I'm not going to stop you from counting them," he said. "But there's something I'd like to say before you do. I knew you didn't believe me when I said you killed that duck, Bert. But Charley said so, too. I'm not asking you to take my word for it, because I know you don't like me. I felt it from the start. But I am asking you to take Charley's word for it. You've had a tough break, Bert. But what has happened has happened, and you may as well face up to the fact that you're going to have to depend on other people a lot for the rest of your life. You're going to have to take *somebody's* word for a lot of things, Bert—and if it isn't going to be people like Charley, who is it going to be? When you begin to doubt your friends, Bert, and when you begin to refuse the sympathy they *need* to give you, that's when you're going to have a mighty long, tough row to hoe. Understand what I'm trying to say?"

Bert nodded.

"Okay. Go ahead and count them."

Bert stood for several seconds, still holding the trunk open. Then he heard Prater turn and start to walk away.

"Prater?"

"Yes?"

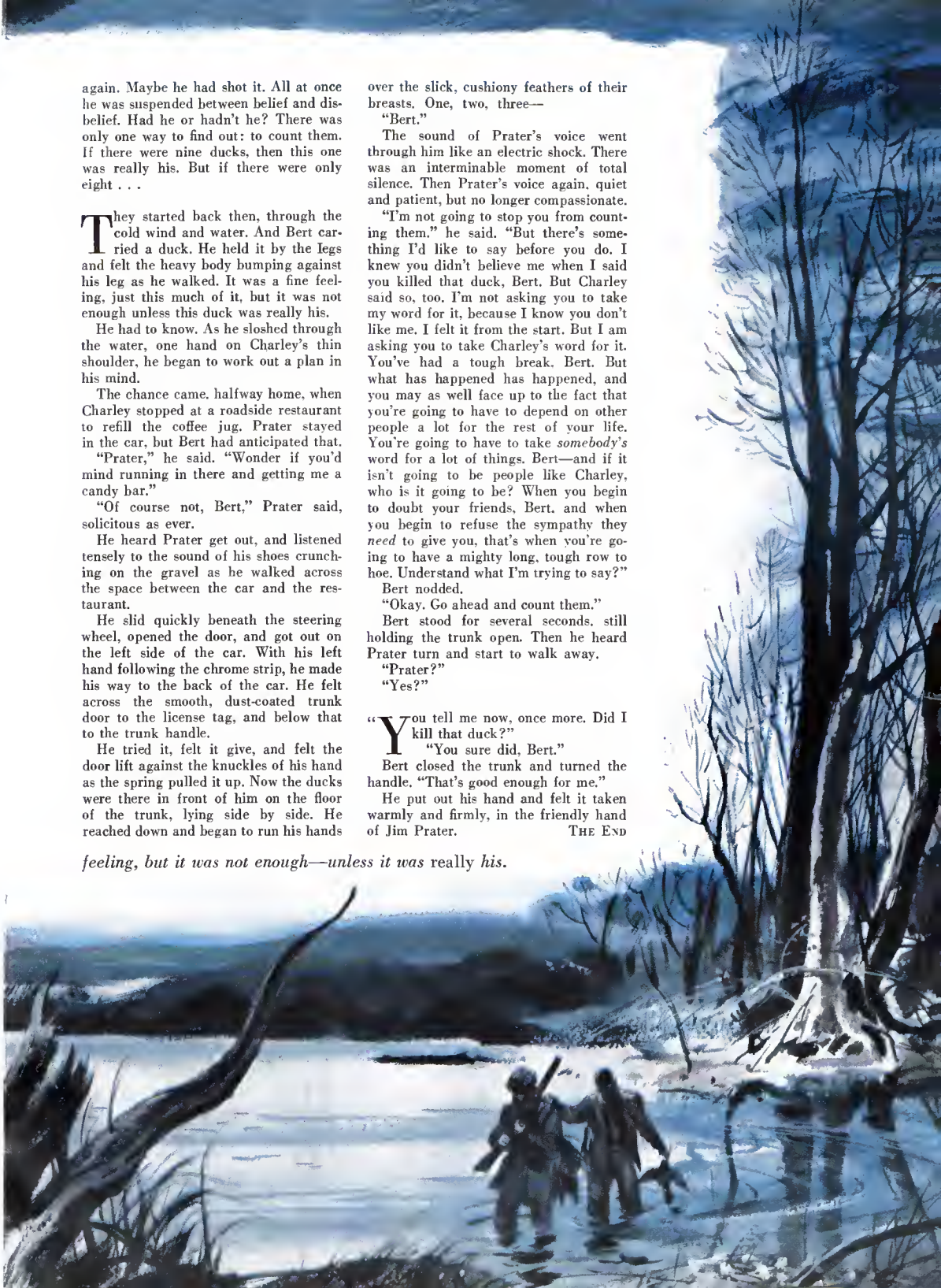
"You tell me now, once more. Did I kill that duck?"

"You sure did, Bert."

Bert closed the trunk and turned the handle. "That's good enough for me."

He put out his hand and felt it taken warmly and firmly, in the friendly hand of Jim Prater. THE END

feeling, but it was not enough—unless it was really *his.*



THE

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT PATTERSON

FAT GIRL

Loving her, I knew how enchanting she was, but what young love can stand the test of ridicule?

BY STANLEY ELLIN

I was reading my paper at the breakfast table when Marjorie broke the news to me.

"Richard," she said. "did you hear who's coming back to town?"

I didn't bother to look up. "No," I said.

"Richard, it's Ruth Gresham."

I did look up then. Not only because the name had jolted me, but because of a familiar note in Marjorie's voice. After ten years of marriage, I had learned to recognize the sound of it whenever she was describing how she had bullied some storekeeper or dazzled her friends with a new dress or monopolized the most attractive stranger at the country-club dance. The winner's note, I thought, and then I thought, Ten—no, fifteen—years, and she's never forgotten!

She was smiling a little as she watched me, and I had to say something.

"What's she coming back for?" I said. "Just a visit, or is she thinking of opening the house again?"

"Neither," Marjorie said. "It's so marvelously corny you'll never believe it."

"Believe what?"

"She's turning the house over to the town! She and some kind of state society got together and decided that the old Gresham house is such a precious thing that it ought to be a museum. And next weekend there's going to be a whole ceremony and everything, with her majesty here in person." Marjorie giggled. "Can't you see her!"

I could see her. In my mind's eye, I could see her only too well, and it gave me a painful sense of guilt. But I had to be careful with Marjorie watching. Marjorie as slender and pretty as she had been fifteen years before, and now reminding me of that in her own way.

Because Ruth Gresham had not been slender and pretty. She had been the fat girl of our circle, and that was how Marjorie wanted me to remember her.

"It's been a long time," I said, trying to sound casual. "Maybe she's changed."

"Of course, she has! That's what makes it so corny, don't you see? This whole thing is just one great, big, beautiful performance to let us know how well little old Tubby Gresham has done for herself. She'll come waltzing in from New York, all trimmed down and polished up, wearing the latest Fifth Avenue numbers, and just aching to have the peasants kiss her hand. It's wonderful. And everyone at the club is only waiting for the chance to put her in her place."

That was it, of course. She had changed. She was no longer the fat girl; she was the glamorous woman, and she was coming to prove it to us. It was a depressing thought, but curiously comforting.

"We've got it all planned," Marjorie said. "There's this museum thing in the afternoon, and then she and her husband—"

"She's married?"

"Of course," Marjorie said impatiently. "You don't think that with all her money she couldn't get some *somebody* to marry her. She's high up in the book-publishing business in New York, and she married this writer who does some kind of dreary stuff nobody even heard of. Anyhow, they're guests of honor at the club dance that night, and we've all agreed to flock around *him* and not even bother with her. Trust Eileen Tracy to figure out something good like that."

Yes, trust Eileen Tracy to figure out something good like that, and trust Marjorie to go along with it. But it was a little too much for me.

"Well, I'm not going," I said.

"Not going?" Marjorie said, and turned that little smile on me. "Wouldn't that look *obvious*, dear?"

I knew what she meant. I had been closer to Ruth than any of them, and the week after she left town fifteen years before, there had been enough sidelong

I saw only her velvet eyes, the glowing sweetness in her face.

THE FAT GIRL (continued)

She had no guile but wore her love openly with glowing happiness,

glances at me to last me a whole lifetime.

It was strange to think of meeting Ruth that way. And though it had been so long ago, it was strange to think of her as someone other than the little girl I had known, the Senator's daughter.

I was only twelve then, but I knew all about the Senator. He was the thin man with the gray hair and iron-hard face who always wore a black suit and black bowler. He lived in the old Gresham Manor, which had been there even before the Revolutionary War. But it was none of that which awed and fascinated me; it was the lawn around the house, almost an acre of it, trimmed smooth and perfect. I celebrated my twelfth birthday by walking on it for the first time. There was no fence around it, and I had just intended to cut across one corner, but the uphill slope toward the house drew me like a magnet, and the next thing I knew, someone was calling me from the porch.

I stopped as if I had been shot, but then I saw it was only a very small girl holding out a very large ball.

"Would you like to play?" she offered.

I hesitated. I knew that while the Senator's wife had died long ago, he had a daughter, and this must be she. But she was not nearly so impressive as the Senator. She was round and pudgy and a little frightened.

"I'm twelve," I finally told her, and her face fell. I had intended this as a conversational gambit, but she evidently felt I was justifying a refusal to play with anyone so young. "I'm ten," she said, "but I play very well."

I was almost won over on the spot by the enchantment of hearing anyone so small speak so precisely, and then the hopeful smile she gave me finished me off completely. We played for a long while, and although she really didn't play very well, I was surprised to find myself having a thoroughly good time.

And though I would have hotly denied it even to myself at the time, she was good to look at. Round and chubby as she was, there was an alive merriment in her face that made you feel good, and the combination of her dark-brown eyes and ash-blonde hair struck me as being surprising and beautiful.

I didn't meet the Senator that day, but I found myself, to my youthful shame, returning to the house almost every afternoon, and Ruth was always waiting for me. We talked incessantly. That is, I talked while Ruth listened; and she made a wonderful listener.

Then one day as I started to leave, she tried to pull me toward the house. "You *have* to come in," she said anxiously. "I told Daddy all about you, and he said the next time you were here he wanted to meet you. And I *promised*," she said, as if that settled everything.

So I went in, trembling at the sound of my own footsteps through the stately rooms, and there was the Senator sitting in a huge chair next to a window, reading his newspaper. He started to lay the paper aside, but before he could do it, I was horrified to see Ruth leap at him wildly and bear him down into the chair. I almost held my ears waiting for the thunderclap of punishment to strike.

But it never came. Instead, all the Senator did was hug her tight and look down at her in a funny way. It was clear he didn't even mind what was happening to his fine suit.

"This is Richard Challenger, Daddy," Ruth said.

The Senator looked at me. "Oh," he said, "so you're the kind neighbor."

It seemed immodest to agree to that, so I just cleared my throat uneasily.

"You're Sam Challenger's son, aren't you?" the Senator said.

I could agree to that without any trouble. "Yes, sir."

"He's a fine man. You going to be a lawyer like him?"

"I don't know. Maybe, sir."

"You could do worse," the Senator said, and then Ruth pulled away from him and caught my hand.

"Isn't he nice, Daddy?" she demanded. "Just like I said he was?"

I wished she hadn't said that. The Senator didn't seem to take it lightly, but sat there studying me up and down while I started to itch miserably.

"Yes," he said at last. "Yes, I think he is."

Even with this mark of favor bestowed on me, I shied away from meeting him. But I came to feel at home with Freda, who was the housemaid, and Margaret, who worked in the kitchen, and Albert, who drove the cars, and Mr. Anthony, who tended the lawn and gardens. But being in the Senator's company made me unhappy, and when Ruth learned this she seemed to understand perfectly, as she did almost everything I thought or felt.

so that I felt defenseless before the easy mockery of the crowd

The end of the summer changed things very little, because the Senator suddenly decided that Ruth could stop having a private teacher and go to public school. She met my other friends, and after a few weeks, when Albert came by in the afternoon to drive her home, we all went along, Eileen White and Bobby Tracy and Dan Morrison and Marjorie Holt. And, of course, Ruth and I.

The old house and garage and the grounds around them became our playground, and we seemed to be having most of our good times there. I remember a whole series of clubs that took shape and dissolved almost simultaneously. Eileen White was always president, and Ruth was usually treasurer, since she was the only one capable of supplying whatever funds we needed.

Money wasn't the only thing Ruth supplied. Any such crowd as ours needed some sort of butt for its humor, and Ruth provided that, too. By the time she was in high school, she had grown much taller, but though the other girls seemed to lose their baby fat as they grew in height, Ruth stayed as plump and round as ever.

It was Eileen who tagged her with the name "Tubby." The name stuck. Ruth didn't seem to care, and laughed as much about it as anyone, but I did care. I hated Eileen for it, and I hated myself more for not having the courage to say or do something about it.

As we reached the age of dances and parties and affairs, we started pairing off. Eileen and Bobby Tracy, Marjorie and Dan Morrison—and Ruth and I. Ruth was not a very good dancer; she was too heavy to be easily led, and we had our share of embarrassments on the dance floor, but since the dance floor was usually someone's living room, it didn't bother me. There was a lot of cutting in, too, so I had plenty of chances to dance with Eileen, and with Marjorie, who was as small and graceful as Ruth was not.

But off the dance floor, I was happiest with Ruth. She was wise and witty, with an enchanting sense of humor. And looking at her seriously, as I did at times so that she would redden and turn away, I knew that that contrast of velvet dark eyes and soft blonde hair was lovelier than anything I had ever seen, and that the glowing tenderness in her face when I took her hand was something that couldn't be found in anyone like Eileen or Marjorie.

That was as far as my thoughts of Ruth went until the New Year's party, which took place in my last year at high school. We had drunk gallons of ginger-ale punch, we had laughed and danced and carried on, and then at midnight I found myself standing face to face with Ruth in a corner.

The lights blinked off and on to signal the new year, while we stood there looking at each other. And then I kissed her. I had intended to kiss her lightly, but her lips pressed so fiercely to mine that I was dumbfounded. There was a sweetness and warmth in those lips that I had never dreamed could be there, but when I tried to put my arms around her, she caught hold of my wrists to stop me. So we stood like that, locked in that wonderful kiss and blind to everything else.

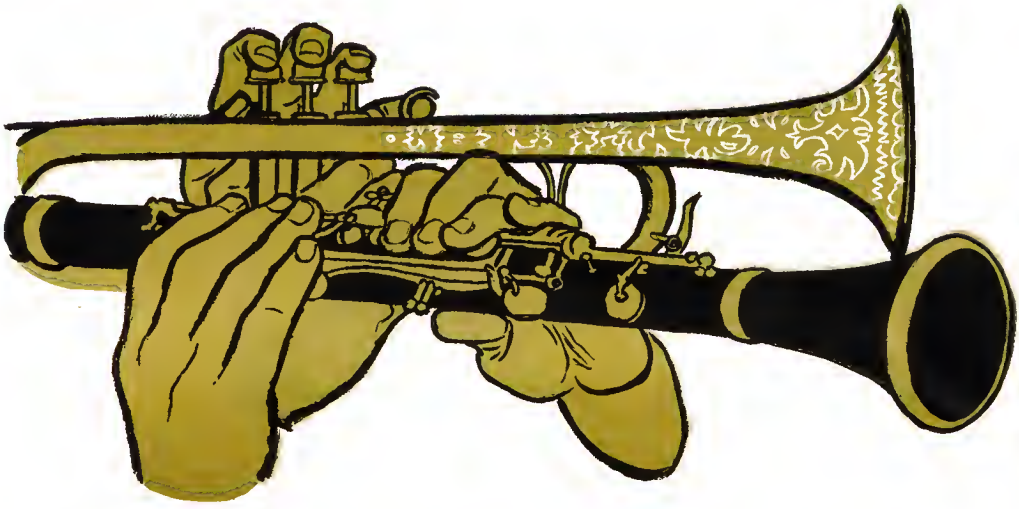
Then she did pull away. "I love you, Dick," she said with a sort of wondering intensity. "I love you! I love you!"

There was no guile in Ruth. She wore her love so openly, so glowingly, that whenever we were together with the crowd I found myself growing rigid with embarrassment. And where she had once been the sole butt of their humor, I now found myself her partner in this discomfort. When she wasn't with me, Eileen or one of the others spared no effort to make me understand the ridiculous situation I was in. And if I tried to fight back, their weapons were much sharper than mine.

"After all, Richard," Eileen said wearily, "you're not going to lose your sense of humor over dear old Tubby, are you?"

"It's one thing," Marjorie pointed out, "to take pity on the poor child. But to spend all your time hauling her around dance floors, or holding hands with her while she moons over you like that! And that business at the New Year's party!" She and Eileen looked at each other and burst into screams of laughter.

So it was impossible not to feel self-conscious in Ruth's company, and though she sensed that and shrank from it, she only deferred to me the more. That angered me, for some strange reason, and I said things to her that I instantly regretted. At such times there was a bewilderment on her face that



The music stopped, the lights dimmed. It was almost over, and still there was something I had to say to her—something long overdue

hurt me, I think, as much as I hurt her.

That was the state of affairs between us when the question of the senior prom came up. It was the last school affair for most of us, and the first formal, and we all took it very seriously, none more so than Eileen.

"And considering everything," she told me, "you aren't going to lug old Tubby along, are you?"

"She will look," Marjorie decided, "like an Arab who decided to wear his tent instead of live in it."

I was going to wear a tuxedo for the first time, and I was full of black anxieties and doubts.

"But she expects me to take her," I argued.

"Oh, expects," Marjorie gestured airily with her hand. "I expected Dan to take me, but you don't see me crying because he's inviting some other girl, do you?"

I hadn't known about Dan, and I looked at Marjorie with new interest. Pretty as a bisque doll, slender, always so glad to have me cut in on her, always responding a little more than one expected to the pressure of an arm around her waist. . . .

Before I left them that afternoon, I had invited Marjorie to the prom.

I should have told Ruth then, but I didn't. I waited and waited, and after a while I guiltily convinced myself that since I had never really invited her, I owed her no apology. There seemed to be an unspoken agreement among the crowd, too, because when Ruth was around there might be talk in a general way about the prom, but never about what couples were pairing off.

She found out the day before the prom when the seating plan was posted on the bulletin board outside the auditorium. From across the hall, I saw her look at the board and then suddenly turn and walk out the door. I started to follow her, then lost my courage, and while I was hesitating, the door closed behind her, seeming to cut off everything between us. And what I felt was not guilt or embarrassment, but a great relief.

I carried that feeling with me the rest of that afternoon and into the evening, when the doorbell of the house rang. I went to the door and was astonished—and a little alarmed, I think—to see the Senator standing there. He had never before paid my parents a visit, and I was not so foolish that I didn't suspect that this visit concerned me more than my parents. But I said hopefully, "My folks aren't home, Mr. Gresham."

"That's quite all right, Richard. You're the one I want to speak to."

He walked past me into the living room, and sat down in my father's chair. I sat down, and he studied me a long while before he spoke.

"I want you to understand right now, Richard, that you're not to discuss with anyone the subject of our talk."

"Yes, sir," I said.

"All right. Something has happened between you and Ruth that is making her unhappy, something to do with that affair tomorrow."

"Yes, sir," I said. "I can explain—"

"No," he said, "you don't owe me any explanations. I didn't come to persuade you to take Ruth to that affair. Do you understand that?"

"Yes, sir," I said, bewildered.

"All right, then. I want to open your eyes to something important, Richard. You're eighteen. You're going to college next fall. In a few years you'll be back, ready to enter law practice. Have you thought what it could mean to have someone like Ruth waiting for you?"

I managed to say, "No. I haven't," casually enough, but I could feel the heat rising to my face.

He shook his head slowly. "You see, Richard, sometimes the world sets such foolish standards, and so many fools accept them cheaply. The thought of Ruth being made unhappy by that . . ."

It was as if he were laying the burden of his love for Ruth on my shoulders, and I didn't want any part of that.

"Honest," I said, "there isn't anything I can do. . . ."

"You can do a great deal, Richard. You can let Ruth know that things are

the same between you as they were."

I was growing angry at the injustice of it. Because I had made friends with Ruth when we were kids, I was supposed to be saddled with her forever, while my friends laughed, the whole world laughed at Richard Challenger and his fat girl.

"Mr. Gresham," I burst out. "I think it's very humiliating—"

He cut me short right there. He did it by quietly standing up and turning to me with a humorless little smile.

"Richard," he said, "you don't know what humiliation is."

The morning after the prom, Marjorie phoned. "Did you ever!" she shrieked. "It's the news event of the year!"

"What is?" I said irritably. We'd got in very late, and I found it hard to open my eyes or understand anything.

"It's Ruth, silly! It's all over town. Ruth's left town!"

"Look," I said. "A lot of people go away for the summer."

"Yes?" Marjorie cooed. "But this one doesn't intend to come back."

Marjorie, as it turned out, was right. Once in a while, the Senator and Albert would drive out of town for a few days, and it was understood that they were visiting Ruth at some fancy school or other. And during my last year at college, one of my mother's brisk little letters stirred memories uncomfortably:

> Mr. Gresham died last week, and of course a big funeral, many important people. Ruth Gresham was there, very much the same and taking it well, although much upset. As Marjorie said, it should not be too hard to take well considering the money and property, and what a hard, unpleasant man he was. I did not get a chance to talk to Ruth. She left right after the ceremony.
>
> Marjorie wanted to know if she could come along with us to your graduation. I'm sure we can arrange it. Until then . . .

And that was all there was about Ruth for a long, long time.

Now I was standing outside the Gresham house again, wondering what it would be like to meet her. Most of our crowd was there, too, along with visiting dignitaries and newspapermen, and when I looked at Marjorie and Eileen and the others, I knew they were thinking the same thoughts I was. That's how I knew, when Ruth's car drove up and she stepped from it, that they were all as surprised as I was.

Because there was no change in Ruth. She was as stout and smiling as ever. She was well dressed, but no dressmaker in the world could conceal the ample contours of that buxom figure.

I heard Marjorie gasp. "Well, did you ever!" and then she and Eileen looked at each other and rolled their eyes to heaven, and that was enough to tell me what the impact on them had been. In some queer way, Ruth by just being Ruth had defeated them.

She shook hands with all of us, and introduced her husband, and the girls got their second jolt. Mark Carmody was a big man, very well built, with graying hair and the casual good looks that were enough, I imagine, to make any woman look twice at him. When they had moved on, Eileen hissed, "He's stunning. Absolutely stunning."

I dreaded the thought of meeting Ruth so much that any time her eyes shifted my way, I felt cold panic take hold of me. At the club dance that evening, I simply sat at my table and let Marjorie take over. Watching Ruth and her husband like an unseen witness, I found myself marveling at them.

They were sharing something. Something intimate and lovely. They spoke to each other without words. His hand, even when he was turned away from her, was always reaching for hers. And when she looked at him, it was with the face of the girl who had kissed me at a New Year's party long ago and told me that she loved me.

What he shared with her I had shared with her, too, a little while, and then I had let it go. I had never found it again with Marjorie, or with anyone else, and the knowledge left a bitter taste in my mouth.

The music stopped, the lights dimmed, and people were going home. I saw Mark Carmody turn toward the coatroom, and as Ruth walked on alone, I followed her.

I didn't know how I was going to say it, but it was long overdue, and it had to be said.

"Ruth."

She turned toward me and held out her hand to me.

"Hello, Dick. It's been a wonderful party, hasn't it?"

She was glowing with it. Whenever they were together, it would be a wonderful party for them.

"Ruth," I said. "About that prom—"

"Dick, does it matter now?"

"But it was so wrong. It—"

"Wrong?" she said reflectively. "Maybe it was, Dick, just a little, but it was the best thing in the world that could have happened to me. I was fat and plain, and that had become a little too important to me. But I had to get away before I could see that. And when I got away, I found everything. School, and a career—and even Mark." She squeezed my arm hard. "You see how things work out, Dick?"

"Yes," I said, "I see."

"It's like a lot of things," she laughed. "Easy to see when you're far enough away from them."

"Yes," I said, "that's about it."

Then Mark Carmody was there with her wrap over his arm. She took his hand as they went down the steps together to their car. Marjorie came out as the car turned into the road, and we watched its taillight moving along the road away from us.

"He's really the most gorgeous thing I've seen around here in ages," Marjorie said, and then yawned a little. "Poor lamb. When I think how humiliating it must be to him every time he looks at her . . ."

Far away, the taillight glimmered smaller and smaller into a red speck, and as I watched, it blinked out in the darkness.

"Marjorie," I said, "you don't know what humiliation is." THE END

She took his hand in a way that, long ago, she'd taken mine.

Result of my "Why not remodel the kitchen?" inspiration. This is the west façade, torn down to where there was nothing I could hold onto in a high wind. Insert

for whitcomb's Page

JON

This is the story of The Unmanageable Alteration, or The Addition That Got Away. Three years ago, I embarked on a minor project involving a new kitchen and guest room for a house in the country. If by some chance you are reading this out loud, go back and insert "ha! ha!" after the words *minor project*. Now straighten your face, and we'll continue. The architect, a persuasive wretch with a confident manner, announced that the project was minor. The budget, he said, would under no circumstances be major. "Simple revamp job," he kept saying. "For new construction, our fee is fifteen per cent; for remodeling, twelve per cent." This was cheerful. We hadn't even begun, and here I was saving money. Cautiously I explained what was inadequate about the house I had built in 1940. These were difficulties that had grown out of my own changing circumstances. Designed originally as a weekend bachelor retreat from the city, the place had become a full-time home and workshop. The kitchen was too small and in the wrong place; there was no room for the cook and her family; and occasional overnight guests objected to being stacked in the bunkroom. "Just stretch the whole shebang here and there," I told the architect. "Here's the original blueprints. As you can see, the shack is pretty cramped. A little breathing room will help. Keep the housekeeper happy. Happy help means a happy house." The architect went off to his drawing board, whistling merrily. That's how the whole thing began back in the spring of 1950. Innocuously, with little hint of the strained years to come.

First of all, the exploratory sketches turned out to be a bad shock. The house was unstretchable. Reason: A layer of Connecticut rock supported the structure like a platter. The house was compactly nestled between two large outcroppings. The choice boiled down to a complete overhaul or nothing. Out of the snowstorm of tissue sketches came drastic rearrangements of corridors and living space, elimination of rooflines, and the blossoming of new wings. Every new idea dragged in another one right on its heels, and by fall, when the excavation started, the operation was completely out of hand. For the next twenty-four months, I worked and slept in the studio while the rest of the place gradually disappeared in an atomic cloud of improvements. We kept the old kitchen operating until the last possible day. Tasting of plaster dust and the pepper of demolition, meals rolled into the studio on a wagon.

Just to show you how remodeling can

which was raised, lowered, sworn at, and is "before"—what used to be my house.

creep, here's the final score: Aside from the studio, just one thing remains of the 1940 house—a living-room fireplace with its chimney. The old bunkroom became a bathroom. The original maid's room is now a guest room. The front entrance was raised one story. The kitchen became a free-form island surrounded by a bar to the south, a coat closet to the west, and a powder room to the north. The living room got turned sidewise. The new space underneath it became a playroom, with a shop at one end. New TV outlets required a second mast on the roof. Heating required a second oil furnace. The electric-current intake had to be upped from 75 to 300 amperes, necessitating a larger conduit under the lawn. (I hate overhead wires.) My secretary threatened to quit because she got tired of sawdust in her hair.

Today, the minor project has turned itself into a whole new house. To anyone who has ever tackled a remodeling job, my alibi will have the ring of truth. There was simply no place to stop. But friends in the neighborhood, some of them owners of stately Colonial houses dating back to 1775, are baffled. "Why did you tear down your house?" they ask, wide-eyed. "High time," I say. "It was ten years old!"

THE END

New dining end of my living room. It's only a short walk—just as far as the plaid couch—to that luxury, coffee in the other room.

Now no one mistakes the guest room for the neighboring stable. It has everything except cold beer. Who can't sleep here, can't sleep!

Why my cook stays around. This is the west end of the new kitchen. What doesn't open by pushbutton, springs open when you approach.

The Baby Sitter

She'd seen murder once. The face should have been familiar

A SHORT SHORT STORY BY EMILY NEFF ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS

Entrenched in her familiar bedroom, with a flannel wrapper around her and a wet cloth across her eyes, Mrs. Lotte Slocum winced when she heard the doorbell. Its peremptory note had repeatedly pierced the quiet Sunday, alternating with the raucous cry of the telephone.

She heard the footsteps of her daughter, hurrying to the door, and hoped that Jane would have the courage to send them away, whoever they were, detectives or reporters. She had answered questions all day, and her head ached. Besides, she needed time to think things out. It had all happened so fast.

"Oh, it's you, Mrs. Armstedder," Jane was saying. "Well, she's resting. It was quite a shock, you know. But I'm sure she'll want to see *you*."

Mrs. Slocum was not at all sure that she wanted to see her good friend Mrs. Armstedder, but she was relieved not to have to face a notebook and more official questions. She pushed the wet towel a little higher on her forehead and turned her head slightly as Mrs. Armstedder tiptoed into the room.

"You poor thing," Mrs. Armstedder whispered emotionally. "Awful. I just heard it on the five-o'clock news. Why didn't you call me? I would have come right over." She stared at Mrs. Slocum as if expecting to find her physically changed by her brush with disaster. Then she sank heavily onto the bed and unbuttoned her coat. "I was supposed to sit myself tonight," she went on. "For the Thompsons. But when I heard about you, it put me in such a state of nerves I begged off. I wouldn't sit for the queen of England tonight. I was sorry to disappoint them; they're my regulars."

"I'll never baby-sit again," Mrs. Slocum said. "Never."

"And who could blame you?" Mrs. Armstedder cried, her cheeks pink with indignation. "You'd always be imagining murderers sneaking around. A person never gets over an experience like that. I feel a little creepy myself sometimes, when my people stay out after midnight. That's why I never read mysteries on the job, just movie magazines."

"I wasn't nervous at the time," Mrs. Slocum confessed. "It was a quiet night. She came in at two, and Mr. de Mario drove me home. The check's right there on the desk. I don't know whether I can cash it—now."

Mrs. Armstedder heaved herself up and went to the writing table. "My," she breathed, picking the check up gingerly, as if she were afraid of leaving fingerprints. "Three dollars. Signed 'Clara Nash.' The last words she ever wrote, I guess, poor girl. I wouldn't *want* to cash it; you ought to have it framed."

"Well," Mrs. Slocum said sensibly, "three dollars is three dollars."

Mrs. Armstedder returned to her seat on the bed. "Tell me, how did she act? Did she seem to have a foreboding of death, like you read about?"

"What nonsense. She acted perfectly

She remembered how lightheartedly poor Clara had prepared for her last date.

natural. She asked me if Buddy was all right, and I said yes, and she said, 'Thank you for coming, Mrs. Slocum; Mr. de Mario will drive you home.' And that was that until the police showed up at nine o'clock this morning and told me she was dead."

"Murdered in her bed," Mrs. Armstedder amended, moistening her lips. "Lotte, do you think Mr. de Mario did it? The radio said he was detained for questioning. I mean, he could have gone back there after he took you home."

"How do I know who did it?" Mrs. Slocum said peevishly. "I'm no Sherlock Holmes. Maybe he did, and maybe he didn't."

"I'm not asking you who *did* it," Mrs. Armstedder cried in exasperation. "I'm asking who you *suspect*. After all, you sat for her a lot. You must know who she's been running around with since her husband left. When was that, three months ago, four?"

"Three. Oh, there was a bunch of them, all right. Mrs. Nash didn't let any grass grow under her feet. But she saw Mr. de Mario the most, I expect."

"I'll bet he did it. They had a quarrel at the party. The radio said so." She leaned forward. "What did he say when he drove you home? Did he act funny?"

"Not a word; we didn't talk. Oh, I guess he said good night."

But Mrs. Armstedder was not to be discouraged. "Hmm," she mused. "Strangely silent."

Mrs. Slocum snorted. "You and your theories!" But she almost had to pinch herself to keep from laughing, because her friend still hadn't asked the question she had been waiting for all day.

Jane knocked tactfully and came in with a tea tray, which she set on the bed table. "I thought this might soothe your nerves, Mama," she said. "Do you want a fresh compress?"

"No, dear," Mrs. Slocum peeled off the sodden towel and handed it to her daughter. "Nothing helps." She pushed absently at the damp gray hair on her forehead. "What does the radio say?"

Jane stood there, holding the towel as if it were a fish she intended to throw back. "Well, they've arrested that man de Mario. He didn't get home until four. He says he drove around for two hours, but he can't prove it."

"You see?" Mrs. Armstedder said triumphantly. "What did I tell you?"

"They questioned Mr. Nash, her estranged husband," Jane went on, quoting the announcer verbatim, "but he said he hadn't seen her in a month."

Mrs. Slocum held her breath. "Did they release him?"

"Oh, yes. They didn't have any evidence against him. He appeared grief-stricken at the news."

"All right, Jane," her mother said. "Tell me if there's anything new. And get rid of that towel." Jane returned to her post at the radio, and Mrs. Slocum thought how fortunate it was that this was a Sunday and Jane didn't have to go to work. Jane was a good girl and did her best to make up for Carol, her sister, who lived in California with her rich husband and might as well be in Timbuktu.

"You liked Mr. Nash, didn't you?" Mrs. Armstedder said, drinking her tea in dainty sips.

"Oh, he was grand to me. You see, I sat for them two years before they broke up. Many's the night he's driven me home. Saw me right to my door, too. And he was real free with his money. I mean, if I was twenty minutes short of three hours, he'd pay me for three hours. None of this niggling over pennies like some people. He tipped at Christmastime, too. Once he gave me a compact. Wasn't fine enough for *her*, he said."

For some reason Mrs. Slocum was reminded of her last birthday, when Carol had sent her a pair of bedroom slippers. Bedroom slippers! With all that money and knowing that her mother was baby-sitting to make ends meet.

"Why did they split up, anyway?" Mrs. Armstedder asked.

"Oh, she was a wild one, a real scalp collector. Couldn't be content with just *one* man. If you ask me, Mr. Nash meant to let her have her fling, hoping she'd get it out of her system. Then he'd take her back. He loved her, all right."

"Well, she had her fling," Mrs. Armstedder said grimly.

Mrs. Slocum sighed. "When I saw how she was gadding around with other men, I didn't want to go on sitting for her. I really didn't. If she'd been divorced, it would have been different, but just a separation— It didn't seem quite decent. I did, though, for the boy's sake. Buddy. He's a good little fellow, going on eight. Never gave me any trouble, like some."

"He found her, didn't he?"

"Yes. When he woke up this morning. He called a neighbor, and they got the police."

"Poor little tyke. Strangled, wasn't she? In her nightgown. Still, it's a blessing he didn't wake up—when it happened." She shivered. "It gives me goose bumps to think of it."

"Buddy sleeps like the dead," Mrs. Slocum said. "Always did. After his bath, I'd read him a story in bed, and like as not he'd be asleep before I finished. Last night it was 'Rumpelstiltskin,' and he was off before I'd read two pages."

Buddy hadn't moved a muscle when Mr. Nash showed up around one o'clock, even when he went into his room and turned on the light and looked at him. Mrs. Slocum had been dozing, something she tried not to do, and it gave her a real start when Mr. Nash let himself in with his key and walked in like that. She knew one thing, though: He was just as surprised as she was. "Well, well," he said. "Imagine seeing you here, Mrs. Slocum. Where's Clara?" She told him, and he sat down by her on the couch, just as casual, and asked all about Buddy. He had been drinking, she could tell, but he still acted like a gentleman.

After he had looked in on his son, he chatted with Mrs. Slocum, very friendly, until a car drove up and they heard Mrs. Nash laughing outside. Then he got up and said, "I think I'll surprise Clara, Mrs. Slocum. We don't want to embarrass her in front of her boyfriend, do we?" He tucked a bill into her hand and walked nonchalantly toward the back, just as if he still lived there.

So when Mrs. Nash sailed in, looking like a debutante in that red tulle dress with the rhinestone necklace, Mrs. Slocum just acted like everything was the same as usual. Mr. de Mario was waiting on the porch, as if he wanted to take her home and get it over with. She had given her report on Buddy and put her hat on while Mrs. Nash wrote out a check, humming a tune and smiling.

Riding home, Mrs. Slocum thought her own thoughts. Mr. de Mario, handsome and taciturn, merged in her mind with Mrs. Nash's various other admirers who grudgingly drove her home on various nights. She wished she could be a fly on the wall when Mrs. Nash discovered her visitor. How she would love to listen in on that little reunion! "I'm going to try to talk some sense into my wife's pretty head, Mrs. Slocum," Mr. Nash had confided to her. What had happened? Had she led him on, let him think she still loved him? She had been murdered in her nightdress, they said, and Mrs. Slocum shivered at the implications.

"Are you asleep, Lotte?" Mrs. Armstedder asked sharply.

"Just thinking."

"Well," her friend said. "An idea just came to me. If you really mean it about not sitting anymore, I wonder if you'd mind referring your customers to me? You have so many, and I'm behind on my payments for the television. You could have them back, you know, if you ever changed your mind."

Why, the old vulture, Mrs. Slocum thought. That's a fine friend for you, waiting to grab your business the minute you're down. "Oh, I don't know," she said. "I had thought maybe Jane . . ."

"Well, of course, I was only trying to do you a favor," Mrs. Armstedder sniffed,

drawing her coat around her and getting to her feet. "Keep in touch with me, won't you, dear? And don't *dwell* on things."

"I'll try not to," Mrs. Slocum said. "Will you ask Jane to run out and see if she can get an early edition of the paper at the drugstore? And tell her to get me some aspirin, too."

"I'll be glad for the company," her friend said. She closed the bedroom door, and Mrs. Slocum heard her talking with Jane and the click of the front door as they went out together.

She couldn't help smiling at the sensation she would have caused if she had told Mrs. Armstedder about Mr. Nash. Or the police, for that matter. But the police hadn't asked her. She had kept waiting for them to, but they hadn't. They had seemed so sure the murderer had come after Mrs. Slocum had left. They had wanted to know when Mrs. Nash had got home and what she had said and who had been with her, but they hadn't asked if someone had already been there. And somehow Mrs. Slocum hadn't got around to telling them.

She thought of Clara Nash dead, never again to go dashing off to parties, no more cocktails and pretty clothes, no more men. Like her daughter Carol, she was, with no thought for anything but having a good time.

She sighed. She really should feel guilty about not telling the police all she knew, but she didn't. Actually, of course, Mr. Nash might be as innocent as a lamb. Mr. de Mario could have done it, or one of the other boyfriends, or a burglar, or nearly anybody. Still, things would look awfully dark for him if she were to tell what she knew.

It had grown quite dark, and she walked to her writing table and turned on the lamp. Then she sat down and looked at Mrs. Nash's three-dollar check for a long while. Her last sitting money. She snorted aloud at Mrs. Armstedder's precious television set. *She* had almost two thousand dollars in the bank that even Jane didn't know about, and such a comfort it was. And now no more deposits, just a slow dwindling. The prospect was painful.

Finally she drew some stationery from the drawer. Her best, heavy and plain. "Dear Mr. Nash," she wrote. "You can't imagine how shocked I was to hear about your wife, and I extend my deepest sympathy to you in your bereavement. Poor little Buddy with no mother, such a good boy. My nerves are all on edge after last night, and I seriously fear that I can no longer continue my profession of baby-sitting, which is my only means of independent income." She thought a minute and then went on: "Because of the upsetting experience, I know you will want to help me, as you are a charitable man and know the value of a dollar. A hundred a month would help keep the wolf from the door, like the saying goes.

"The police have been asking me a lot of questions, and I hope I don't break down under the strain, as I know there are certain things you would rather I didn't tell them.

"Hoping to hear from you at the earliest, I am

Yr. obdt. svt.,
Lotte Slocum"

The bedroom door opened as she was putting the letter in an envelope. "Well, Jane, what does the paper say?" she asked, without looking up. "I'll bet it's all over the front page, isn't it?" She licked the flap and sealed it firmly. "Did you get the aspirin?" Then she looked up.

"Why, Mr. Nash . . ." she said.

THE END

There was just one question that no one had thought to ask her

A COMPELLING STORY BY MARC BRANDEL

ILLUSTRATED BY GWEN FREMLIN

CAST THE FIRST SHADOW

Truth shines with a weird, strange light through this story of a love that could never have happened

In every way but one, Ernie Combs was a very ordinary young man. His single difference came to light on his fifth birthday, though it seemed trifling at the time.

It was a sunny day at the beginning of June, and Ernie's father had promised to take him rowing on the lake in Central Park. They were walking through the zoo when it happened. For some time Ernie had been watching his father's shadow moving smoothly, without effort, over the rough path in front of them. It puzzled him.

"Dad," he asked, "why doesn't that black thing bump into things?"

"That's my shadow," his father explained. "When the sun hits something solid, the light can't get through. So that makes a dark patch on the ground. It's called a shadow."

Ernie nodded wisely, not understanding, and trotted on for awhile in silence. Then, "Why don't I have a—a whatyousaid?" he asked.

"Shadow. Of course, you do. Everybody has a shadow." His father stopped suddenly, looking at the ground, at his own shadow spreading like a dark pool of oil away from his feet. Then he moved a little to one side. He stepped away from his son altogether, and stared at the ground.

"Move," he said at last in an odd, coated voice, his eyes unbelieving.

Ernie obeyed, moving to one side. "Again!" his father almost shouted. "Let me see you jump. Up and down."

Ernie did. People stopped to watch. His father seized him by the hand.

"We're going home," he said. Ernie could feel his father's distress seeping into his own hand like a painful current, and he began to cry.

Ernie's mother was surprised to see them home so soon. His father explained. She frowned in disbelief. He made Ernie show her. They tried everything. They stood him in front of every window in the house. They banked whole batteries of lighted bulbs behind him. They made him move around, and they made him keep still. But the fact remained: Though in every other way a perfectly ordinary child, Ernie cast no shadow.

They thumped and prodded him. In his experimental zeal, his father stuck a pin into Ernie's arm. Ernie cried, though he cried less from pain than because he couldn't understand what he had done to anger his father and mother.

Ernie's mother and father determined to keep their son's peculiarity a secret. They both felt it was an unnatural and shameful thing they must keep hidden. They made Ernie stay indoors on sunny days. They kept him away from lighted places. But the law compelled them to send him to school.

Ernie's school days were a repetitious ordeal. At each new school, there would be a fresh beginning. Timidly, fearfully, he would try to make friends. Sometimes he would forget for a whole hour that he was different from them. But sooner or later they always found out. Their first fear and awe would turn quickly to hate and derision. Ernie would arrive home one day with a split lip or a black eye. There would be the familiar scene: his mother holding him against her—"My poor baby! What have we done to deserve this?"—his father regarding him with resentful pity.

Ernie's parents would move, and Ernie would be sent to yet another school.

As Ernie grew older, he came to accept his strange affliction. He became adept at avoiding bright open spaces, at staying in the shadows. He managed to stay at one school for three years.

At eighteen, Ernie Combs was a pale, rather tall young man with a pleasant, ordinary face and no remarkable aptitudes or intelligence. His parents had never dared to have other children. The series of furnished apartments in which they had lived had never been more than shameful hiding places. Ernie understood that he had ruined their lives. He left home without regret to make his own furtive place in the world.

He had put in a lot of thought about his choice of a career, tending at first toward coal mining or darkroom work in photography. But he had abandoned them both as unrealistic. It was in just such places that a sudden beam of light could most easily betray him. He had come to see that his best hope lay not in total darkness but in indirect lighting.

He found what he wanted with no trouble and was taken on at a small salary in the stock room of a warehouse. The fluorescent lights all over the ceiling, the boxes of merchandise all over the floor, cast such a profusion of shadows that his would never be missed.

He rented a furnished room nearby and settled into a cautious routine. For the first time in thirteen years, he felt safe.

At first that was all he asked. But after a surprisingly short time, it wasn't. He was lonely; he wanted friends.

And gradually out of this desire, hope came back into his life. It was the hope

of finding someone to share his life. Somewhere there must be another like himself.

He began to search for that other. He wandered all over the city, peering into corners, following each stealthy figure who kept to the shadows, as he did.

He was astounded at how many there were to follow, how many people who seemed afraid of showing themselves in the light. But once he was sure their reasons were different from his, he had no further interest in them. He was far too ordinary a young man to feel any kinship with the otherwise afflicted. He abandoned them without a qualm, in fact with a certain contempt, and pressed on in his search.

The first time he saw her, it was only a glimpse. She was about his age, tall and slight, with a pale, scared face and disheveled hair. He hurried after her at once, but she was hurrying, too, dodging in and out of the crowd without ever getting separated from it and avoiding the fronts of buildings in a familiar way. He lost her outside the armory.

From then on, it was she he was searching for. It was a month before he saw her again. This time she was coming toward him, hurrying as before. She reached an intersection a few yards away and was forced to stop at the curb. The sun shone on her long blonde hair, so carelessly parted at the side. Ernie's glance swept the street in front of her feet. He almost fainted with joy.

She cast no shadow.

He started to run toward her and then checked himself. He had caught that look of shamed fear in her eyes, which he had so often felt in his own. She thought herself discovered. He stopped and turned and started back up the avenue, walking now beside her. She glanced at him in panic. She had brown eyes and wore no make-up and was beautiful, he noticed. They walked along a foot apart until the next intersection. The light was against them, and they stopped.

"Look," Ernie whispered. He pointed to the sunlit ground in front of them.

He had to wait perhaps a second. Then she turned her face to his, and her eyes brimmed with tears.

Her name was Christine. They walked together all afternoon, blissfully holding hands, uncaring, delighting in the blankness of the sidewalk that stretched before them. They hardly spoke, but by nightfall, when they made their way back to her room, they had interchanged all those secret intimacies that only they—even more than most lovers—could share.

They went to her room because it was larger than his, and because Christine

With the first glimpse of her pale, frightened face he knew that his long search was over.

When two such people find each other, their love has a strange quality not found in any other

seemed even more afraid of public places than he. That room soon became the only home Ernie had ever known. He was, for a while, marvelously happy there. Christine was a strange, shy girl, but it seemed perfectly understandable to him.

He understood, for instance, her hunger for reassurance. "Do you really think I'm beautiful?" she was forever asking.

"Of course!" Ernie did.

"Why? I mean, how do I look?"

Ernie would tell her, describing her mouth, her nose, her lovely eyes. She never seemed to tire of this.

"Why don't you look in the mirror?" he teased her once.

But there was no mirror in the room. "It broke," Christine told him.

"Seven years' bad luck."

She trembled, and he put his arms contritely around her.

She loved, too, to have him comb her hair. It was long and soft and silky and badly cut. She cut it herself. "I'm terribly clumsy at it," she said. "But I can't bear going to the hairdresser."

He could understand that. He hated it, too. With the bright light overhead and the white sheet around him. The trouble was Christine hated going anywhere. She didn't have to work; her mother sent her a check every month on the condition that she stay out of Pennsylvania. Christine even hated going to the bank to cash it.

It began to get on his nerves. Since his discovery that he wasn't unique, a change had taken place in him. He was no longer so ashamed. He thought of all the ordinary things he had always longed to do, and now he longed for them all the more.

They argued about it for hours. It was the cause of their first near-quarrel. They made it up at once, but the dissension remained. Until at last, one Saturday night when they'd been cooped up in the room all day, Ernie put his foot down.

"I've had enough of it," he said. "I'm fed up with this never going anywhere. You'd think we were freaks. Look, we'll go to some dance place where they have flickering lights. We'll be perfectly safe."

"Oh, no, please, darling."

"And put some lipstick on." She still never wore make-up.

Finally, reluctantly, she was forced to give in. She found an old lipstick at the bottom of a trunk and smeared it ineptly on her mouth. She had no compact.

Outside the house they had another near-quarrel. This time because Ernie insisted on taking a taxi. He won again. Christine huddled miserably in a corner, and when they reached the dance hall peered with panic-stricken eyes up the stairs and refused to go any farther. Ernie stubbornly led the way. She followed at a distance, like an Arab's wife.

Neither of them had ever learned to dance. They sat holding hands, watching the couples on the floor. Ernie was delighted by the loud, bad music and the tawdry glamour. It was just what he had longed for all his life.

Christine sat tensely by his side and had several drinks to relax her. Unaccustomed to them, she began to enjoy herself, too. When they left at midnight, she felt quite reckless and almost gay.

Ernie joined her in the lobby and helped her on with her coat. She was smiling as they started down the stairs. Several people craned to look at her. Ernie felt a sudden overpowering pride. He noticed that the walls of the stairwell were amber mirrors, deliberately flattering to the dance hall's customers. He caught Christine by the hand.

"Look, darling," he said. "See for yourself what a handsome couple we make." And turned her to face the glass beside them.

She drew quickly back, but not quickly enough. He felt her trying to tear her hand from his and, looking in the mirror, saw his own pleasantly reflected face, his sharp blue suit and loosely knotted tie.

He dropped her hand as if it had bitten him and watched her run, sobbing, from him down the stairs. But he didn't go after her.

Ernie had suddenly understood. He understood what others had felt about him all his life, his parents' distress and why his schoolmates had first feared and then hated him. He not only understood. In his ordinary way, he agreed with them.

When he reached the street, he didn't try to find Christine. He walked off toward his own room whistling a superior little tune. How dare she deceive him like that! he thought.

The monstrous, the unnatural girl had no reflection. THE END

She loved to have him comb her long, soft, shining hair.

FEVER OF LOVE

She thought of love as nothing but temporary madness. Surely she could resist it if she fought hard enough

BY VERA HYCZ

As the gold clock on the mantel chimed the first of its five delicate little chimes, she went quite rigid. She hit a wrong key on the typewriter, and then, staring at the almost finished sentence, she could see that it didn't hold the honest meaning of her intent. And with a surge of panic, she wondered if any of those erased, half-penciled pages on her desk said anything that she had tried, tried all day and desperately, to make them say.

Had the fever made such inroads on her mind? And she was calling this, the transcript of her first lecture of the season, "Mind in Authority."

But even through all the worry about her work, there was the echo of Mark's voice from last Saturday: "There'll be no more of this playing around. Say you've got a fever, if it makes you feel better. But it's for keeps, or it's ended, baby, with us."

"Don't call me baby."

"Okay. Ellen, then. Now, look here. This time I make the rules. I'll give you a week. If you call me Saturday, it'll mean we start a little of the right kind of living. If you don't call . . . And don't make it any later than five-thirty, Ellen. Or it ends, right on the dot. Five-thirty." There'd been the final click of the door as he left.

It had been a miserable week. But she was used to fighting her tortured way through six days of not seeing Mark. She had been very strong and definite there, and had called him only on Saturdays near five o'clock. And when, at first, he had phoned, tried to see her on other days, other hours, she had said no. "When I want to see you, I'll call you, Mark."

Even if you're in the grip of a bad fever, you follow a doctor's orders. Unless you're completely and utterly mad, and she wasn't—quite. Besides, she was the doctor. She had her M.D. to prove it.

And the fever would leave her. It was going away as the heat was lifting from the strange, frightening summer.

She had felt the first lessening of it this morning, when she had waked to that fine, cold wind blowing into her bedroom. She had got up and stood there in her thin nightgown, letting it chill her through and through.

She had a small, compact, almost perfect body, but she had never been aware of its provocativeness. She knew now of

This was the last hour, the deadline. When the clock struck, she'd be free.

its complete treachery to her real self, to her mind. And with the chill of the wind on her, she had walked into her living room, looked at her dusted but work-neglected desk, glanced at her calendar. With a dazed and breathless start, she had realized summer was over. It was September the thirteenth. And Monday morning she would be back in her classroom. Every wild thought of the past week went out of her, and she knew she wouldn't call Mark tonight.

She knew she could have ended it before. But she had thought it would be better to let such a thing run its course. Then she'd be free, cured of it forever, immune to any such thing. And as far as Mark was concerned, he'd forget her, as any man could forget any woman, in time. He'd even admitted that, his words and his attitude holding a full measure of the arrogant way of men that she hated.

Yes, he was arrogant. And how could he be that way, with her? He often referred to himself as a grease monkey, and he took a great deal of pride in his garage. That was commendable, certainly. But it pointed so plainly to one of the many differences between them. He wasn't the man for her. And she didn't truly want any man. Any man, ever.

Mark should have a girl, perhaps like the one they called Jerry, who ran that little café. She'd never seen the girl, but once, during their early acquaintance, she'd called there for him. "Is Mr. Novak there, please?" she'd asked in that foolish, shaky way that would creep up on her, even at times when she was very sure of herself. And the girl had answered pertly, with honey in her voice on Mark's name, "Yes, Mark's here. I just served him, but I guess I can call 'im."

A girl like that would have those children Mark wanted. A girl like that would cook for him and jump at his beck and call, as he wanted a woman to do. She felt a little shiver go over her.

Always before, she had gone out of town for her summer vacations. Generally to the cool mountains with another and older woman teacher. And she'd come back with her mind crystal clear. Her thoughts would appear sharp and reasoning and understandable there on the pages, thoughts that had been her pride and her mounting barricade against the outside world.

She was young to hold such a position in such a college, but she had earned it. And she was needed. Every semester

One moment in his arms had shattered her world. She tore away and hid her face with her hands

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM ROSE

there'd be at least one girl touched with scandal, caught in a helpless tide of passion for some man. She'd feel instant pity for the girl and icy contempt for the man. That the girl might be at fault and the man little to blame never occurred to her. It was a man's world. And a woman had to pit the strength of her mind against the power of the physical that might be in her, that might be drawn to the ruthless magnetism of the man.

That the emotions of the body held an awful power she did not deny. Ellen's mother, in the beautiful home that she had owned, had been in constant attendance on her father's wishes, when he'd been there. When he had not been there, she'd been lost in longing for him. Ellen had been a lonely child, book-bound and romantic. She'd lost her romanticism when her father had walked out the door for the last time. He'd been a big, strapping, dictatorial, mocking man, an oil promoter. And he'd left behind a broken woman and a daughter with sudden hate in her young, credulous heart. Ellen had known that she would never forget. And she'd set her small, firm foot hard on the narrow path of learning and kept it there —until this summer. This dark and furious summer.

How could it have happened to her?

Early in April she'd begun to feel a vague dissatisfaction. The days, the nights, held a misty, undefined longing, a reaching loneliness. And, at the end of the term, she simply couldn't decide about her vacation. She would have recognized the danger of this sort of feeling in any one of the girls in her classes. But she didn't recognize the call of her own heart, her own rich blood.

It was a stifling hot day, nearly noon. And in a sudden, gripping restlessness, she left her desk and went out for a vague, purposeless drive. But the car behaved oddly, and she pulled into the first garage.

When the man walked toward her across the neat and uncluttered floor of the garage, she felt that first shuddering pull toward him. He wore white coveralls blackened with grease and oil, but his tall body had a slow, heavy grace somehow reminiscent of her father. And she told herself, it's deliberate. He knows what he does to women.

Seen closely, his face, broad, Slavic, had a tanned, healthy glow. He put a big hand on the door of her car. And it was as though he had touched her.

She drew in her breath. A quick, hot, unconscious, panicky breath. And he stared. Stared in a startled, alert awareness. Then his gray eyes slid over her and quickly away. And in that sharply pounding moment, it seemed to her that she was brutally indifferent.

"Want me to look at the motor?" His voice, flat and toneless, was like a door slammed in her face. She stammered something about yes, the car had stalled, she didn't know . . .

He lifted the hood, and apparently that mass of inanimate metal held more interest for him than she did.

And why should it matter? Why? Why?

The heat pressed in. It was hard to breathe. Sitting there, watching him, she felt weak, helpless, angry, and sensed in his very manner, the slightly turned line of a shoulder, his acknowledgment of her as a woman and his utter disregard.

Was she then so—so unattractive?

She used almost no make-up. She tried to keep her black hair smooth, but it would curl a little in this damp, close heat. Her blue linen dress was still crisp. It had a white collar, and she wore a wide white hat with a narrow band of blue ribbon tied under her chin. And, and if she looked austere, that was the way she wanted to look. And she did have admirers. Pedantic, soft-spoken men.

But this mechanic made it plain that to him she was hardly alive. In the hot, sultry noontime, in the clangy noise of the dim garage, her pulse beat quick and high in denial of this.

He fastened down the hood. "I had to put in a new battery," he said. "Old one was shot. That'll be twenty-five dollars."

She heard her voice in its first lie. "I've forgotten my checkbook." Was that her voice? Incredibly, she heard it, faltering, faint, go on. "If you'll drive up to the flat with me, I'll write you a check."

He was wiping his hands on a large, orange-colored piece of cloth. His movements slowed, stopped. His gray eyes caught hers, and narrowed. Then a sudden blaze came into them. She felt scorched by it.

"Why, all right," she heard him say, his voice low, deep, very slow. "Will you excuse me a minute? I'll be right back."

He came right back, and her whirling, dissolving mind saw that he was in clean khaki trousers and a blue cotton shirt, open at the deep tan of his throat.

She drove the five blocks through burning wind that burned less than the blood in her cheeks. This had to be a dream, a thing unreal from which to turn away. But he sat there beside her, arms folded, silent, his eyes, she knew, never leaving her. He smelled of tobacco and a little of sweat and oil, the long-ago-familiar things she hated and feared.

When she opened the door of her flat, the thin, voluminous curtains blew gently inward to sweep the soft shag rug. Light-blue walls, ceiling-high bookshelves, a painting she loved—gray-silver dawn on a silver sea—a summer-screened fireplace. Her desk in the corner, business-like and orderly. The room was like her, studious and cool and detached.

He dropped his cap on the telephone table by the door, looked over the room, and a faint smile tugged at his strong, heavy mouth. "You fight yourself pretty hard, baby."

If she hadn't looked away from the room to him—but she had, and the frantic anger in her went too far beneath the surface of the gathering, dreadful dream.

She untied her hat, laid it on the desk. Then, poised stiffly on the edge of her chair, she searched, half-blind, for another checkbook, her fountain pen. The pen, when she found it, shook in her hand.

"Your name?" she asked, her throat gone dry.

"Mark." He sat there watching her, waiting. "Uh—make it out to Mark Novak's Garage."

She put the check by his cap on the little table, afraid to give him the check, afraid of his hand that might touch hers. And yet—

"I have a little brandy," she said, unaware of the husky, tremulous music that had come into her voice. "I'll mix you a cool drink."

"Thanks. But never mind mixing it. I'll take it straight."

When she placed the little tray before him, she was visibly trembling. He took the drink, swallowed the brandy, and set the small, stemmed glass carefully back on the tray.

She hadn't moved away. She couldn't move. And his eyes lifted to hers, all fire. But she knew that somewhere in him there'd be mockery, and she cried out, "Don't! Don't laugh at me!"

"Laugh? You don't know what you're talking about!" He reached and held her, strengthless, melting, down beside him. "Me, laugh at this?" His words came rough from his throat. "Baby, you couldn't be wronger."

His strong arms went around her slender waist. And if he said anything else,

FEVER OF LOVE

(continued)

Even in his arms, she told herself this couldn't last.

she never knew. Everything, the room, the world, herself, as she knew herself, ceased to exist. She was something, she didn't know what, something caught up, enveloped, in his urgent embrace.

When the room began to fall brokenly into place around her, she moved away, away from him, and sat with her face in her hands.

After a time, he spoke in a shaky voice. "Want some of that brandy?"

"I—yes."

He went to the kitchen, found the bottle and a glass, and brought her a drink. She took it all, as he had, in one big swallow. Then she gagged and strangled on the throat-scalding stuff, and standing before her, he leaned down and said softly, "Good Lord. Don't tell me that's your first drink."

Her hands had gone back to cover her face. "I keep a little liquor for my friends. But I—I don't believe in it. It's bad for—for the mind."

"The mind?" A silence. "You poor baby."

"Don't. Don't call me baby."

"You don't like that? What's your name?"

"Ellen. Tyrell. It's on the check."

"What? Oh, the check." Another pause. "Work for a living, do you?"

"I teach. At the college."

"The college? A little thing like—What d'you teach?"

"Psychiatry."

"Good Lord." He was striding, prowling the room. She still had not looked at him. He came back and sat down by her. "Look here," he said. "Don't feel so bad about this. You haven't got a thing to be ashamed about."

"Haven't I?"

"Why, hell no, baby—Ellen." He put his hand on her mussed and tangled black hair. "This happens to all women sooner or later. What I mean is—well, love is a very fine thing and a privilege. A privilege for both. You've been bucking it too long, that's all. Bound to catch up with a girl like you. And when you least expect it. In the garage, I—I couldn't get it through my thick skull that you—I mean, me and a pretty little thing like you. And it's all right. Listen, it's fine. Don't cry."

"I'm not crying," she said, in a cold, determined voice. "I never cry. And I'll never be like that again. Never."

"You're upset as all get out, aren't you? Listen. It's the nicest thing ever happened to me."

She moved her head.

"What's the matter? Don't you want me to touch you?" His hand stilled on her hair.

"I—I wish you'd go."

Another silence. "You mean that?"

"Yes."

"Well. all right," he said, in that slow, deep way. A puzzled way. "All right. Sure. If you want me to go . . ."

For what seemed like years, after he left. she sat there, and at last she got her world into some semblance of order. She found then that he'd forgotten the check. She mailed it to him that evening.

In three days. he phoned her. "Are you all right? Look here, I—"

"Don't call me." She braced herself against that heavy intensity in his voice, and won. "I don't want to see you." He hung up.

But at the end of that long week of terror and indecision, she called him.

He came near six o'clock. He wore light summer trousers and a sport shirt. On the long white florist's box he brought with him, his square, tanned, scrubbed workman's hands, with their short. stubby nails, looked invincible. Voiceless, she put the fragrant mass of dark-red roses into a tall white vase, trying all the time to think of something to say, anything to help her. But, turning from the flowers, she met his eyes, made one step toward him, and stumbled.

At once, he was there. He lifted her off her feet, held her against his chest. He was trembling, he was covering her face, her throat with hot, hot kisses, his broken words scattered against her lips. "Baby, baby, I'm crazy about you. You've been in my mind all week."

And then, like a splinter of light through the dark storm that shook and held them both, came her triumph. Crazy about me! Then I don't have to be afraid. Because it won't last with me. It will be over before he can pull me down, make me like Mother.

So she didn't go out of town at all. And the woman who stared back at her from her mirror had black eyes that shone with a flashing brilliance, and color ran high in her cheeks. She knew she was lovely. But it was a loveliness like that of some wild, pagan creature so different from the real Ellen Tyrell that she was afraid to run into people she knew. She was glad that most of her contemporaries were out of town.

Mark wanted to take her places. She explained her wary choice of drives, restaurants. "A teacher, Mark. The way things are, they'd know that—that something—and I can't risk losing my position. It's my life."

"I see. You still think you're just sowing a few wild oats."

"Why, no. I don't, Mark." She gave him a painful smile. "Sowing wild oats is one of the special privileges granted only to men, isn't it?"

"It's a thing men do," he said. "But wild oats is a pretty tough crop for a woman to handle."

She looked starkly honest and very

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FEVER OF LOVE (continued)

young. "I only have a fever, Mark. A bad summer fever."

He grinned a little, but only with his lips. "You'll have one devil of a time proving that to me. And as far as that job of yours goes—your life—it's the bunk. I make pretty good money, baby. I can take care of you."

"I don't need to be taken care of."

"Yes, you do," he said roughly. "And I want to put you where you ought to be. In a house with the prettiest cookstove you ever laid your pretty black eyes on. An apron hanging on a nail. A nice big swing with an awning. A lot of books going all musty out back somewhere. A shoulder for you to lay your head on every night. And two—at least two—kids."

Something suspiciously warm and soft was spreading all through her. Across the small restaurant table, candlelight on his face, gray eyes deep and tender, he looked stanch, dependable, true. But it was only for now. Not for tomorrow, not for all the years. She drew back from the precipice in time. "I'm not going to get married, Mark," she said steadily. "Not to you and not to anyone."

After that, sometimes, he would look at her in a searching, doubtful way. But he would not let the matter rest. And finally, one Saturday, she told him about her father.

"But, good Lord, baby, I'm nothing like that guy. And you're not the blame fool your mother was, either. If you ever neglect my kids the way she did you, I'll whale the tar out of you. I wouldn't put up with it for a minute."

"*Your* kids. *You* wouldn't put up with it. It's never occurred to you that it isn't a man's world, has it, Mark?"

"No. I guess it hasn't. With a woman to share it. A right woman wants it to be that way."

"Then I'm not a right woman. I don't want to be one. And you'll forget me, Mark. You can find someone else."

"You're damned right." Raw anger was in Mark's eyes, a bitter twist on his mouth. They were in her flat, and he got up and began to pace the floor in that smooth-muscled tigerish way. "I knew from the first day you were all mixed up, but I thought maybe what happened would jolt you out of it. But now, I don't know. I don't think you want out of it. Besides the rest of your trouble, you're a darned little snob, Ellen, and you think you're way above me. Well, I've let it go. I've let you shove me around all summer, because dammit, I love you. Love's a word I haven't used before. There'll be no more of this. . . ."

That had been last Saturday. Now Ellen heard one musical little chime. Why,

that was five-thirty! Mark's certain, set time. The one time he'd made the rules and had meant what he said. And she had let it go past. A fine surge of triumph flowed through her. How strange that finally it had ended so easily, that the fever had run its course and gone without her knowing.

Almost, she would like to tell Mark. He had gone away so angry, so sure he was right and she was wrong. And if she did tell him, it would help prove to him that they never should have met, and that, certainly, they should share no part of the future.

It wouldn't matter much to Mark, of course. Probably, right on the dot, five-thirty, he had quit thinking about her and would never think of her again. But still, wasn't it permissible for her to want to say something like. "Mark, the fever's gone. And now I hope you'll be happy in your life as I'm going to be in mine." She truly wished him happiness.

The ticking of the clock was very loud now. Almost imperative. By straining her eyes through the dusk she could see it was a quarter of six. Well, if she were going to call . . . She walked, without hurry, to the phone, her head high, a grave, determined smile on her mouth.

She dialed his home number. One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . . five . . . Well, she could call later. She listened to the continuing rings. He might have gone out to dinner, and she didn't want to call that café. That girl, that Jerry, was so snippy. That girl—

She felt the phone turn clammy in her hand. The way that girl had spoken Mark's name. And she was right there. Close to where he lived. Closer to the garage. He was in and out of there all the time. It would be so easy for him to— Would he tell her he could take care of her? Would he call her baby? Would he—

Oh, what was this? What was this that hurt, hurt her so? Mark and that girl. Mark and any girl. Oh, she couldn't bear—

Then into the gripped and sweat-damp phone, "Mark speaking," he said.

Every nerve in her body softened, relaxed, blossomed with fire that would never die. Fever that would never leave her.

She leaned weakly against the wall. "This is Ellen," she whispered, whispered humbly, pleadingly, whispered with love. "Mark, please forgive me."

"That's all right, baby," he said. "That's all right. Phone ring a long time, did it?" And all the way to meet her, humble as she was humble. "I got so blue up here. I was down having a beer with some guys on the porch. Crying, sweetheart? But I'm on my way. I'll be right there, baby. All the time. I'll be right there."

THE END

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No. 1 AS A SELF-STYLED "COUNTRY BOY" from Mississippi, the Redhead wows 'em in Brooklyn with colorful accounts of Dodger games.

The Two Red Barbers

The dean of Brooklyn broadcasters finds a happy life serving Dodger fans from a broadcasting booth and God from a pulpit

BY W. C. HEINZ

At the University of Florida radio station during the Christmas vacation of 1929, a twenty-one-year-old sophomore in search of a square meal read a ten-minute paper on bovine obstetrics. It was the first time he had ever uttered a sound into a microphone.

Since then, certain of the sounds Walter Lanier Barber has uttered into microphones have become a part of the American language. Their sum total has provided the self-styled "country boy" from Columbus, Mississippi, who used to dream of becoming a college professor, with luxuries no pedagogue could possibly afford. It has also raised him to a point of prominence where he undoubtedly is far better known than most of the baseball and football stars whose exploits he painstakingly reports.

So well-known and proficient is he at this that he was three times named the nation's best baseball broadcaster by baseball's bible, the *Sporting News*.

Probably more important than all of this to the national game is the fact that since he started broadcasting Dodger games in 1939, he has been the voice at the Brooklyn housewife's elbow and may well have interested more women in baseball than any other man. For he has a remarkable influence over his listeners.

"Now here's a suggestion from the Old Redhead," Barber told his listeners while describing the Dodger game of Sunday, August 31, 1947. "Tomorrow's Labor Day, and most of you fathers will be home, so why don't you give the wife a day off? Take the kids and come out to the ball park for tomorrow morning's game. There are plenty of tickets available."

His Suggestion Caused a Riot

This suggestion undoubtedly endeared Barber to thousands of Brooklyn mothers. It also precipitated a riot. The Brooklyn club, as it had informed Barber, had expected, at most, 6,000 customers. But when Barber drove up to Ebbets Field his eyes fell upon a sight suggesting the storming of the Bastille.

"It was a stampede," Barber recalls. "Kids were being stepped on. They were screaming, and their fathers were shouting and threatening. Mounted cops were trying to ride them off. It was frightening."

Barber has never forgotten this; more than anything, it impressed upon him the power of the spoken word. Now he is careful to announce exactly how many seats are available.

Five years before the Labor Day Massacre, Barber's influence on audiences was similarly impressed upon the Brooklyn Chapter of the American Red Cross. In the spring of 1942, the chapter was having trouble meeting its blood-bank quota. They asked Barber to sound an appeal during his Dodger broadcasts.

"The response was amazing," says Roy Popkin, an officer of the chapter. "That summer we collected 27,000 pints, and we attributed 10,000 to Red." Since then, Barber has been the chapter's stand-by.

Barber, at forty-five, is an introspective, often troubled, deeply religious man who for the past two years has been a lay

(continued)

Photos by Ruth Orkin

No. 2 **AS A LAY READER** in the Protestant Episcopal Church, Walter Lanier Barber dons his vestments, gets ready to assist in a service. He became deeply religious after an ulcer hemorrhage in 1948 almost killed him.

Though he is a Dodger fan at heart, he refuses to be their cheerleader on the air

RED INTERVIEWS JACKIE ROBINSON before a game. Barber avoids off-the-field friendships with baseball players for fear they would affect his impartiality.

AT ST. BARNABAS HOUSE, an Episcopal shelter in New York for which he raised funds, Red is surrounded by children who want to hear about big-leaguers.

reader in the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of New York. He derives great satisfaction from putting his talents to uses more important than the recounting of how young men play games. He has served as chairman of Red Cross campaigns, and in 1945 headed a drive that raised $500,000 to build a shelter for women and children at St. Barnabas House, in Lower Manhattan.

"We had tried to raise the funds for it and failed," says the Reverend William E. Sprenger, of the New York Protestant Episcopal City Mission Society. "Walter had just finished heading the Red Cross campaign, and I walked in on him cold. I had never met him, but I told him what we wanted and what we wanted it for."

Barber listened, thought about it, and then agreed. For the better part of a year, he conducted a personal campaign at a pace that made his close friends worry about his health.

Dean of Baseball Broadcasters

Barber has been broadcasting major-league baseball since 1934. This makes him the dean of all baseball broadcasters in years of consecutive service. His manner of doing it was, and still is, the unique Barber trade-mark.

Barber brought to baseball broadcasting an informal air and a soft Southern demi-drawl. If you wanted to close your mind to Barber you could, and when you wanted him he was always there, quietly, efficiently, sometimes humorously, giving you the situation and the score.

There are some who don't care for Barber's coverage. They say he has begun to pontificate on subjects—like religion and politics—that are too far afield from a baseball diamond.

They point to his colleagues who concentrate on the game: Mel Allen is always the Yankee baseball fan. Russ Hodges and Ernie Harwell describe New York Giant games with subdued enthusiasm for the team, while always sticking close to what's happening on the diamond. The same is true of Al Helfer, who does Mutual's "Game of One Day"; John Brickhouse, whose clever and personable breeziness has made him an institution in Chicago; Jim Brett, whose thorough, meticulous reporting has won him the respect of Boston fans. Barber, however, feels that the fans expect an added dimension in him.

But even his critics don't deny him his due plaudits as a linguistic innovator. He has introduced into a sport that has long had its own trade jargon colorful phraseology recalled from his boyhood days in Columbus, Mississippi, and Sanford, Florida. Moreover, he's pulled this off in the borough of Brooklyn.

When one team, bunching hits and running bases freely, starts to run up the score, Barber is likely to say, "Folks, they're really tearin' up the pea patch."

That one, Barber picked up as a boy when he overheard a neighbor describe

the alcoholic excursion of a friend. "He was talkin' about this fella." Barber says, "and he said, 'Man, you should have seen him last night. He was really tearin' up the pea patch.'"

Two of his famous expressions, however, were adopted during his major-league years. The first is "the catbird seat." If a victory-bound pitcher gets by the last dangerous hitter, Barber may say, "He's sittin' in the catbird seat now."

This goes back to the years when Barber was broadcasting the Reds' games in Cincinnati. One night he and a few friends were playing penny-ante poker. "I decided to bluff," Barber recalls. "I raised everybody, and one fella just sat back and laughed. 'Boy,' he said. 'Have I been in the catbird seat!' He had aces back to back." Barber figures he bought the phrase that night.

The one Barber embellishment of the language that is almost certain to outlive its sponsor, however, is *rhubarb*, meaning disorder, confusion, tumult, hubbub, brawl. The real authority on *rhubarb* is not Barber, who popularized it, but Tom Meany, a New York sports writer whom Barber willingly credits.

On the night of July 12, 1938, a crazed Dodger fan, who since has died in Sing Sing Prison, shot and killed two Giant fans in a Brooklyn saloon. The next morning Meany dropped in at the bar, and the bartender leaned across the board and asked, "Say, did you hear about the rhubarb we had in here last night?"

But dissatisfied critics complain that Barber takes things too seriously. "A couple of kids bust out of the stands and onto the field during a game," one fan said recently, "and immediately Red goes into a long lecture on child upbringing. He's got to give everything a deeper meaning."

There is no doubt that Barber's own life has taken on a deeper meaning. That happened on July 23, 1948. He had just finished eighteen holes of golf at the Pittsburgh Field Club, relaxing before a Dodger night game. On the following day he was to fly to London to cover the Olympic Games.

Suddenly, in the clubhouse, he began to vomit blood. An ulcer he'd been unaware of had hemorrhaged, and in the gory minutes that followed he lost over a third of his blood.

His Close Brush with Death

That night, in Pittsburgh's Presbyterian Hospital, Barber came out of a coma and heard the doctors agree they could do no more for him. Across the room he saw Jud Bailey, TV sports director of the Columbia Broadcasting System, crying, and Barber knew death must be near.

"At that moment," he says, "I felt the presence of God, as though two large hands were underneath me. I never felt so at ease in my life. I was naked before my Creator, and it was a comforting

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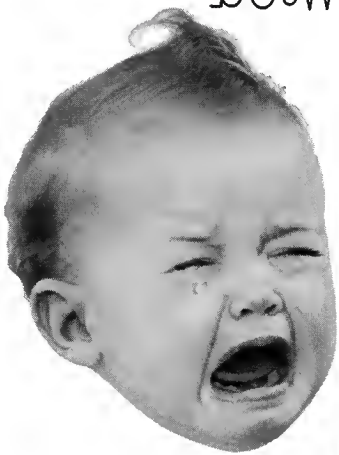

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The Two Red Barbers (continued)

experience. I had a brief, close touch with the spiritual world. Ben Hogan told me that after his accident he felt the same thing. Now I know that, when the time comes, I won't be afraid to die."

He spent seven weeks recuperating, three critical ones in hospitals. For a year after that he was terrified of hemorrhaging again.

Two years ago the Right Reverend Horace W. B. Donegan, Bishop of the Diocese of New York, commissioned Barber an Episcopal lay reader. When he is at home in Scarborough, New York, Barber assists regularly in the services at St. Mary's Church, reading the opening sentences of the service and leading the congregation in the general confession, the Lord's Prayer, and the Psalms.

"I didn't request this commission," Barber says. "I don't know what God has for me to do, and I'm not forcing it. I find I'm doing more of it, but I'm not going into the ministry. I'd like to fulfill why I'm on this earth, and I wish to achieve as much inward serenity and peace of soul as I can."

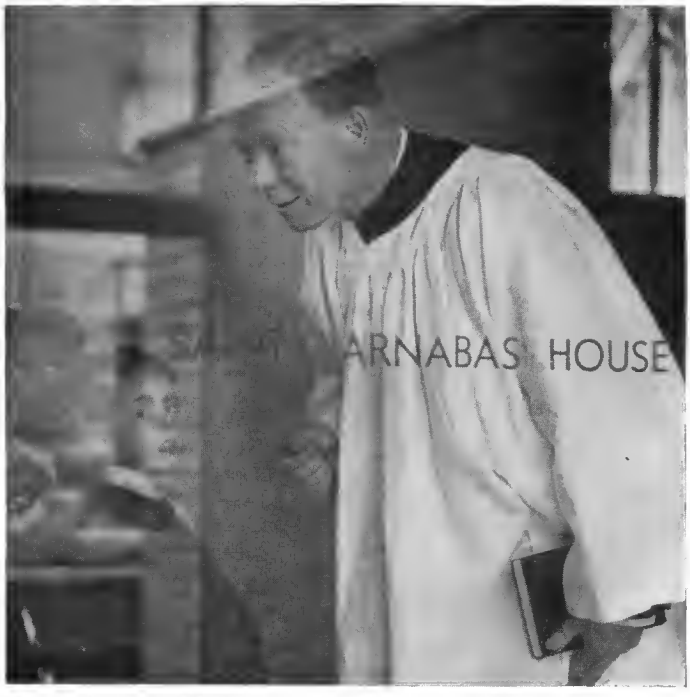
This isn't easy for Barber. He has the instincts of a great competitor and an almost insatiable appetite for hard work. He believes that he has worked harder at his trade than any other sportscaster.

Barber thinks of himself as a reporter as well as a broadcaster, and he functions like one. He frequents the dugouts before games. He familiarizes himself not only with the abilities but with the playing habits of all of the players in the league—whether they tug at their caps, hike up their trousers, scoop up dirt. But he carefully remains apart from them, and resists all efforts to make him more of a Dodger fan.

"I see to it," he says, "that I don't make friends with ball players. None has ever been a guest in my house, and I've never been a guest in the home of a player. That's for two reasons. One, familiarity might affect my attitude toward a situation, and secondly, other players would have reason to object."

Between afternoon and night games at Ebbets Field, Barber, who has the ability to relax completely when the pressure is off, naps in the first-aid room. When the first-aid room was unavailable between games of the last Dodger twin bill of last season, Barber brought a folding cot to Ebbets Field and slept in the radio-TV booth.

On the evening before broadcasting a



RED MAKES ST. BARNABAS HOUSE a regular must on his busy schedule. He asks no credit for his activity, explains that God has ordained that he serve in this manner.

football game, Barber ducks the smoker or press party and retires to his room to memorize the numbers of the players of both squads and to get in eight hours of sleep. Before a game he goes over, not once but several times, motion pictures of previous games played by each team. His associates at CBS, where he has the title of Counselor of Sports, claim that he could announce a game between two teams he had never seen in the flesh, without the aid of spotters.

He Protects His Voice—Now

During the late stages of the 1942 World Series, Barber's voice gave him trouble, and finally, in the fifth game, it cracked. He spent a few days talking in a hoarse whisper, and then a thought came to him.

"I asked myself," he says, "Where are the greatest vocal chords in the world? The Metropolitan Opera, of course. I went to see Edward Johnson, then general manager. He refused to recommend a specialist, but he finally said, 'All right, I'll write a name on this piece of paper. But I'm not recommending this man.' "

The specialist prescribed a sedative, and Barber slept thirty-six hours. He carried a notepad around with him for a full week before he uttered another word. His voice has given him no serious trouble since, and he is careful to protect it.

"I refuse to shout," Barber says. "If a party is big, I leave. I can't talk against that crowd level."

Some years ago he quit using profanity in idle conversation.

"One unfortunate sentence over the air," he says, "and, dad gum, that's all I'd be remembered by."

He regards words as his tools and is constantly trying to hone them. He tries to increase his vocabulary by reading good writing, and he's a great admirer of Winston Churchill's vigorous prose.

"I don't try to be colorful or scoopy," Barber says. "I don't look upon a game as my personal showcase, and I'm happy if I can end up with a guy saying, 'I heard Red Barber say it, so that's it.' "

The game itself, whether it's baseball or football—Barber dislikes basketball, is violently opposed to boxing, and has never covered horse racing—is almost devoid of thrills for him. When the Dodgers were beaten out of the 1951 pennant by the Giants in the most exciting flag finish in baseball history, Barber simply summed up the game, signed off, said good-by to the Dodgers, congratulated the delirious Giants, and took off on a vacation. He didn't even listen to the World Series broadcasts that year.

"It had been an extremely trying race," he says. "I walked into that

(continued)

How "young" will they be at 65?

YOUNG PEOPLE today have an excellent chance to live beyond their sixty-fifth birthday. Already there are over 12 million Americans who are past 65. By the end of the century it is estimated that there will be nearly twice as many.

Most of these millions can look forward to being healthier, happier, "younger" after 65 than people of that age have ever been. This cheerful outlook has been made possible chiefly by advances in medical science. Most communicable diseases of childhood, for example, have been substantially controlled by immunization.

In addition, new drugs, improved surgical techniques, and better methods of diagnosis and treatment have ushered in a new era of health for people of all ages.

If you are one of those to whom the words "old age" conjure up an unpleasant picture, you are likely to be heartened by the views of authorities. They say that old age need not be *endured;* that it can actually be *enjoyed.* This depends largely, however, on what you do to safeguard your health.

Over the years, adjustments in diet may be desirable. While the *quantity* of food required in later life usually becomes less, the need for the essential proteins, vitamins, and minerals for body upkeep and repair remains unchanged.

Moreover, proper diet is a safeguard against *overweight* which burdens the heart and often paves the way for diabetes, arthritis, and high blood pressure.

Of course the best way to conserve good health is to place yourself under your doctor's care and go to him for a periodic health examination as often as he recommends it. Through early diagnosis of troubles just starting, he may not only bring you relief, but add years to your life.

By following you through the years, your doctor will also come to know you as an *individual* . . . what your personal problems are, what strains your work places on you, what your reactions are in times of stress. Such information is of great value to the doctor in solving many health problems.

The doctor can also advise you about your daily habits—such as getting plenty of rest and sleep and practicing *moderation* in all activities. With his advice, you may find yourself with renewed mental and physical energy for certain activities that you may have given up because you felt "too tired" or "too old."

Enjoyment in later years—especially those spent in retirement—also rests to a great extent upon one's mental attitude. This is why it is important to keep up your outside interests, including hobbies. Such activities will help keep you young in heart and young in outlook.

Medical science has given us the means to prolong our lives. It is up to us to make the best use of up-to-date medical knowledge. At no time of life should we take good health for granted. Rather, we should plan and work for it, just as we do for the other worthwhile things of life.

By doing so, more and more of us can anticipate being "young" at 65 . . . and perhaps even in our seventies, eighties, and nineties.

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The Two Red Barbers (continued)

AFTER THE ULCER ATTACK, Red moved out of Manhattan to a house in Scarbaraugh, New York. He relaxes away from sports with his wife, Lylah, and daughter, Sarah.

third play-off game exhausted and knowing that if we won I'd have to do the Series and I'd have to meet with the sponsors that night. As it was, I was through for the year, and it was like being let out of jail. People ask me about thrills, but I'm a professional and I get my thrill when I can say to myself, 'I believe I handled that to the best of my ability.' "

Once Barber started broadcasting baseball, he prepared well for his profession. Actually, however, he just drifted into radio. A professor at the university of Florida who was scheduled to read an obstetrical treatise over the university radio station left campus for the Christmas holidays. He wished the job on Barber, promising him a dinner. The price seemed right to the young man, who was working his way through college as a janitor and a waiter while trying to cram four years into three.

He Wanted to Be a Professor

Barber's delivery impressed Major Garland Powell, station manager, and for the next two months he kept after Barber to accept a part-time announcing job.

"I had no interest in radio," he says. "I wanted to become a professor of English or history. Finally I told Major Powell he'd have to guarantee me fifty dollars a month, and to my abject horror he said okay."

Barber became a professional broadcaster on March 4, 1930, when he read a talk on bridge. That fall, the chief announcer left, and Barber quit school to take the full-time job at $135 a month.

Probably the best advice he ever got in radio came from Major Powell. At that time Barber was studiously listening to other announcers and, as a result, he was, in turn, Milton Cross, Kelvin Keech, David Ross, Graham MacNamee, John S. Young, and Alois Havrilla.

"You've got to be yourself," Powell told him. "Quit being even Walter Barber and be Red Barber."

Barber stayed with WRUF for three years, though his friends kept telling him to stop playing at that radio station and get a real job. Each year when Barber got a vacation, his wife, whom he had met while she was a nurse at the college infirmary, would stay home, and he'd job-hunt. In two summers, he hit Atlanta, Charlotte, Nashville, Louisville, Cincinnati, Chicago, and Pittsburgh. He rode busses at night to avoid hotel bills and changed his clothes in barber shops.

In the fall of 1933, the Crosley station

needed an announcer to give the play-by-play accounts of the Cincinnati Reds' games. They remembered Barber, and handed him the job. They never asked if he had ever broadcast professional baseball, and on opening day of the 1934 season he was not only broadcasting but seeing his first major-league game.

Barber started at $25 a week, and was making $12,000 a year when he left Cincinnati for Brooklyn five years later, with his wife, the former Lylah Scarborough, and their year-old daughter, Sarah.

He Took a Cut to Try New York

He took a severe cut to come to New York, turning down Crosley's guarantee of $16,000 a year and the job of sports director, but Barber says that money has never been a prime factor in his life, a fact his agent, Bill McCaffrey, sadly admits is so.

"He's a good businessman," McCaffrey says, "but he's not an apple polisher, and that costs him jobs. He tells me never to force an issue, because he wants only a willing buyer, and then he's absolutely loyal to him."

"I have never wanted to be a wealthy man," Barber says, "and I never will be, but I do strive to be a contented man."

Barber will never find that contentment in his work alone. He has never got over being nervous during the first few minutes of a broadcast. Facing his microphone in those last seconds before going on the air, he usually repeats quietly the final sentence of the Nineteenth Psalm: "Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, My strength, and my redeemer." THE END

"YOU CAN'T SEE the radio voice; you can't see God," says Red, "but He's there."

Visit Canada's

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It's *fun* — crossing a friendly border — experiencing things that are new, colorful, different. This will be yours when you visit Ottawa, Canada's Capital, cosmopolitan Montreal (above), Toronto (home of the world's greatest annual fair), Niagara Falls, romantic Quebec, historic Halifax and Charlottetown, on your trip "abroad" this year. Ask your nearest Canadian National office or Travel Agent about this, or the other Top Vacations listed. "We'll tell you where and take you there."

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In Ottawa, Canada's Capital, stand the Peace Tower and Houses of Parliament (above). Eastern Canada's lovely National Parks, lakeland, mountain and seashore regions offer a wide variety of vacation attractions.

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AT TOKYO, Nurse Cooley supervises loading of patients.

Flight Angel

For two dedicated years, Nurse Charlotte Cooley has been mother and sweetheart to hundreds of our wounded

PHOTOS BY GENEVIEVE NAYLOR

Four and a half years ago, Charlotte Cooley was a pretty twenty-two-year-old, blue-eyed brunette of Tonkawa, Oklahoma, with an itch to travel. Today, as First Lieutenant Cooley of the 1453rd Medical Air Evacuation Squadron of the Military Air Transport Service, she is a veteran traveler with a heartful of memories no ordinary traveler could possibly duplicate.

After attending Oklahoma Nursing School, she joined the Air Force, and was immediately shipped to the Gunter Air Force Base School of Nursing at Montgomery, Alabama. There she received her degree, uniform, bars, and her first pay check of $270. (Today it is $399.)

Her first assignment was Honolulu. From there she flew 100 routine hours a month (regulation time) bringing sick servicemen back to San Francisco.

Then the Korean war broke out. From Hawaii, where she is still based, she flies to Tokyo four times a month. There she picks up 150 medical items, vats of coffee and cases of box lunches, and her cargo of forty-five to sixty wounded, for whom she takes full responsibility until they reach San Francisco two days later. During that long, arduous trip, she serves as confidante, storyteller, nurse, waitress, and friend.

From the chatty ambulatories and the mute, pain-racked litter cases she has learned an unforgettable lesson about human character. She feels modestly proud that she has done her small bit to make them healthier and happier. But she knows that they have done far more for her.

Six months ago, she married a California civil engineer. She will soon retire from the Air Force and devote herself to raising a family.

Her service is still too fresh for her to know just how much help it will be to her as a mother.

"But," she says, "if this work doesn't make a better person out of you, then you'd better give up, for nothing in this world ever will."

(continued)

NURSE CHECKS THE CHEST WOUNDS

of a soldier just evacuated from Korea front lines before assigning him to a place on the next day's flight home.

WOUNDED ARE LOADED ABOARD SHIP by two medical corpsmen who accompany two nurses on flight. On Lieutenant Cooley's orders, this patient was placed in center, where vibration is least.

SERVING HOT COFFEE gives her an additional opportunity to make an informal check on her patients' condition.

GI WITH AMPUTATED ARM kids with her as she kneels down, "I'm in good shape, sweetie-pie."

THE MOST SERIOUS CASE on board needed her steady care. The front part of his head had been shot away and had been replaced by a steel plate. He couldn't move, could barely mumble, and required frequent sedation.

(continued)

"Oh my feet! Every step is agony!"

Pain in your feet can put lines in your face!

● When your feet throb with fatigue, your *face* shows tense little pain-lines that may start old-looking wrinkles.

So be prepared—at the first signs of foot fatigue, rub your feet with Absorbine Jr.

Medically recognized for quick, effective help, Absorbine Jr. works with surprising speed to help counter the irritation—to soothe the pain of these tingling nerves.

When your *feet* feel better, *you* feel better—*and your face shows it!* Get Absorbine Jr. wherever drugs are sold. Only $1.25 a long-lasting bottle, or mail coupon for sample.

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"Help those pain-lines vanish!"

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Please send me a free sample bottle of Absorbine Jr.—postpaid.

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Flight Angel (continued)

WHEN NOT SERVING FOOD or tending the wounded, Charlotte walks around of the C-97, keeps up morale, jokes with "guys who really make you

the cramped quarters feel like a woman."

ALTITUDE can affect wounds, so Charlotte makes regular inspections of dressings.

BROODING PATIENTS are greatest problem, must be watched for sudden outbursts.

BEFORE DIMMING night lights, she kneels by litter of soldier who called for food.

(continued)

Spring Beauty Hints

by **REGIS PAINE**
beauty consultant

Arms Program — Most women today make sure their legs are smoothly groomed, hands and elbows creamed to softness. But, often, when they raise their arms, the underarm skin shows irritation from using a too-harsh deodorant. (One out of two women reported this trouble in a nation-wide study among readers of a leading women's magazine.)

To avoid this, use YODORA, the "beauty cream" deodorant. Made with a pure face cream base, YODORA does not irritate normal skin. A four-week test, supervised by a leading skin doctor among more than 100 women, showed not one case of underarm skin irritation from using YODORA, even when applied right after shaving. YODORA helps *beautify* the underarm skin.

Helping Hands—Spring's the time when "smart cookies" like to whip up a tasty hamburger or toss a tangy salad. But who wants the odor of onions and garlic lingering on hands made to be held in the moonlight? Just smooth on a bit of YODORA, and your hands will be soft and sweet-smelling in no time.

Tips for Teens—Don't use too-heavy make-up on sensitive adolescent skin; nor a too-strong deodorant. Use YODORA, accepted by the American Medical Association Committee on Cosmetics. YODORA not only stops perspiration odor effectively, it also softens, smoothes and *beautifies* the skin.

Tubes or jars, 10¢, 35¢, 60¢

ACCEPTED COMMITTEE ON COSMETICS AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

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The DANGER in waiting for your child to "OUTGROW" PIMPLES

Psychologists warn that pimples undermine children's self-confidence... may even cause permanent damage to their personalities. *Skin specialists* warn neglect can cause permanent scars. CLEARASIL, the new, scientific medication for pimples may save your boy or girl from these double dangers.

NEW! Amazing Medication

'STARVES' PIMPLES

SKIN-COLORED...HIDES PIMPLES WHILE IT WORKS

DOCTORS AMAZED AT CLINICAL RESULTS. In skin specialists' tests using CLEARASIL on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were cleared up or definitely improved.

AMAZING STARVING ACTION. CLEARASIL is greaseless and fast-drying in contact with pimples. Actually starves pimples because it helps remove the oils* that pimples "feed" on. CLEARASIL is *antiseptic,* too, stops growth of bacteria that can cause and spread pimples.

INSTANT RELIEF from embarrassment because CLEARASIL is skin-colored to hide pimples while it *helps dry them up.* And CLEARASIL is greaseless, stainless...pleasant to leave on day and night for uninterrupted medication.

THOUSANDS HAIL CLEARASIL. So many boys, girls, adults everywhere have found CLEARASIL is *one* medication that really works for them, it is already the largest-selling† specific pimple medication in America.

GUARANTEED to work for your child or for you as it did in doctors' tests, or money back. 59¢. Economy size 98¢. At all druggists.

SPECIAL OFFER: Send name, address, and 15¢ in coin or stamps for generous two-week trial size. Eastco, Inc., Box 12GG, White Plains, N. Y. Offer expires June 25, 1953.

GREASELESS — STAINLESS

Clearasil — Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

NOW ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA (slightly more)

*Over-activity of certain oil glands is recognized by authorities as a major factor in acne. †According to actual store surveys.

Flight Angel (continued)

FLIGHT WAS CALM, so for an hour before landing at Hawaii she was able to make headway on her knitting.

AFTER DELIVERING HER PATIENTS to Hawaii hospital for overnight rest, Nurse Cooley dons a rubber suit for regular plane-ditching practice.

NEXT MORNING, she visits her patients at Tripler Army Hospital, to make sure they will be able to stand the nine-hour flight to the States.

(continued)

...I'm Wise - I Alkalize with

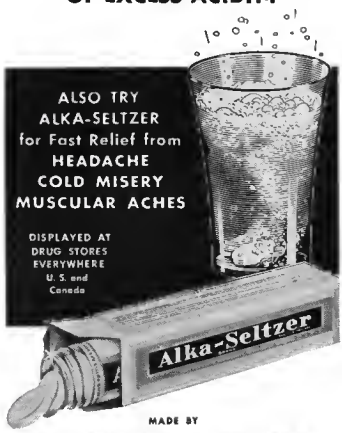
Alka-Seltzer"

BRAND Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Try Alka-Seltzer for acid indigestion. It reduces stomach acidity... enough but not too much. Pleasant-tasting Alka-Seltzer is gentle and effective.

First Aid to Speedy Relief

WITHOUT BOUNCE-BACK OF EXCESS ACIDITY



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Daddy and I aren't ever going home,

Daddy says he's having so much fun here in Ontario, he never wants his vacation to end! He's going to take me fishing again tomorrow, and he's teaching me how to swim. He's going to show you how to sail, too—and Mommy, maybe he'll show you how to ride water skis sometime! Let's just stay here with Daddy, Mommy! Ontario is such a nice place for a holiday!

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Please send me free guide map and 64-page illustrated booklet about Ontario.

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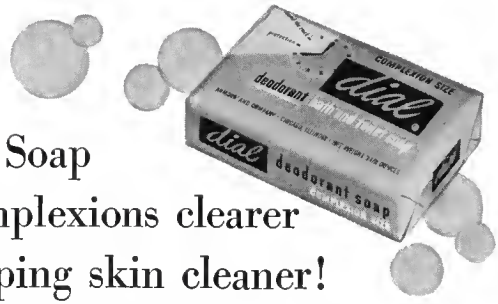
Flight Angel (continued)

SHE CATNAPS sitting up in bucket seat while other nurse takes over.

IN SAN FRANCISCO, she checks out patients and gets records in order.

THIRTY-SIX HOURS after leaving wounded soldiers to a Stateside

Tokyo, she has delivered forty-five hospital. Next day she flies back.
THE END



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Dial's AT-7 (Hexachlorophene) removes blemish-spreading bacteria that other soaps leave on skin.

The cleaner your skin, the better your complexion. And mild, fragrant Dial with AT-7 gets your skin cleaner and clearer than any other kind of soap. It's as simple as that. Of course Dial's mild *beauty-cream* lather gently removes dirt and make-up. But Dial does far more! Here's the important *difference*: when you use Dial every day, its AT-7 effectively clears skin of bacteria that often aggravate and spread surface pimples and blemishes. Skin doctors know this and recommend Dial for both adults and adolescents.

Protect your complexion with fine, fragrant Dial Soap.

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P. S. For cleaner, more beautiful hair, try *New* DIAL SHAMPOO in the handy, unbreakable squeeze bottle!

NEW! Dr Scholl's
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NOW! Enjoy the most delightful walking ease imaginable by wearing Dr. Scholl's CLORO-VENT Foam Insoles. They instantly convert any shoe into an air-cushioned, air-ventilated shoe. Also quickly relieve painful callouses, burning, tenderness on bottom of feet. *Perforated to ventilate your feet as you walk* — so essential to foot health. Get a pair of Dr. Scholl's CLORO-VENT Foam Insoles today. Only 69¢. Sizes for men and women. At Drug, Shoe, Department and 5-10¢ Stores everywhere.

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Dr Scholl's
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FOOT POWDER

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2. Eases New or Tight Shoes...
3. Helps Prevent Athlete's Foot...
4. Contains Chlorophyll

You'll find this scientifically compounded foot powder delightfully soothing, refreshing. Start using Dr. Scholl's Chlorophyll Foot Powder today and make it a daily habit. At Drug, Shoe, Dept. Stores and Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Shops.

Super-Soft Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are 3 ways better, because: (1) They relieve pain in a jiffy . . . (2) Stop corns *before* they can develop . . . (3) Remove corns one of the fastest ways known to medical science! No other method does so much for you. Get Dr. Scholl's today!

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Photo by Jerry Ehrlich

Maggi McNellis: Self-awareness is the first step.

What Makes a Woman Attractive?

BY MAGGI McNELLIS

The true secret of a woman's charm is a combination of many things, but they all narrow down to one—how she feels about herself. A woman may be a combination of Linda Darnell and Hedy Lamarr, but unless she has a certain awareness of herself and is able to convey that feeling to others, she'll never be truly attractive.

Just what is it she wants to convey about herself? When I was in my teens, the woman who fascinated me most was Eleanor of Aquitaine, the wife of King Henry II of England and the mother of kings. What captured my young imagination was that Eleanor swept into court only after the floor had been strewn with sweet-smelling herbs to give her a sense of loveliness as the fragrance rose about her. That fragrance became an extension of her personality. No knight or court lady could thereafter think of Eleanor without thinking of that fragrance.

I know now that Eleanor was a woman who, without having studied modern psychology, instinctively knew the value of her womanliness. She understood what she was, and she succeeded in impressing

others with it. There's no getting away from it—fragrance is essential to the creating of a sense of feminine security. It's an intangible, an aura. But it can give you an even stronger sense of feminine assurance than wearing a becoming hat or knowing that a particular evening is one of your "good" evenings.

Maybe it's not so easy for modern women to achieve what Eleanor of Aquitaine achieved; our lives are too busy. Women today often combine two or more occupations. I have a career. I'm also a mother and homemaker. You may be a civic leader, a mother, a clubwoman, a businesswoman.

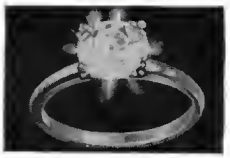
Some of your days may be a wild race against time to get things done. You can forget to be your most charming self. You're too harassed, you haven't *time*—and that's when you most appreciate being reminded that you're feminine. I think a compliment means most to us when we're under the greatest stress. Every woman's ego is boosted when she hears, "How pretty you look today"—particularly when a man says it.

Perfume: the Seal of Femininity

But I believe that when a man uses the word pretty he doesn't mean you have fashion-model features or beautiful clothes. Rather, he means that to him you are a lovely person. You are surrounded by an aura of something indefinably attractive. To me, perfume is the thing that keeps him aware of that indefinable something, that ultimate seal of femininity. I don't mean that loveliness is dependent on using perfume—far from it. I've met women who were charming though they didn't even use lipstick. But I do insist that any woman is *more* attractive when she accents her own individual femininity with perfume.

I'm not talking about just your person, either. Your home is you, too. It's your frame, your background, what people also think of when they think of you. You give your home a fragrance expressive of your personality for the same reason that you hang pictures on the wall or play fine music. Your home should mean something special—something special about *you*—to whoever lives or visits there. A good trick is to put a few drops of perfume or cologne on *cold* light bulbs. When the scent is dry, flick the switch, and the heat of the lighted bulbs will fill your room with fragrance.

When I was a child in Chicago, we had a neighbor who shopped, cooked, and cared for her four children. Yet whenever I think of her, I get a vision of candlelight, gleaming silver, and a hauntingly lovely scent. There was a woman who knew how to surround herself with the aura of femininity. And there must be something to it, for it's not a new idea. Fragrance has been used as a magnet of femininity since the days of Cleopatra. And who am I to argue with such a successful woman! THE END



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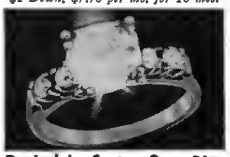

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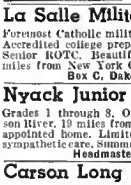

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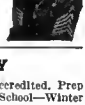

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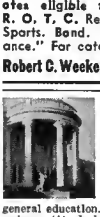

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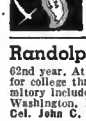

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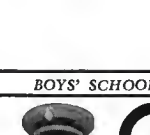

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BY JOHN D. MacDONALD ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD OTT

He flew in from the West, so the flight stopped at Tampa International and then went on to Miami. He looked down at the hot October land, at the saw-grass plains cut by the impossibly straight canals. In the beginning, it had been fury that had sustained him. A rage that the things he had planned had been taken away. Then all that had faded into a pain of loss. And loss had eventually turned into a cold curiosity, an almost wry desire to know why and how this had been done to him when he was away.

Home is the soldier, he thought. Home again, and two wars is too many. This one is a war for the professionals. They've given up the parades. Social note for the season, please: Captain Paul Rayder, U.S.A., Infantry, returns to his broken home and abandoned business enterprise after two years of, shall we say, inadvertent active duty. During his sojourn among the up-and-down hills, the captain saw many interesting things. He was decorated for valor, and—combination social and humor note—he became known to his company as the "Iceman."

Over a year of rehearsing the scene with Valerie and not being able to wait to say the lines—yet now the big plane moved too fast, and he'd mislaid the script. He felt as though he couldn't take a breath that was deep enough. The back of his neck was full of wires pulled too tight.

The plane banked for its landing, and he saw, beyond the pastel cubic city, the billion-dollar playground of the beach, framed by blue. For reassurance, he touched his pocket, felt through the cloth the texture of the letter from Dobson. "It took some hunting, boy. She's moved a couple of times, but still in town. Thirty-third Street, on the beach. In the first block off Collins. A thing called Seawinds Court Hotel. Number 18. None of my business, Paul, but why bother? I don't think it's anything you'd want back. Incidentally, she calls herself Valerie Mason."

The plane touched and shrieked and touched and rolled, and Paul unhooked the belt. After waiting around to collect his heavy bag, he took a cab and told the driver to take him down Northwest Thirty-sixth Street to Biscayne and over

Vainly he searched for the secret in her empty eyes, the new and bitter lines around her mouth

Venetian Causeway. The familiar pre-season frenzy of construction was on.

He directed the driver to a small hotel he remembered, one that was clean and comfortable and, at this time of year, certainly not full.

He signed the card, and the elderly desk clerk said, "I thought you looked familiar, Mr. Rayder. You used to stay here, didn't you?"

"Not for the last couple of years. I want something quiet, please."

"Glad to have you back with us."

The room was high and on the side away from Collins Avenue, where he could see the Atlantic with the white boats trolling their way in after a day of charter fishing. He unpacked, feeling unreal being back here, back where you could pick up a phone and order almost anything you could pay for. Someday there would be time to vegetate, time to let the wires go slack, time to let this slowly become reality, while the other turned into a crazy sequence that had happened to some half-remembered stranger. A stranger who wrote the letters—"Dear Mr. and Mrs. Blank: During the time your son served with Company B, he proved himself to be . . ." Funny how the ones with soft eyes never lasted. So in the end you had yourself a bunch of pros.

It was four-thirty. He knew he could catch Jerry Dobson in his office. He stripped to the waist, stretched out on the bed, and gave the number. While the distant phone rang, he looked down at his rib cage, at the too visible ribs, at the last pallid vestiges of what had been a deep year-round tan. Dobson's girl answered and connected him with Jerry.

"Paul! Good to hear your voice. Rough trip? You sound beat."

"Sort of a long trip."

"Have you gone over to see her yet?"

"I'm about to go over."

"If you catch her in you're going to need a drink afterward. Where are you?"

Paul told him, and agreed to meet him in the lobby at six. He asked if the account was set up so he could start writing checks.

Jerry said, "Yes. I put two thousand in a checking account and the balance in an interest-bearing account. I'm sorry that she— I tried to block it. You know that. But setting her up with a power of attorney left her in the driver's seat. I'll say this: she got a good price."

"Isn't that just dandy."

"I know how you feel. Anyway, I fixed it so you got the house, at least. Lord knows why she didn't sell that, too. Paul—"

"Yes?"

"Don't let it get you down when you go see her."

"See you here at six, then. 'By."

"I'll bring the warehouse receipt for your personal stuff. I put it in storage for you. See you."

Paul Rayder hung up, stripped, took a quick shower. In the bathroom mirror his face had, to him, an alien look, thin, weathered, expressionless. It did not seem to belong here in funtown.

It was a quarter after five when he found the Seawinds Court Hotel. It was jammed in between taller buildings, and it had a seedy look. An old man was scratching futilely at the shell walk. Paul went down to Number Eighteen and up two weathered steps to the shallow community porch. A card with curled corners was thumbtacked to the doorframe. V. MASON, it read. The door was open, and he looked through the screen into the dim, shadowy room. He knocked on the screen and saw her walk tall out of an adjoining room, walk toward the door in flaring yellow skirt, black narrow halter, tossing a sheaf of the coarse blue-black hair back in a familiar way, squinting toward the light with an automatic welcoming smile.

The smile faltered, and she stared through the screen at him, her eyes going wide. "Paul! I didn't—"

"I want to talk to you."

She turned away, and he pulled the door open and stepped in. She bent over a cigarette box on the coffee table, stood up with the table lighter, lit her cigarette, and with her back to him, said, "There isn't anything in particular we can say to each other."

"I just want to know why," he said. He sat down, wondering why there seemed to be no anger in him. Only a sadness, and a regret.

She turned and faced him, cupping her elbow in her palm, the cigarette hand canted outward from the wrist, smoke drifting toward the black hair.

"The judge accepted the reason in the Virgin Islands. Incompatibility. Haven't you heard?"

"I want your personal reason."

"Maybe I just didn't fit the concept. Paul. Loyal, tough-fibered little woman, keeping the home fires burning. I wasn't having any fun. And it was just too much work. So when I got a good price, I sold out."

"Just like that. Just like that, after all the blood and sweat we both put into it. We started on a shoestring. We had something. If you were sick of it, Jerry could have found a manager. And we had it free and clear, so if you still wanted a cash settlement, Jerry could have mortgaged the place. A chance for golden eggs, and you sell the goose. What am I supposed to do? Start over again? I did that once. That other war clobbered me, and I came back. Now this. I want to know why. *Why.*"

"I told you I got a good price. And for a property settlement, I took half. You insisted. Isn't it funny, dear? You don't talk about us, about our marriage. You want to know about your business."

"That's what it comes down to. Because the whole thing seems so . . . vindictive. As if you were trying to hurt me. For a year I've been thinking. It's like something some other woman would do to some other guy. Not what you'd do to me. All those tears when I took off. Those letters you should have written on asbestos. Then the cooling off. I didn't get it."

"I'm living the way I want to live, Paul. I shouldn't have married anybody. You better go, because I have a date."

"There's something missing in this whole picture."

She said, too loudly, "Get that out of your head! I'm not what you thought I was. I pretended, but it didn't work. That's all."

He got up quickly and took her shoulders and wrenched her toward the door so that the daylight struck her face. She turned her head away, and he put his knuckles against the side of her chin and turned her back. "It's an act," he said in a low voice. "Give me the right reason."

Her eyes held an emptiness. There were new lines bitten deep around her mouth. He smelled her juniper breath. She said, "No act, Paul. Anybody you marry is supposed to be Joan of Arc. Is that it? I got sick of it and sold it. And what difference would that have made if you weren't coming back?"

He released her. "That was the pitch. I wasn't supposed to come back."

"At this point it doesn't make any difference, does it?" She turned back into the dimness of the room. "I didn't sell the house to Winkler. I could have."

"I'm supposed to tell you you're a good girl."

He looked through the screen when he heard firm steps on the shell path. A very large, very young man took the two weathered steps in one stride. He had a look of richness and importance. He pulled the screen open, then started a bit. "Vally? Oh, there you are." He stepped around Paul with a slightly quizzical look, put an arm around Valerie, patted the back of the yellow skirt cheerfully, and said, "Little late. Sorry, pal. Who's your friend?"

"My ex. Paul Rayder. Paul, this is Harry. I told you about him, Harry."

"Oh, sure. How was it, soldier?"

Paul stared at him, stared at the bland, smiling face. He turned and pulled the door open and went down the steps and down the shell path. He heard the deep sound of Harry's voice, heard them both laugh. There was a shrillness in Valerie's laugh. A bright-red MG was parked at the curb. Paul walked slowly down the street. When he was close to the corner, he heard the gutty roar of the motor. Harry took the corner onto Collins hard and fast. Paul glanced at the car. Valerie's dark hair was wind-whipped. She looked back at him, and it was more the face he remembered. It seemed, almost, to have something soft, lost, and wanting in it. He wondered if she knew Harry's last name.

When Paul went into the lobby of the hotel at six, Jerry Dobson bounded up out of a chair and came over, hand outstretched.

"In spite of the fact you look like death warmed over, I'm glad to see you."

"What I've lost, you've gained. Fat, sleek, and prosperous." They went into the cocktail lounge, took a corner table.

They ordered, and Paul said, "You were right. A drink is indicated."

"You caught her, then, I know what you mean."

The drinks came. Paul turned his glass slowly on the tabletop. "It's funny. Funtown is always loaded with them. Funny to see your wife right in the routine. Find out anything when you traced her?"

"A little. Not much. After the decree,

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she stayed in the Virgin Islands, got in with a pretty fast crowd, and blew a good piece of the settlement. Came back here and took a beach apartment. Started unloading more at the tables over the county line while the season was on. Moved to a smaller place. Like she was trying to get rid of every dime as fast as she could, I guess. She's on the town right now, as I can see you guessed. She'll make out through this season all right, probably. It will be May or June before she gets picked up for soliciting on the street."

"That bad? You're kidding, Jerry."

"That's the trouble. I'm not. They've got an eye on her. They know she's in business. It's a hell of a thing, but you better know the worst. Forget her, Paul. Plenty of other guys have married no-good women."

"I had the funny feeling she was holding out on me."

"About what? She's a type. Life has got to be a party, with paper hats."

"Who did she sell to?"

"A guy named Winkler. For cash."

"Know anything about him?"

"He's been around the Keys most of his life. Heard a rumor he used to run Chinese in, but no proving that."

"Funny it should be a local."

Jerry said thoughtfully, "I know what you mean. You usually get that kind of a price when you unload a setup like you built down there to a nice trusting old couple from Michigan. He wanted it, though. And it is a nice hunk of land. What do you want to do about the house? I can rent it again for the season. Tragic thing, that couple that had it last year."

"What was that, anyway? Your letter didn't tell me much. You're a specialist on short letters."

"It was a young couple. Morrisey. They built a little restaurant about two hundred yards down the pike from your place. The house was handy, so they rented it until they could build one of their own on land near the restaurant. He went swimming early one morning, and she got worried and went out and couldn't find him. The tide brought him in. He was a strong swimmer, but he hit his head somehow. On that reef offshore, they think. The girl is game. Her mother came down. They're running the restaurant together. The Sand-Dollar Inn. Pretty decent food. You want to rent the house this season?"

"I don't know what I want to do. All I could think of, all the way back, was talking to Valerie. So I've talked to her, and I feel like it was a swing and a miss. I think maybe I'll go down there and stay in the house for a while. Get some sun and some fishing and maybe some thinking done. What am I worth? About forty thousand plus the house? I've got to get into something, I guess. But not yet. Not until I find some reasons, I guess. And if I don't find any, I won't do anything. I could get a shack and fish and make it all last as long as I will."

"You? I know you better than that, Paul. You'd go nuts."

"Not the way I feel now."

"It isn't the same kind of war I was in, is it?"

"No. I haven't figured it out yet. That other war, Jerry, being in it, it took you finally down into a sort of emotional valley. It flattened you. This one, you come part way up some kind of a hill on the other side. Because you stop paying any kind of attention to any issues, or moralities. All you have left is competence. So you get competent. It's a cold-eyed war, this one. You kill them deader in this one, because you kill them in a workmanlike way."

Jerry signaled for a refill. They sat and talked. Jerry wanted him to come home with him for dinner. Catherine would want to see him. Paul said not yet. Not this quick. Jerry had to leave. Paul sat alone and drank and thought of the girl he had married and the stranger he had seen today.

When he walked out into the gray seaside dusk, he was unsteady on his feet, and his mouth felt numb. There were too many bright faces around him. Too much laughter. He ate and went back to the hotel and went to bed, and heard it start to rain heavily as he went to sleep.

In the morning, he test-drove a used convertible, inspected it carefully, paid for it by check, then waited around for the details of plates, license, check clearance. At noon he ate at the hotel, checked out, put the top down on the car, and drove down through South Miami and Homestead and Key Largo, down the Overseas Highway, on the long bridges. Traffic was light. The sun was a hot weight on his shoulders.

At last he was near his place. He went through the small Key village of Cove's End, hot and dusty with a memory of a long summer, and noticed, just beyond the town, a neat, new-looking cinderblock restaurant called the Sand-Dollar Inn. Some new roadside courts had been built beyond the town. He saw his sign ahead: PLAYA DE MAÑANA. THE BEACH OF TOMORROW. HOUSEKEEPING CABAÑAS ON THE ATLANTIC. As he slowed to make the left turn across traffic, down the abrupt slant of the sand road, he took a second look at the sign and frowned. The big post had tilted a little and had not been straightened. The neon looked broken. A breeze swung the end of the broken wire that had lighted the sign. Summer sun had cracked and faded the paint. A new sign, crudely lettered on raw wood, was nailed to the post. CLOSED. NO TRESPASSING. The general flavor was that of abandonment.

The car dipped down off the highway, and he followed the winding sand road, remembering the day that the men had come and put up the sign, remembering the joyous look of Valerie as she squeezed his hand tightly when they had stood and admired the new sign. The sign represented brutal labor. For month upon month, he had been bricklayer, carpenter, electrician, plumber, architect. And Valerie had become a talented amateur in all those departments, her hands callused almost as heavily as his. He remembered how she had looked that day. Deep coppery brown, standing there in the white play suit. A good piece of land. A crescent of white beach with the cabañas ringing it. They had lived in one the first year, and then bought the additional small piece of land and put the house on it. It had taken the first three years to get out of debt, to own the whole thing free and clear.

The road was getting badly overgrown, he saw. He turned left at the fork and went down to the house. The yard was a mass of sandspurs, cactus, weeds. The house had a sour, neglected look. He parked the car and sat in the silence, staring at the house. He got out. Looking along the beach line, he could see three of the cabañas. They looked as overgrown

and neglected as the house. Maybe that man Winkler had gone north during the offseason. He'd have to come back soon to put the place in shape for the season. He didn't want to go into the house right away. He walked down onto the beach in front of the house. From there he could see more of the cabañas. And he could see that a boat channel had been cut through the beach and was protected by groins. On an unprotected piece of beach, such a layout wouldn't last past the first storm. But the reef, three hundred yards out, served as a breakwater. The white beach was littered. Sandpipers scurried along the slap of the small waves. A tern wheeled in the wind and jeered at him.

When he had first looked at this land, he had known it was the place. It afforded complete privacy. Bulldozing it out had been a major expense. Now it seemed to be reverting to its original wildness.

He took out the key he had carried for over two years and unlocked the front door of the small house. The lock grated. The door was wedged, and he had to kick it open. Moisture had got to the furniture. The house smelled of mold. High weeds obscured half the picture window that faced the sea. Insects scuttled across the terrazzo floors. This was the house that should have been brisk and shining for reunion.

He stood for a long time in the small bedroom. Somebody had changed the furniture around. Then, quickly, he went through the house, opening windows. The place had to be aired out. He went into the garage, threw the switches on the fuseboard. The water pump wheezed and choked and began to run smoothly. He walked over to the water tank and watched the pressure gauge begin to climb. There was a rusty saw hanging from a nail. He rolled his sleeves up, and began a slow circuit of the house, sawing through the pithy trunks of the overgrown weeds, pruning the desirable shrubs away from the windows. The pump had stopped. When he had finished, he took his bag into the bedroom. The house was considerably brighter inside, but it still had a stale smell, an air of neglect. There were sheets in the linen closet. They smelled damp. He took them out and spread them in the afternoon sun.

He was beginning to sweat. He decided he would mop down the floors later. He went down the beach toward the place he had built. The cabañas were empty. He turned up the main path to the swimming pool. The concrete apron was cracked. The pool was empty, and there were cracks in the floor. Tufts of grass grew up through the cracks. He looked beyond the pool and saw where the channel that had been cut through the beach led. It was a boat basin, scooped out. There was a dock, and a gas pump, and an above-ground storage tank. A battered, unkempt cabin cruiser with good lines was moored to the dock. That meant somebody was here after all. He stared up toward the cabaña where he and Valerie had stayed before they had built the house. It was the obvious one, being at the head of the road. Yes, no brush had grown up around that one. Washing hung on a line. A heavy gray sedan was parked nearby. As he looked toward the cabin, a big redheaded man shoved the screen door open and came out and stared down toward him. He was stripped to the waist, and his body looked soft even though it was burned dark red by the sun.

"Don't you read signs, mister?" he yelled in a thin, high-pitched voice.

Paul walked up toward the cabaña. The man advanced, barefoot, to meet him. Paul saw that he was older than he had looked at a distance. He had a pouched, bad-tempered face.

"The place is closed," he said. "Says that right on the sign."

"My name is Rayder."

"I don't care what your—" The man stopped and looked more closely at him. "Rayder, you said? You the fella built this, then. I'm the fella bought it from your woman. Winkler's my name. Moss Winkler. I want to talk to you. That Miamah man—Dobson—he said he didn't know if you want to rent that house there or sell it. Either way, Rayder, I got first word on it. Right?" He smiled in what was intended to be an ingratiating way. "Give you a thousand right now to seal it. What do you say?"

"I haven't made up my mind yet."

"When a man gets an opportunity, he ought to grab it."

Paul felt his annoyance grow. His voice sharpened. "Right now I'm going to live in that house for a while."

"Dobson said you were in the Army. You on leave?"

"No. I'm out of the Army."

"You just want a rest. Is that it?"

"Why all the questions?"

"Like I said, I'm right interested in that little house. If somebody came to rent it, I was going to have something to say about that little house."

"Like what?"

"I was going to say that property line over there runs all the way out to the highway. But to get into it, the way it is now, you come over my land. You come down my drive and turn off. I didn't give no official right of way."

"What harm does that do?"

"I'm not saying about harm. I'm saying you own property, you got rights. And the way the land drops off, it'll take an awful lot of fill to build up to where you can run a new drive onto the highway. Now, if it rents to me, there's no problem, see? Because I'm crossing my own place. But I'd rather buy. Then that gives me the whole piece. Then I got the highway on one side and water on the other sides, and no problems."

Paul knew Winkler was correct. You couldn't get a car to the house without going down the Playa de Mañana drive.

"I told Dobson I don't want to make any decisions yet."

"Well, I'll tell you this. I'm not a hard fella to get along with. You go ahead and stay there a while and rest yourself, and you got my permission to use the drive. Only I got a lot on my mind, and I got to know soon. Let's say a week."

"And at the end of the week I can't use your drive?"

"You make it sound like I was hard to get along with."

"I'll let you know."

"Today's Thursday, and I'll come see you a week from today, mister."

Paul looked around. "For a man who paid a nice price, you've certainly let the thing go."

Moss Winkler cleared his throat and

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Something indefinable held him—as if he might find an answer written on these lonely sands

spat. "Crew of men can chop out this brush in a couple of days. That's my worry, anyhow, isn't it? Seeing as how I bought the place. Gave your woman a good price."

A younger man came out of the cabaña. He wore torn khaki shorts, and his hair was bleached white by the sun. He was slim-hipped, heavily muscled, with a huge, deeply tanned, symmetrical chest. He scuffed his hair with his knuckles.

"For Lord's sake, Moss, you talk at a full holler. Who's that?"

"Shut up. You got errands to do."

The younger man shrugged and went back into the house. He had a square-jawed, sulky-looking face. He came out immediately, shouldering into a white sport shirt, and got into the gray sedan.

"Did you do a good business last year?" Paul asked.

"We didn't get started last year. We closed her up and did some fishing."

Paul looked at him incredulously and saw that the man had nothing further to say. He said, "Well, I'll be getting back."

"Have yourself a good rest, fella."

Paul walked back to the beach, and Winkler followed along with him. They went along the beach. Winkler gouged at the sand with his heel. "There's the stake up there, and the property line comes right down across about here."

The meaning was clear. Paul nodded, without speaking. When he looked back, the big man was standing spread-legged on the property line, scratching his red chest.

Back at the house, Paul stripped down to his shorts, efficiently mopped the floors in the small house, then went down the beach, waded in, and swam to cool off. He took an outside shower, dried himself off. The sun had made the sheets smell fresh. He made up the bed, unpacked. Through all the routine motions, he was thinking of Moss Winkler. The man acted as if he had a still on the place. An unpleasant type.

At five o'clock, Paul dressed and drove into Cove's End. Some of the stores had new fronts. Two new buildings were going up. He parked outside a familiar bar called the Grouper Hole and went in. When his eyes adjusted to the dimness, he saw Al Wright behind the bar reading a comic book. Two intent fishermen were playing a crucial game of table shuffleboard. Two middle-aged women in sun suits and billed caps sat in a booth, drinking beer.

Al looked up as he approached the bar. His face lit up, and he stuck his hand out. "Paul Rayder! Where's the monkey suit? This one is on the house. Scotch and water? Coming up."

Paul looked around, slid up onto a stool. No redecoration here. The same dusty stuffed fish, same framed admonition against asking for credit.

"Staying long?" Al asked, putting the glass in front of him.

"I don't know yet. I'm down at the house right now."

"The whole darn town is sorry you sold out, Paul. That place attracted a nice class of people. Hear it's a mess down there now."

"It is that. Talked to Winkler. I can't figure that guy."

Al Wright leaned a bit closer and lowered his voice. "Neither can anybody else. That's a good property he bought, and the town knows what he paid for it. After he bought it, he put up a no-vacancy sign, and after every cabin was empty, he puts up the closed sign. That doesn't do the town any good. He and his people, they don't even trade here unless they forget something they need in a hurry. What I say is, what's going on out there?"

"Anybody have any guesses?"

"You know how the town is, Paul. If you're fixing to spit, the whole town knows it before you start looking for a spot. They been trying to add two and two, and all they get is wild ideas. Me, I don't go for gossip. You know that." His broad dark face assumed an expression of complete innocence. "There's that Moss Winkler. Then there's a husky white-headed kid called Donny. And there's a thin mean-looking guy called Corson. They do a lot of that there skin fishing—you know, spearing stuff underwater. They have parties sometimes, with girls down from Miami, and for a while they had some beat-up-looking little old girl cooking for them, but I hear she isn't there anymore. Then they got some real slick friends come down in big cars. The town figured smuggling from Cuba for a while, but some of the boys kept track, and Winkler don't take his boat out far, or meet anybody." Al edged even closer. "Now, I got my own idea."

"What's that?"

"I think some of those big gangsters are using this Winkler as a front man and had him buy the place for a hideout. That's why he doesn't want any business there. He's got to keep those cabins ready, see? Suppose the Senate committee is looking for a big shot and he wants to disappear for a while. Doesn't that make sense?"

"I don't know. He doesn't want people around. He made that clear today."

Al reached over and nudged him. "Sure. Sure. That's a real private spot. He doesn't want anybody around. He keeps your sign up. That's just a front. He wants your house, too, the way I hear it. Funny she didn't sell it to him. Paul, I'm sorry about you folks splitting up. I always liked Valerie, in spite of what they say. Another drink?"

"Please. What do they say?"

Al gave him a wide-eyed look. "You didn't hear? I'm not one to gossip. You can depend on that. Wait'll I fix your drink."

He made the drink quickly and came back, wiping his hand on his apron. "Well, just before she sold, the town says, she got herself all jammed up with that Donny. Seems like he was staying there at one of your cabins, too. All alone. Folks saw 'em riding around together." He leaned over and nudged Paul on the shoulder. "How do you like that! But, as I said, I always liked your wife, Paul. She sure worked hard after you were gone. The whole town was pulling for her to make out good. But then she ups and—boom, the place is sold."

Al leaned his heavy tattooed arms on the worn bartop across from Paul. He said, "Of course, a bad thing like what happened to that Eddie Morrisey didn't do the town no good. Makes the tourists nervous when one of our own people gets himself drownded."

"Hit his head, I heard."

"He did a fool thing—dove off the reef. That's what they think, anyhow. It didn't kill him. The drowning killed him. There was little pieces of coral in the wound on his head. I got a look at him that morning. Went down when I heard something was up. The tide brought him in, and it was a

good thing he wasn't in there long enough for anything to start eating on him, because it was his wife found him and drug him out of the shallows. That Linda is a real nice girl, Paul. They had to give her shots, and they took her up to Homestead and put her in the hospital. Closed up the restaurant, of course. Her ma came down, and they took Eddie up and buried him in Ohio someplace. We figured the restaurant would go on the market then, brand-new and all, but no, sir. Two weeks, and the two of them are back down. Linda a lot more quiet-like, but with her jaw stuck out, and they're making it pay off. Another drink?"

"Not right now, thanks, Al."

"Put your money back in your pocket. Here, I've been doing all the talking. You come back in and tell me about this Korea deal sometime, hear?"

When Paul went out, the sun was almost gone. He got into his car and drove to the Sand-Dollar Inn. There were three other cars parked there. Inside, all was crisp and shining, with tile floor, bright plastic upholstery on the chairs, booths, counter stools. Behind the counter was an opening where he could see into a kitchen that looked as aseptic as a laboratory. He walked to a booth, and a tall bright-haired girl hurried over with a formal smile and a menu. She looked familiar, and he suddenly realized she was the oldest daughter of Mack Randolph, who owned the Cove's End Market.

"Aren't you Marie Randolph?"

She gave him a startled, puzzled look, and then her eyes widened a bit. "Gee, I didn't recognize you, Mr. Rayder."

"How's your father?"

"Oh, he's swell. You coming back to stay?"

"I don't know, Marie."

She flushed and looked away from him. "I'm sorry about everything."

"Thanks."

"The baked red-snapper throats is special tonight, Mr. Rayder."

"Okay. With mashed, string beans, and coffee with."

She scribbled the order, smiled at him, and hurried off, her heels brisk on the tile. She called the order through to the kitchen, and another girl came from serving a party at one of the tables to stand beside her. Paul wondered if it was Linda Morrisey. She was a small girl, very slim-waisted, but sturdy, her yellow uniform snug against firm hips and taut across her breasts. Her hair was heavy, thick, alive-looking. It was light brown and nearly straight, curled in at the ends, and the sun had streaked it, bleached it to blonde on top of her head. He didn't get a good look at her face. He saw Marie lean close to her and murmur something. The girl turned quickly and looked directly at him. She had a strong face. Handsome rather than pretty, with bold bone structure, a firm wide mouth, the eyes set wide and grave and gray. He saw her realize that her quick stare might look rude, and he saw her cheeks color a bit as she turned away.

When Marie brought his order, he said, "Is that Mrs. Morrisey, that other girl waiting on table?"

"Yes, it is. She wants to meet you, after. I told her who you are."

"Her mother's here, too?"

"She's in the kitchen. With Mike. He's the chef. The four of us can handle it now, but there'll have to be eight anyway when the season gets started. You said you wanted coffee now?"

"Please."

The food was attractive, well cooked. Some of the customers left, and more arrived. The girls were busy for a time. Paul had more coffee. At last there was only one other table occupied, and Marie and Linda came toward his booth.

"Linda. I want you should meet Mr. Rayder. This is Mrs. Morrisey."

He took her small firm hand. Her smile was good, her voice surprisingly low-pitched. "Will you sit down?" he asked.

She slid into the other side of the booth, and Marie said, "You want I should bring you some coffee, Linda?"

"Please," she said. Marie hurried away.

"I think you have a fine place here, Mrs. Morrisey."

"Thank you. My husband and I—we selected the location carefully. One of the reasons for placing it here was the place you built, Mr. Rayder. Even though those cabañas are equipped for housekeeping, we knew we would get steady trade from your customers during the season. So it was distressing to us when the man who bought it closed it. But new courts have gone up now, and someone else is going to put in some waterfront apartments on the other side of town."

"I guess you're not any more distressed than I am. When you build something and work as hard as we did and gamble everything on it, it hurts to see it fold."

She stirred the coffee Marie had brought her. "Did you design the little house we rented, Mr. Rayder?"

"Most of it. My wife added a few touches."

"It's a perfect house. After we started to live in it, we would have tried to buy it if it hadn't been waterfront land and sort of out of our reach. We decided to build one exactly like it. It's a good little house to—to be in love in. But I guess I don't ever want to look at it again."

"I'm sorry about that. It's something special that you could even come back to Cove's End."

"I wasn't trying to—well, to prove anything. What happened is something I'll have to live with wherever I go. You see, Eddie and I, we decided that if we were ever going to get ahead, we'd have to do it on our own, and take the plunge while we were young enough to work like dogs. We managed to get started, and when it . . . happened to Eddie, it didn't seem right for me to give it up. And, like I said, I'd have to live with it anyway, so I just came back. I'm glad I did."

"It's funny, you know," he said, "how Valerie and I had the same kind of idea. Working for ourselves instead of for other people. We lived on nothing until we had enough to make the break. But then—well, she sold it. Even if I'd known, I couldn't have stopped it in time."

"It surprised people here."

"I know."

He began to sense that she was slightly nervous. He had the feeling that she was fencing, that she had some subject she wanted to bring up but didn't know exactly how to go about it. The silence grew awkward.

He said, to fill the gap, "Does your mother like it here?"

Her smile was crooked. "She detests it. She's dying to see her friends in

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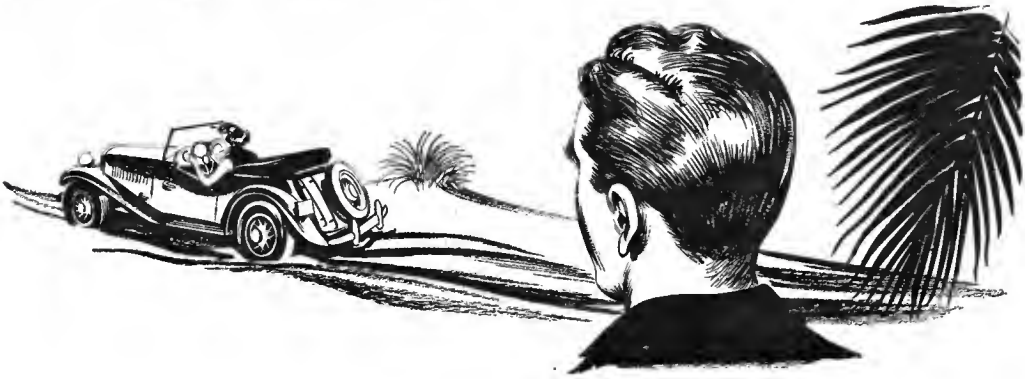

Why had she come to him? Where was she going now? The bitter questions hung behind her as the red car roared out of sight

Ohio, but she won't leave her poor helpless little daughter alone down here in this tropical wasteland. I'm trying to get her to go." She glanced toward the door to the kitchen and called, "Mother! Would you come here, please?"

Paul got up. An austerely handsome woman came toward them. Her gray hair was cropped short and curled. She was taller than her daughter, and her expression was one of chronic mild suspicion. "Marie tells me you are Mr. Rayder. Your wife—or I should say your ex-wife—sold your place of business to some remarkably dreadful people, sir."

"*Mother!* You know he had nothing to do with that."

"It is merely an observation, dear. I am not being rude."

"I was just telling your daughter what a nice place this is."

"Sixteen years of schooling, and she winds up selling fried fish at the end of nowhere. Mr. Rayder, she is as stubborn as any goat."

"Mother, please!"

"She forgets most of the social graces, Mr. Rayder. I am Mrs. Robert McGalvie. I don't believe she mentioned that. Officially, I am in charge of salads and pastries. And that reminds me that there is dressing to be prepared. With just a trace of garlic. Nice to meet you, Mr. Rayder." She stalked off, her head high.

"In other words," Linda said softly, "she doesn't care for it here. Actually, she works much too hard, but there's nothing I can do about it."

"Sort of awe-inspiring," Paul said.

"Do you have a car here?" Linda asked.

"Why, yes. Is there something I—?"

"I know how strange this sounds," she said, her eyes uneasy, "but would you please take me for a ride? There's something I haven't told anyone. I had no idea of telling you until after we'd been talking a while. Do you mind?"

"Of course not."

"I don't want to talk here. I'll tell Mother." She walked across the floor and pushed the kitchen door open and went through. He found that he liked watching her walk. She had a quick free stride, and the alive hair bounced at the nape of her neck as she walked.

Marie brought the check, and he paid and left a tip for her. He was standing by the door as Linda came back from the kitchen to say, "I won't be back before closing time, Marie. Is that all right?"

Marie gave Paul a quick, speculative look and said, "Oh, sure."

They went out into the soft warmth of the October night. "You're sure you don't mind, Mr. Rayder?"

"Of course not. I'm Paul."

"All right, Paul. And I'm Linda. Please stop over there at Palmetto Court. Mother and I stay there. I want to get out of this darn uniform. And get something for my hair. Please leave the top down."

He turned at the court, and she hurried in. She was back in five minutes in a sunback linen dress that was pale in the night. He shut the car door and went around and got behind the wheel.

"Any special place?"

"Anywhere. The closer I get to saying all this, the sillier it sounds."

"Don't worry about it."

He headed northeast. She sat far over on her side of the seat, her hands folded on the purse, silent and thoughtful. He guessed she was planning what she would say. Watching the road, he suddenly realized that he was nearing a turnoff, a sand-and-shell road that led down to an abandoned fishing camp. He slowed the car and saw from the condition of the turnoff that it was still not in use. He realized then that there was a certain masochism in selecting this particular spot. He had turned down this same road many times with Valerie beside him. Linda made no comment as the car lurched over the lumpy road.

He parked with the car headed toward a massive broken sea wall, the great slabs heaved up by hurricane, the reinforcing rods sticking out like naked bones.

"There's a place where you can sit on the wall," he said.

"Good," she said. He walked with her to the place. It was still intact. He got on it, held his hand for her, pulled her up. They sat side by side on the wall. The waves made soft sounds on the sand.

"Is that something on fire?" she said. "Way out there?"

"Moon about to come up. Cigarette?"

"Thanks." He cupped the lighter flame in his hands and held it for her.

"This is pretty crazy," she said.

"Don't mind that."

"I better take it from the beginning. After your wife left the house empty, we asked around and got in touch with a nice man named Dobson, who gave us a fair price for a one-year lease. We thought we'd have our own place done in a year. Eddie and I worked awfully hard, and the little house was wonderful to come back to. We'd get back late and take a quick swim. We were too busy to be friendly with the new owner of Playa de Mañana, and then we found out

he wasn't renting the cabañas as they became empty. While we were still wondering about that, he put up the closed sign. Eddie thought maybe they were going to enlarge it or something, but they didn't do anything to it. We were open by then, and working like dogs. But business wasn't as good as we'd hoped.

"We were closed every Tuesday, the way we are now. We got up late one Tuesday and swam and then walked down the beach to say hello to Mr. Winkler and find out what he was planning. There were quite a few people there, friends of theirs, I guess, and they were pretty drunk and noisy, and Winkler was rude. Terribly rude. He ordered us off the place. It burned Eddie up. And we heard gossip in town about Winkler.

"Anyway, Eddie started wondering just what was going on next door. We'd see their boat go in and out after the new channel was dug, and we'd see them fishing off the reef out there. I'm a pretty good swimmer, but Eddie was much better. Those people left us strictly alone, and we left them alone. Eddie swam out to the reef a couple of times, and once he swam way out beyond it to that rocky island out there. I told him it made me nervous to have him go that far out.

"He had to go into Miami alone one day, and he came back with a pair of binoculars. It made me a little mad because they were expensive, even if they were secondhand. About that time he started looking mysterious, and he stopped talking about what our neighbors could be doing. He left the restaurant a couple of times during the day without saying where he was going, but I had the idea he went back to the house.

"One night he accidentally woke me up as he was creeping back to bed in the middle of the night, breathing hard. I asked him where he'd been, and he just grunted at me. But he seemed more thoughtful and—I don't know just how to say it—triumphant. Smug, sort of. I asked him what he was finding out, and he told me he'd tell me when he was absolutely positive.

"One morning, it was a Tuesday morning, he went out early for a swim. I got up and made breakfast and waited, and he didn't come back. I went out, and I couldn't see him anywhere. It was a sort of gray, misty morning. It made the water look oily, and it was quite calm. The tide was just coming in. I walked up and down the beach, but I couldn't see him. The worst thing, I guess, was seeing his bare footprints in the sand going into the water and not being able to see any coming out. I got the binoculars and looked at the reef and at that rocky island. I kept telling myself he'd swum out to the island and he was on the far side of it and that was why I couldn't see him. But I guess you know how you . . . have those terrible hunches about things.

"I was getting more and more frantic, and then I saw something in shallow water, and while I was running I knew what it was. I pulled him out, and I don't know where the strength came from. I tried artificial respiration, but I could tell, just from the feel of him, that it wasn't—any—" Her voice changed, and she turned away from him, in silence.

Paul sat stolidly, sensing she did not want any physical evidence of sympathy or awkward understanding. After a time, she turned back and dug in her purse for a cigarette. He lit it for her, looking at the flame rather than at her eyes.

When she continued, her voice was flat and under control. "When I talked to you in the restaurant, I left out one of the reasons I came back here. I was never completely satisfied about what happened to Eddie. If that Winkler was doing something wrong, and if Eddie was on the verge of finding out, then it was almost too perfectly timed."

"Overconfidence, carelessness—they've killed a lot of swimmers, you know."

"I know. I guess it's crazy to keep thinking it was something else."

"Have you told anyone about Eddie's investigations?".

"You're the only one, Paul. There's one other thing, though. When I realized Eddie was—gone, I screamed, and I guess I fainted. When I came out of it, there was a blanket over Eddie, and Mr. Winkler and the two men who work for him were there, and they said they'd already phoned the sheriff. It was the only time they were anywhere near halfway nice, and they stayed right with me through the questioning and everything. It was only afterward that I realized that they had seemed relieved, sort of, after the questioning. Maybe because it had shown them that Eddie hadn't told me anything—that is, if they knew he was spying on them. I can't help feeling that if Eddie hadn't drowned, they would have had something happen to him sooner or later, maybe to both of us. I sense that they're completely brutal and ruthless and doing something wrong."

He said slowly, "What happened to me today fits the picture, too. Winkler, out of the goodness of his heart, is letting me stay in my own house for one whole week. Then I've got to rent or sell to him, or else put a lot of money into giving the little house its own exit drive onto the highway. Let's think out loud. It didn't occur to Winkler in the beginning to suspect that anybody living in that little house could be dangerous to whatever he's doing by getting too nosy. Suppose they're aware that your husband has found out too much. And then, while they're trying to figure some nice, quick way of shutting him up, Eddie has his accident. That makes it clear to Winkler that he better sew up the house. It sits empty, so he has no problems. Now I show up. He doesn't want to push me too hard, so he gives me a week. Meanwhile they suspend whatever it is they're doing. Smuggling, counterfeiting, whatever."

"I suppose," she said, sighing, "that I ought to just forget it."

He sat there beside her, conscious of a weariness that was more than physical. It was deeper than bone marrow, a tiredness that lay like gray fog in the lowest valley of his soul. He resented the necessity to react, even negatively. There had been too many fire fights. A certain stranger named Eddie was dead. Another stranger named Valerie was gone. A young sturdy woman named Linda sat beside him, and from the beginning, from the first look across the bright restaurant, there had been a restless awareness of her—and he knew she, too, was puzzling about how quickly they had achieved a closeness that had nothing to do with what they had said or what they had done. Yet he resented

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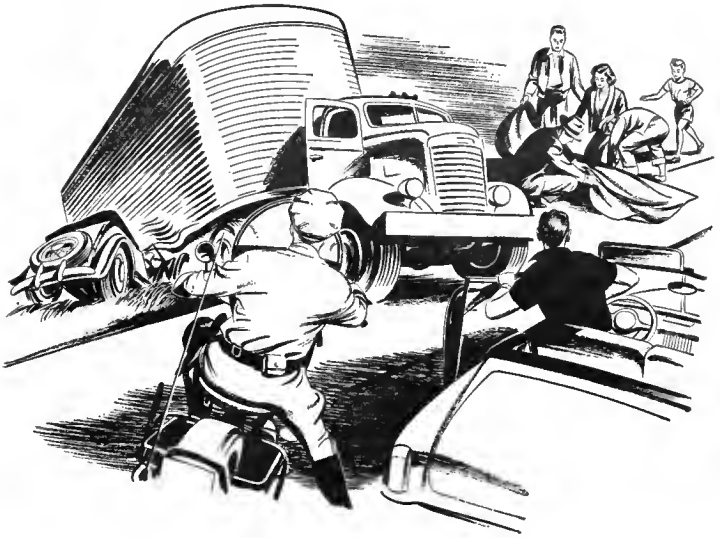

The scene was somehow what he'd known he'd find.

This was the silence that ended a part of his life

even his inadvertent reaction to her. They were wrong about wars and woman hunger. Nobody came back full of need anymore. You had to learn to need all over again.

She had turned toward him, and her voice came from far away. "Should I forget it, Paul?"

"Don't ask me. Don't ask me anything." He pushed off the wall and dropped to the sand and walked away from her, not looking back. He walked fifty feet and stood, his fists doubled, hitting them softly together in front of his chest, his jaw muscles aching. Go back and drive her home, a sturdy little girl full of cool indignation, full of a careful politeness.

"Paul," she said, close behind him. It startled him. The sea sound had washed out the noise of her footsteps.

"Paul, I'm sorry. It's all pretty meaningless to you, isn't it? I didn't think."

He turned and looked down at her face, grave and concerned, with the moon laid across it.

"That was rude, Linda. You don't have to forgive it."

"I feel like a child who's stayed too long and bored the guests."

"Not bored. I don't know. This isn't an excuse. All of a sudden I just didn't want the responsibility for anything. For myself even. Didn't even want the effort of living."

She took one of his fists, cupped it in her small, firm hands, held it against the hollow of her throat, close under her chin. "You're like broken springs," she said. "You need acres of sleep. Orchards of it. Do you sleep?"

"Not too well yet."

"I—I wish you'd come home to me," she said. She quickly released his hand and moved uneasily away from him. Her voice changed. "I guess that made me pretty transparent. Linda, the world mother."

"I wish I had come home to you. So now I'm obvious."

"No. Just the need is obvious. But you're strong, aren't you? I mean, I feel that you are, way deep, where it counts. Where it adds up."

"I don't know that, either."

"Moonlight makes people talk too much. You should be home. But I guess that isn't a good place for you, is it?"

"It's all right."

"You'll make it be all right, won't you?"

They walked back, and he helped her up the broken wall and down the other side. He drove back and let her off at her place. He said, "I'm not thinking very well. I'll sleep and do some better thinking, and then we'll talk again."

"If you'd like," she said. He watched her walk in, and he sat in the car and smoked a cigarette and then drove back by the restaurant and down to the house. The night wind had blown through it, and it had a cleaner smell. Through the scrub trees, he could see a vague light next door. He undressed quickly and turned out the light. All at once the air around his head was full of the acid whine of mosquitoes. He stood it for a few minutes, cursed, and got up and turned on the lights. He found a newspaper and tore scraps and plugged the holes in the ruptured screens. He shut the door of the bedroom, took a towel, and began killing them. He went at it methodically, counting for a time, then losing count as he went after them more hurriedly, then wildly, flailing at the ones that refused to light, grunting with effort. Suddenly he saw his face in the mirror, strained, distorted, crazy-eyed.

It shocked him, and he took a long, shivering breath and stood very still. When his face was again a weathered mask, he killed the others, searched the room, turned out the lights, and went back to bed. Nothing else sang of hunger in the night. He wanted warm thoughts on which he could ride downward into sleep. He thought of the look of the body of the woman Linda. He thought of the look of moonlight on her face. He held thoughts of her tightly so that nothing else could get in, and when danger was past, he released her and fell, turning slowly, into sleep.

In the morning, he drifted in and out of sleep like a slow train that crosses mountains and goes through many tunnels. When he got up, the morning was bright and still and hot. He went naked down to the beach and swam hard, snorting and thrashing, fighting the water. He rolled and spat and went winded up the beach and lay in the sun with a towel across his loins until he could feel the rays biting the inner layers of skin. He showered, shaved, dressed, and drove to the restaurant. It was quarter of eleven. Linda served his breakfast at the counter.

"You slept," she said.

"Power of suggestion. I mended a few of those springs."

"If you always eat like this, I'll start making money."

"I'm going to Miami to sort out personal stuff that was put in storage. Can you come along?"

She made a face. "Checks to write today. Salesmen calling. Fish to buy. Menus to type. Uh uh. Thanks, though."

He was back at the house by five, carrying one suitcase. In it were a few important papers, photographs of his parents and brother, long dead, some sport shirts, shorts, slacks, trunks. All the jumble in the warehouse had depressed him at first. Too many things had the touch of Valerie on them. In the beginning, he had sorted in a halfhearted way. Then he had begun to throw things out ruthlessly. It had been a release to do that. It made him feel free again. Paul

Rayder owns a house, furniture, car, and bank balance. And everything else in the world he can pack and carry around with him. Full of this sense of freedom, he walked toward the door of the house and stopped as he saw the red bonnet of the MG parked close beside the house. He pushed the screen door open and let it bang behind him. She came out of the living room, faintly unsteady on her feet. Her smile was pasted on a bit crookedly. She wore a Chinese-red halter and tailored white linen slacks with a red belt. Her coarse dark hair was tied back with a piece of red yarn.

"Where's Harry?" he asked flatly.

"I borrowed his car today. I thought I'd see how you're making out." Her tone was too casual.

"I'm making out fine, thanks. Nice of you to stop by. Have a nice ride back."

She looked at the suitcase. "That's one of ours."

"One of mine. Drive carefully."

She walked back into the living room. He went to the doorway and leaned against the frame, fists in his pockets, watching her. She sat down, uncapped a thermos bottle, filled the cap. She raised it to him and winked. "Cheers, dear. A picnic for one. They're called stinkers. Made with rum instead of brandy."

"Look, Valerie. Words of one syllable: Get out."

"I'm a guest. Be nice to guests."

"What's on your mind?"

"Oh, I was sitting here alone. Right over there you nearly killed me. Remember? The hammer slipped off the roof. The scar's right here. Over my ear."

"Why did you come here?"

"Because I don't like the idea of you being here. This was for two of us or none of us, not one of us."

"It isn't bothering me."

"Winkler will buy it. Let him have it. Paul. That's the last thing I'll ever ask of you."

"Why? It can't make any difference to you. Not the way you live."

"Paul, don't stay here. Go away."

"Are you maudlin? Is that it?"

She held the blue thermos top against her cheek and looked at the middle of the floor. "Even when I was little . . . I've told you . . . so terribly afraid of being hurt. Little things. A panic over a hornet. Hysteria about dentists. You don't understand about that, about being weak and afraid. But when you are, they fix it so you pay and pay."

"You're not making sense. You better leave while you can still drive."

She looked at him with the askew smile. "Add it up. That's what I did. I added myself, and the total stinks. A minus character. But I was given a sample, and it broke me in pieces. What do you do when you can't add yourself up and get anything? Just for—for memories of me when I used to add up right, please don't stay. Go when the week is up."

"I'll stay here until I'm ready to leave. Now get out."

She stood, recapped the thermos bottle. "I said from the word go the idea was no good." She seemed to be talking to herself as she looked around the room. "I love it here," she said. "And it got awful empty, Paul. Very, very empty. No husky male to hear my woes. Then there was a husky male, a paying guest."

"Donny?"

She turned, slat-eyed. "Oh! Of course. Al Wright, the poor man's wailing wall. Donny heard my woes. He listened and listened and listened, until he knew just a little bit too much about what makes me tick, and then he started using his information and had himself a dandy time, and, incidentally, chalked up mission accomplished. A sort of real estate mission. Now, darling mine, I spread my woes all over. And I have more to spread around, truly."

"Take them back to Harry."

"In his little red car. Of course, dear. But Harry isn't another Donny. Donny turned out to have teeth and claws and cold, cold eyes. And I couldn't cope. Harry's just a tourist. Donny is that thing they use to open a stuck window. A pry bar. And once the window is open, my sweet, there are burglars in the house. So I moved out of our house, and out of your life, neatly, sweetly, completely. I have new rules now for being a good girl, and today I'm being a good girl, indeed, but you are stubborn, and so the end of today is something I look forward to like going to the dentist."

"You don't make very much sense."

"I could not love thee half as much loved I not Valerie more," she said. She looked around the room. "I sure loved it."

"You must have."

"I loved me a little more, son. Walk me out."

He went out with her, and she got into the little car. She looked up at him. "A kiss for the bride?"

He looked down into her eyes until she looked away. She bit her lip, started the motor, raced it hard, then ripped it into gear. The back end of the MG slewed as she horsed it up the sand road toward the highway. He stood there in back of the house, heard the change in motor noise as she got onto the highway and leveled out. There were places where he could see the road, and he saw the flash of red as the small car sped away. He turned back toward the house, hearing the fading snarl of the motor.

He heard the crash. It seemed to go on for a long time. He stood by the door, his hand touching the screen. He had the feeling that he had stood in this exact place in some other life and listened for that same sound that ended the motor noise, that ended a piece of his life.

His hand was lifted, touching the door to push it open. He saw a mosquito plant itself on the back of his hand. He watched its abdomen pulse and swell. He broke out of it then, turned and raced to his car, swung it around hard.

Just beyond Cove's End, a trucker, spread-legged, waved him to a stop with a red rag. He pulled over onto the shoulder and jumped out and trotted up to where he could see a tractor-trailer slewed across the road, the back corner of the trailer canted down at a precarious angle. A crowd had gathered. People were still coming on the run. In the distance, a thin siren was growing.

A pale, well-dressed man was spreading a car robe over something on the shoulder of the highway. He wore the intent, serious expression of a man trying to put the bedspread on neatly. People watched him from a safe distance. They were swallowing, and a little boy nearby was throwing up. Paul hurried toward the man, and the man

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She came toward him, and the look of her made his breath catch in his throat. Somehow it hadn't occurred to him that she would be so lovely

stepped away and blocked him and said, "Nothing to see. Nothing to see."

"She's dead," Paul said.

"As a physician, sir, I should say she is extremely dead. As a tourist, I am happy to see her off the highway."

Al Wright moved close to Paul, his broad face grayish around the mouth under the thick tan. "I just stepped out of my joint for a minute and heard her come through town, Paul. Crazy fool woman was going over eighty right through town. Drunk or crazy. Way down here I see her swerve right into that truck." He paused and shook his head. "Cut in and jammed that little car right under it and hit the rear-left duals. They'll have to torch-cut it out of there. She took off alone like a big bird, made a bank shot off the side of the trailer, and landed way over here."

The highway patrolmen were climbing out of their sedan, taking over.

Al said, "Man, you look green! I'd think you'd seen enough people shot up lately so this shouldn't get you."

"It was Valerie," Paul said tonelessly.

Al stared at him, jaw sagging. Paul could hear the hoarse excited voice of the trucker. ". . . so I think she's by me, and bang. I don't get much jar up there, but it puts the whole rig in a skid. Going eighty or ninety, she was."

Paul walked over and heard one of the patrolmen say, "Joe, see if you can check identification."

Paul said, "I can tell you what you want to know."

"Who are you?"

Paul told him, and answered his questions about Valerie's name, address, occupation. "How was she when she left your house? Drunk?"

"She'd been drinking."

"To the best of your knowledge, she ever have any accident before, or get convicted of any traffic violation?"

"She got a speeding ticket about four years ago. She drove fast, but she was a good driver."

"You say you don't know the name of the guy owns the red wagon?"

"He was introduced to me as Harry. That's all I know."

"Michigan plates. We can check that. What's the deal, mate? Why was she visiting you? You pretty chummy with her or something?"

"Is that part of the routine?"

"I just want to know, fella. Curiosity."

"She divorced me a year ago while I was in Korea. I just got back the other day. I don't know why she called on me today. I told her to get out." The patrolman looked uneasy.

"I guess I got too nosy. Sorry."

"It's all right. Do you need me for anything else?"

"Mind looking at her in the presence of me and the other officer? Then we can make that an official identification."

"I don't mind."

The crowd was herded back, and the patrolman knelt on one knee and lifted a corner of the car robe. He glanced down and glanced away quickly. He asked, "Is that the woman whose name and address you gave me?"

"It is."

"Thanks. You made this a little easier, Ravder. Better go get yourself a shot."

Traffic was moving again. Tow-car experts were studying the truck, scratching their heads, comparing ideas. An ambulance was backing into position. Paul backed his car deep onto the shoulder and drove back to the house. He got out, and he saw the marks of her sandal heels in the dirt. He went into the house and

looked dully at the three lipsticked butts in the ashtray.

"A kiss for the bride?" An old routine from away back. A tired routine. So you didn't send her off with a kiss. Which would either have made it easier to do or made it impossible to do.

He hoped it hadn't hurt. She'd always had a terror of pain.

He stretched out on the bed. There was a familiar knothole in the bleached paneled wall. A little man with big ears and a grin. Valerie had discovered him. She said it was an indecent grin. A horrid little spectator. She had named him Arnold, and she said that while he was gone, Arnold would watch over her. Not such a good job there, Arnold. Now the divorce was pretty final. Pretty complete.

When the last of the sun was gone, the room grew dim. He heard the ting of the springs on the back screen door. He rolled quickly to his feet.

Linda came to the doorway.

"Oh," he said, sitting back on the bed.

"I didn't want to knock or call, in case you were asleep."

"I wasn't asleep."

He heard her go to the kitchen, run water. She came back with a glass of water and two pills. "They'll relax you."

"How did you know I'd need them?"

"The whole town knows what happened. Al Wright said you acted funny. I guessed that you might have said things to her that would make you feel bad now. Losing something twice—sometimes the second time is the worst."

He took the pills, handed her back the glass. She took it back to the kitchen and came in again. "Why don't you lie down, Paul?"

He swung his legs up and stretched out. She stood by the bed. "I could sit here until you go to sleep, if it wouldn't bother you."

"I think I'd like it. But you didn't want to see this house again."

"It isn't as bad as I thought it would be." He moved over a little, and she sat on the side of his bed and took his hand.

They sat in silence, and he knew it was a bad room for her. Bad for them both. The pills began to work, began to make a thick feeling in his ears, a faint, not-disagreeable numbness of lips. He watched the silhouette of her face against the faint light from the window. She had the art of silence, of warmth through silence. Death, he thought, is a final erasure. But under the smear, the words can still be read. Valerie was a few words in a scrawling childish hand. Something that had once been shining and bright and new. In an odd way it seemed that the Valerie of long ago had died, and the stranger, in her chippy clothes and knowing arrogance, had never existed.

He did not awaken until predawn light was smoke-gray at the windows. Before she left, she had apparently eased off his shoes and loosened his belt. It had happened to Valerie long ago. A memory from the other side of a high wall of drugged sleep. The suitcase was still in the living room. He took it near a window, opened it, and found swimming trunks. He went out on the beach. There was a shore mist, just lifting. In the east there was a touch of gold in the gray. He walked into the water and saw, out beyond the reef, the battered cruiser he had seen in Winkler's improvised basin. It was still against the corroded steel plate of the water, like a toy in a shop window. A doll figure swam clumsily in the water toward the stern, and another figure came out of the cabin and went to the stern and helped it aboard.

He stood thigh-deep and watched. One figure went to the bow, and the cruiser moved slowly as the man hauled on the anchor line. The powerful engines started, and as the anchor was swung aboard, the cruiser picked up speed, turning out toward the small bare island of rock several hundred yards beyond the reef. It turned in a long half circle around the far end of the reef, and as it came up the shore line between beach and reef, Paul instinctively moved out into the water so that he would not be so visible. The speed dropped, and the cruiser turned into the channel. The first sun rays were coppery on the red hair of Moss Winkler at the wheel. Donny sat cross-legged on the cabin roof.

In the morning stillness, between the lap of the small waves, Paul heard the engines die. He swam slowly for a time, showered, put on ancient khaki shorts, a T-shirt. It was too early to go to breakfast, so he used the morning coolness to chop away some of the brush. He went up the road at seven-thirty and walked along the highway, locating the place where he could most easily have fill dumped to form a driveway.

As he stood looking over the situation, he heard a car slow down. He turned and watched it turn left and dip down by the sagging sign. It was a black Chrysler sedan, new and of the largest size, chrome winking, tire-sides blazing white. It had Miami plates. A thin dark man drove it, sitting alone in the front seat. Two men and a woman sat in back. Paul saw them for just a moment, and got the impression of a Latin foreignness, a look of richness and importance. They did not look at all like the sort of people who would be visiting Winkler out of friendship. He wondered if the driver was the one they called Corson. He fitted the vague description Al had given him.

He walked to the Sand-Dollar. Linda was alone behind the counter. He sat on one of the low stools and said, "Whatever they were, they worked."

"I'm glad, Paul. It was all pretty hideous, wasn't it?"

"I thought I'd grown some pretty good calluses. That peeled me right down to the pink."

"Paul, who is Rip?"

He stared at her. "Rip? He was a sergeant. A damn good one."

"When you were going to sleep, you got all tense. You shut your hand so hard on mine I thought you were going to break bones. And you were calling him in a funny way. A kind of whisper. 'Rip! Rip! Over here!' As if you didn't want anybody to hear you calling him. Then you gave a big sigh and went all limp."

"He was a big stringy kid from Kansas. Acted like he didn't have a nerve in his body. One morning we had tank support, and we walked right into trouble. Enfilading fire from both sides. It was one of those things that may or may not have been my fault. I couldn't decide. I dove for a shallow ditch, and I was calling him, and I saw him get it just as he turned. He was a good man, and I couldn't afford to lose any good men. I

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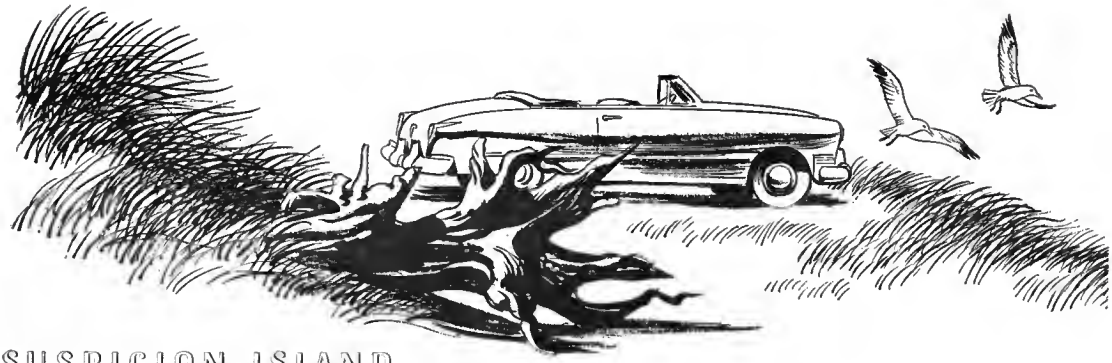

SUSPICION ISLAND (continued)

They were alone in a world of clean sand, soft wind, and limitless, murmuring sea.

blamed myself for a long time, and then I forgot it. I didn't know there was any part of it left in my mind."

"Maybe now it will be gone."

"Talking will make it go quicker than dreaming about it, Linda. I've never talked about it until now. I depended too much on tanks that day. After that I got colder and harder and smarter. I didn't waste any people. When I lost people, it was an exchange that had to be made. People traded for real estate. I kept my people tough and wise and ready. I found out the battalion was calling me the Iceman. My people killed well and inexpensively. When we lost people, it was because we had come up against people who knew what they were doing, too."

She put her hand on his wrist and said, "Paul!"

He realized that his voice had gone too loud and harsh. He took a deep breath and let it out slowly and felt his tight cheeks relax. He smiled at her and said, "All appearances to the contrary, I wasn't discharged psycho. I seem to keep racing my motor."

"We're going to find a time and a place, and I am going to sit while you pace and talk and walk and talk and talk it all out."

"Some date for a girl. But you have a funny knack. You seem to keep loosening a valve I'm trying to keep tied down. You know, on the plane I was thinking I'd go in a room with two fat quarts of whisky and lock the door and sit down and drink every damn drop. And wake up cured."

"I tried that after Eddie's funeral. Only I just got sick. Say, you *did* come here for breakfast?"

He was eating when Linda's mother came, and Marie came in a few minutes later. Marie kept giving him nervous side-long glances and wetting her lips, and Paul knew she wanted to say something about Valerie but didn't know what the proper thing to say could possibly be. So he turned to her and smiled and said, gently, "You don't have to say anything about it."

Marie flushed. "Well, I wondered. I guess I'm sorry. I liked her. She was always nice to me, right up until before she left."

"Then she wasn't nice?"

"Not the last time I saw her, after selling it was all arranged. We all thought that you probably didn't know about it, and it seemed like a dirty trick, so we were all cold-acting. The whole town was. She felt it, I guess. I was in the store, and she came in and she had a bandage on her wrist and, gee, I just said what anybody'd say. I sort of asked her if she fell or something, and she looked at me as if she wanted to kill me. She leaned real close to me, and it sort of scared me. She said, almost whispering, 'Yes. I fell a long way.' You know, that was the last time I ever talked to her, and she had no reason to bite my head off."

Paul finished, and as Linda gave him his change, he said, "Go for a swim this afternoon? If your mother will let you."

She bit her lip. "Not down there."

"Of course not. Cove Beach. Cold beer and handstands."

Her good grin wrinkled her nose. "Love it."

"Okay. I'll come to lunch late, and we'll go from here."

At two-thirty, he drove her from the restaurant to the court and waited in the sun glare while she changed. He wore swimming trunks and a T-shirt. She came out soon in a dark-green strapless one-piece suit. The look of her made his breath catch in his throat. The faintly chunky look that she had in her uniform was completely gone. Her tan was like pale milk chocolate and honey. She eased herself onto the hot leather of the seat, saying, "*Ai! Qué calor, hombre!*"

"You speak Spanish?"

"Kitchen Spanish. Twenty words, and I use them all wrong."

Cove Beach would be jammed during the season. It was the public beach used by all tourists who did not rent waterfront property. It was nearly deserted.

They swam out a ways and floated, letting the waves lift them and drop them gently. They raced to shore, and Paul won by a narrow margin, but at the expense of almost complete exhaustion. Linda was not even breathing hard.

She looked professionally at the color of his back and shoulders, dredged a bottle of lotion out of her beach bag, and made him lie still to be protestingly greased. They lay there in the sun, and he felt the heat of it slowly daze him, take him into that familiar drugged world where all sounds are far away and where the sun is blood color through tightly closed eyelids.

"Give up the restaurant and help me loaf," he said lazily.

"Oh, fine. Live like a sea gull. Not a care in the world. All I have to do is give up eating."

"It's an unpleasant habit, anyway."

"Will you stay when the week is up?"

"Same question Valerie asked me," he said. "I haven't—" And suddenly he sat up, frowning.

"What's the matter, Paul?"

"That's funny. She was rambling on, half drunk and not making any particular sense, but she mentioned that week, too. And I didn't tell her about it. You're the only person I told."

"I didn't tell anybody."

"She knew about that week, and it had to come from Winkler. I would have sworn—I'll still swear that he felt me

When she kissed him, it was without warning, and as suddenly she pulled away

out and decided on one week without having made his mind up before. So word got to Valerie fast. And that makes what she said more—understandable."

"How do you mean?"

"She came to ask me to get out of the house. And I told her to get out. And then she said something about having known from the beginning the idea was bad. Whose idea? Winkler's? To have her come and see if she could influence me. She would have known that wouldn't work." He frowned. "So take it another step. Winkler could make her do something she thought was pointless. Some hold on her. And if he could do that, maybe he could have made her sell out, even though she didn't want to sell. And she said crazy things about pain and how she couldn't stand it."

He stood up, scuffed at the sand with his bare foot. There seemed to be an electric silence across the world. "No," he said. "Things like that—things like that don't happen to people."

"What is it?" Linda demanded. "What's upsetting you, Paul?"

He sat on his heels, picked up sand, and let it sift through his fingers. "I couldn't understand how she could do what she did. Al told me that that Donny character was in one of the cabañas before the sale went through. All right. Suppose Winkler had a good reason for wanting my place. A very good reason. He tries to buy it, and Valerie says no. Donny is planted there to find a weak place, find a way they can get at her. Donny finds out, maybe by accident, maybe by experiment, that she has a deadly fear of being hurt. Under threat of being hurt worse—she said something about a sample, and Marie said her wrist was bandaged—she wouldn't have gone to the police or to Jerry Dobson. It was almost a psychotic fear of being hurt. You'd have to live with her to know how it was. The thought of having a baby made her go gray and shake all over, but she said we'd start having them, after I got back."

"But that's horrible, Paul. To think that they'd coldly find that weakness and—"

"So she sold, and Winkler gave her a good price to ease her conscience and make it look good, and then she felt unworthy. She got the divorce. Jerry told me she handled her share of the money as though she wanted to get rid of it. Downhill and downhill. Ever since. Telling me I shouldn't have come back. And yesterday. That fits. It all fits. And that's how they could make her do anything they wanted her to do, and maybe she drove away from here thinking that she'd have to tell them it didn't work, afraid there'd be punishment for failure." He wanted so badly to explain it to Linda. "You see, when she was made, they left out the courage to stand pain. She couldn't help it. And after what she'd done to me, she couldn't even tell me. Because I would have wanted her back, and she felt dirty."

"I heard what Marie said. About her saying she had fallen a long way."

"Do you believe I'm right, Linda?"

"There's no other way to believe, is there?"

He had been anxious to make Linda believe, anxious to defend Valerie, yet now he barely heard her response. He sat there on his heels, his legs cramped, and he shut his hand on a handful of sand until his knuckles popped.

Her voice came from far away. "Paul! Paul, look at me!"

It seemed a vast effort to turn his head. She was at the wrong end of a lens, her eyes full of concern. "Paul!"

"No way to prove a thing," he said, and the words felt as though they had edges that scraped the side of his throat.

"Paul. Stop it!" She knelt, and her hand flashed and her small hard palm

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He held a strange object in the palm of his hand. Now he had almost everything he needed

cracked hard against his cheek, toppling him over. He sprawled in the sand and stared at her in utter astonishment. She was breathing hard and shallowly, and her eyes were in flame. But the blow had brought him back from some dark place.

"Good Lord!" he said.

"I could see what you were thinking of doing. I could see it in your eyes."

"I wanted to do it so bad I could taste it."

"And now?"

"I still want to. In a different way. In a colder, smarter way."

"That isn't any good, either."

"It's what they've asked for. No law covers it. So make your own. And I know how to do it. I'm an expert."

He moved over to sit on the blanket.

"No, Paul."

"Why not? I know I'm right. Why not? There isn't a reason in the world good enough to stop me."

She was still kneeling, close beside him. He glanced up into her face. She was looking at him oddly. With a motion almost as quick as her hard, competent slap had been, she leaned forward, hands light on his shoulders, and brought her lips down firmly on his. It was an awkward kiss because of their positions, and it lasted but a few seconds before she flung away from him and turned face down on the blanket, her head cradled in her arms, yet there had been a fierce possessiveness in the kiss, an almost shocking immediacy. He sat stupidly and looked down at her. Her shoulders shook, but she made no sound.

"Linda," he said. "Linda."

Her voice was muffled. "Go walk or something. Leave me alone."

He reached over and took her cigarettes, lit one, and noted dispassionately that his fingers trembled. He looked down at her sleek tan back, at her firm, round legs and the way they tapered to the slenderest of ankles.

After a time, she hunched herself up onto her elbows and stared down at the blanket. Then she turned and sat up, keeping her face away from him. She held her hand out, half behind her. "Cigarette."

He fixed one for her. "Careful. It's lighted."

"Thanks."

After a long time, she said, "Pretty impulsive, wasn't it?"

"Very pleasant, though."

"Don't make standard answers. I'm trying to think out loud. I'm trying to figure out why it happened. I've told myself enough times that once is enough. I thought Eddie had all the love I had to give. And I thought of what you were going to do. And I thought of what they'd do to you afterward, because you'd do it boldly and go and tell them what you'd done and why. And you said there wasn't any reason. No reason in the world why you shouldn't, and right then it seemed to me as if I could be a reason if you gave both of us enough time. Am I making any sense?"

"I think so. I feel close to you in an odd way. Without very much reason for it. I mean, any reason that's easy to understand. Turn around."

"I can't. I don't want to look at you. I'm ashamed."

"Maybe you shouldn't be. I think it worked. It gave me a different way to look at killing them. That would be a sort of self-indulgence. A dramatic kind of selfishness. And it wouldn't do Valerie any good. Or me, either. Or, of course, you."

"What will you do?" she asked so quietly he had to lean a bit closer to hear her.

"I think I'll go in there tonight and find out what they're doing."

"Can you do that?"

"I built that place. I could walk around it for hours blindfolded. I know how to move in the dark. I'll find out and I'll tell you, and if it's something the law should break up, then we'll fix that up, too. Now, turn around."

She turned around, lifted her eyes shyly to his, and looked away. "If it worked, then maybe it was all right."

"Maybe it was."

"But I wish I didn't feel like such a fool."

"Smile and look casual."

"Like this?" She made her eyes wide, her smile broad, and stuck her tongue out of the corner of her mouth, to give herself a look of idiocy.

"That's my girl."

Her face saddened. "Oh, Paul. Coming back to life hurts, doesn't it?"

"We can be experts on that."

"With a lot of time. Give me a lot of time, will you?"

He knew he could use the moon shadows. He turned the house lights off at nine-thirty and sat in the dark for an hour. He wore dark trousers, a dark shirt, sneakers. He rubbed his face and neck and hands with insect repellent. He walked out into the night and saw the vague light through the trees. He turned on the hose faucet and let water dribble into the black earth under it. He puddled the water with his fingers, made a black paste, and carefully smeared his face and hands. He made certain that there was nothing in his pockets to chink or rattle. The trousers fitted snugly at the waist; there was no need of a belt, which might creak. He could hear, in his ears, the thud of his heart, quickened by adrenalin. Yet he felt the familiar coldness that came over him before every patrol. The difference was that this time he carried no weapon. He drifted noiselessly across the silver patch of moonlight and entered the brush that separated the house from the cabañas.

Some small creature scampered away in panic, and a bird made a sleepy croaking sound. Mosquitoes whined nearby, and he heard the slow wash of the surf.

He stood in the shadow of a palm bole and saw the two cars parked there, the familiar gray sedan and the black one he had seen that morning. The moon gleamed on the black satin of the hood. The palms of his hands were sweaty. He moved off to his right, then circled around and came up to crouch in the black shadow of the gray sedan, one knee against the ground. He heard a man's heavy laugh, a deep mumble of voices. Venetian blinds closed out most of the light that came through the two windows on that side of the cabaña. He knew they were the side windows of the living room. He was between the two cars. He looked at the windows and saw that the blind on the farthest one was about a half inch clear of the sill. As he was about to move silently to the side of the house and risk the full slant of moonlight, a door opened, and light poured out across the yard.

The voices were suddenly louder, and he recognized Winkler's saying, "Here, let me get that for you."

Paul froze for a moment, then lay flat

on the ground between the two cars. He looked under the cars and saw two pairs of feet heading for the black sedan. He rolled silently under the gray one.

A strange man said in a thickly accented voice. "Wait, I unlock the trunk."

Paul heard the trunk lid go up, heard Winkler grunt, heard a heavy thumping noise. "There. That do it?"

"Thank you. It is fine."

"Remember what I told you. If you fellas have bad luck, you don't know where it came from."

"There will be no bad luck, *señor*. We are careful people."

"Not any more careful than we are."

"Perhaps."

Paul saw others coming, three more pairs of feet. One of them was a woman's. The car doors opened, and Paul heard a faint creak as the body of the car tilted when someone heavy got in.

"We are indebted," the woman said. "You must forgive the precautions. It is not like a purchase from an established institution."

"It don't bother me," Winkler said. "I want you folks satisfied. Then you'll be back."

"When would the same quantity be available?" the woman asked.

"Hard to say. We can't run it like a sausage factory. Tomorrow I take a party down the line after grouper."

"You are intelligent, *señor*."

"I'm just not too greedy. Next time bring the kind of money I want, you hear? I don't like the new stuff. Especially that big. It makes questions."

"Do you have other customers?" the woman asked.

"Now, I got a feeling that would be tellin'," Winkler said, chuckling. "You know where to leave the car?"

"You have told us at least six times," the accented man said irritatedly.

"Now, don't go getting mouthy on me, my friend."

"In a month, then, *señor*."

"I'll let you know if we got it." The car started, bright lights flicking on. Paul tautened, wondering if the headlights would sweep under the gray car when they backed away. But they backed the other way, and the headlights swung away from him.

The car sound faded, and Winkler said, "How about that bunch, Donny?"

Paul heard Donny spit, then say sullenly, "I get tired of being treated like a servant by that crowd."

"They pay nice, Donny. Right up there close to market price."

"What good does that do when you stash everything. I'm getting sick of—"

"Shut up, kid. Do just like I tell you, and you'll live nice the rest of your life. Now, go get that bottle away from Corson. We got a party to take out early."

"He said he isn't going. He says it took him three days on that last batch while we loafed, and he says it's hot work this time of year, staying inside there with the blinds closed, and he says his wrist burts where he burned it on that last batch. Why don't you let him pass out, and maybe he'll stop singing."

"It'll mean more work for you."

"So it's more work. We fish all this week?"

"While we've got neighbors. There's enough for Corson to work on, anyway, when you figure in this morning's take."

"I got to have a day to go in and get the tanks filled."

"You got a new place lined up?"

"Sure. Like you said. Up in Hollywood. How about the neighbor, Moss?"

"Don't know if she got him to promise anything. I sure can't ask her, and I don't want to ask him until the week is up. He's got a thick head on him. In a way, Donny, it was a break, the way it worked out. She was acting funny. Like she might have a chat with Rayder. Like she was cracking up."

Their voices were soft and guarded in the night. Donny spat again. "You sweat too much, Moss. I had her under control. I had to give her just one taste to let her know I was serious. After that, she'd turn green and start rubbing her wrist every time I'd light a cigarette. She wouldn't dare talk too much. I'm sure going to miss that little old gal."

Their voices faded as they moved toward the door. Paul heard the door shut. He lay under the car for a time, anger and outrage in him like a sickness, like a disease that could smother him. It would be no great trick to ambush them and kill the three of them. Silently, with a knife, out of the darkness. He clung to the memory of Linda on the sun-hot sand until slowly the rage began to fade.

He slid out from under the car and went quickly to the window. All the lights were on, and the room was unkempt, battered. The thin, dark man he had seen driving the black sedan was on the long couch, a glass in his hand, balanced on his chest. Donny went over and gently eased the glass out of Corson's hand, turned, and said to Moss Winkler. "He's out already."

"Leave him be, then."

Donny went over and sat in a chair and picked up a newspaper. Paul could hear Moss rattling dishes. From the stillness, it seemed evident that nothing more of interest would happen. He decided it would be a good time to take a look at the boat, to see if it would add any of the missing parts of the puzzle. He moved back into the shadows and circled the house back to the main path that led down to the swimming pool. Just as he reached the pool, he heard the door open again. He wasted no time staring back. He dropped almost noiselessly into the empty pool. Half of it was in bright moonlight, and he flattened himself against the shadowed side.

Someone came down the path, whistling softly, bare feet padding by within inches of Paul's head. After the sound passed, Paul risked a look, and saw Donny's white hair in the moonlight.

He waited and heard Donny on the cruiser, rattling something metallic. Minutes later, Donny went back to the cabaña. Paul looked again and saw that he was carrying a pair of small cylindrical tanks. Paul waited five minutes. One of the lights went out in the cabaña. He pulled himself up out of the swimming pool, remembering the day it had been finished, remembering Valerie grinning up at him from the dancing green water, her dark wet hair pasted to the fragile line of her skull.

He went down to the crude boat basin, stepped over the low rail, and went into the cruiser's cabin.

The air was thick in there, smelling of

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He saw the line stretching down into the dark, mysterious green depths and knew he would have to follow it

sweat and fish. He had no idea what he was looking for. He found a gear locker, fumbled inside it, touched a tangle of lines and pulleys. He had brought no light, and he would not dare use one in any case. He went back up on deck and found, near the wheel, in a protected place, a locked gun rack with two rifles. Something rattled under his foot. He felt for it, picked it up. It was a thick, rusted object shaped like a ringbolt, half the size of his hand. The rust powdered away, and the metal itself felt rotten. On impulse he put it in his pocket. The boat had nothing further to offer, at least in this darkness. He moved slowly back up toward the cabaña, keeping in the shadows, and each time he paused to listen, he could hear the slow hard beat of his heart. He stood in the deep shadow of a thick palm bole and wondered if it would be worth while to risk again the bright moonlight by the window. He could hear no sound. The door opened suddenly, and Moss Winkler stood framed against the light. Paul stood motionless, barely breathing. The big man seemed ill at ease, as if some animal caution warned him that something moved silently through the night.

He came out into the darkness, out of the light that came from the doorway. Paul saw the cigarette end glowing, saw the silent hulk of the man. Winkler moved slowly toward the palm tree, until he stood within six feet of Paul. Paul gingerly worked the heavy piece of rusted metal out of his pocket, put his two middle fingers through the ring, and waited.

Winkler was so close he heard the man's faintly asthmatic breathing. Winkler moved slowly away, stood for a time, then shrugged and went back into the house. Paul let his breath out slowly, shoved the ringbolt back into his pocket. After a few minutes, he turned and worked his way back to the small house.

He went into the bedroom, turned on the lights, and looked at the heavy bolt. It was crudely fashioned, and so rusted he could not tell whether it had ever been threaded. The circle was a bit lopsided, and it looked as if the metal, which he could almost pinch off between thumb and finger, had been a

bit thicker on one half of the circle than on the other when it was new.

He sat, bouncing it lightly on the palm of his hand for a long time, and by the time he was ready to go to bed, he believed that he had almost everything he needed. Almost everything. Corson would sleep late tomorrow. Winkler and Donny would be off with some apparently innocent and uninvolved fishermen.

Paul was waiting at the restaurant when Linda arrived, in the morning. She looked at him questioningly. He said, "I think I know the score. But it's going to take some looking, and I need help. Can you come along when Marie and your mother show up?"

"Of course."

He liked her instant awareness and acceptance of his not wishing to say more about it, not until he knew more.

She made breakfast quickly for both of them. Then, after Marie showed up, she went with him to Al Wright's small bayside house, on the Gulf side. Al's wife, a small, tight-faced woman, was reluctant to wake Al up. Finally he came into the kitchen, his thin hair tousled, his wide face puffed with sleep.

"Al," Paul said, "this is weird-sounding, but it's important. Is the *Baby Barnacle* in the water?"

"Sure. She's running, but not so hot. You want to take her?"

"I'd like to."

"She's gassed up. Give her a lot of choke."

"Did your boy leave any of his skin-fishing stuff here?"

Al looked at his wife, and she said acidly, "There's things in the closet."

They looked, and Paul found a face mask that fitted him. The swim fins would be a tight squeeze, but they seemed to measure close enough. He found a wide web belt with snap pockets for the lead weights and a quick-release buckle in the front. He packed it with weights while Al watched silently.

"You said it's important?"

"That's right."

"But you don't want to talk about it."

"Not yet, Al."

"You got the answer to what Winkler's doing?"

"I might have it. I'm not sure yet."

"You want to watch it, then. I think he's pretty rough. And I think Donny and that Corson are pretty rough. She going with you?" He pointed a thumb at Linda.

"It'll be all right, Al. They took an early party out. I saw them head south. Out of sight. Corson is sleeping it off. It'll be all right. It won't take long."

"You know where you're going?"

"I've got it marked."

"Well, let me know."

"If I'm right, you'll know."

"Wait a minute." Al went into the bedroom, came back out working the slide of a big forty-five automatic. He inspected the clip, shoved it into the grip, handed it to Paul. "A thing like that can be right handy, hear?"

"Thanks."

Paul carried the gear down to the *Baby Barnacle*. He put the stuff on the dock, unsnapped the tarp off the broad-beamed open craft, folded it on the dock.

Linda cast off the bow line, came lightly aboard. Paul got the motor going. It chuckled raggedly. He cast off the stern line, put it in reverse, and moved out into the bay clear of the dock. He turned her north, heading for the bridge and the pass through into the Atlantic.

"What am I going to do?" Linda asked. "I mean, while you're down there."

"Watch. And if anything comes, anything that could be Winkler's boat or Corson coming out to investigate, take this gaff and bang it on the side of the boat below the water line. I'll be able to hear that a long way down."

"Is your wind good enough?"

"I think so."

"You should have had me bring a swim suit. I'm pretty good."

"I can manage."

Once through the pass, he swung south outside the reef. The *Baby Barnacle* chugged along, solemn and seaworthy. Finally, ahead and to the right, he saw his land, saw the glint of his house in the morning sun. Some boats were far out, fishing, vague dots against the horizon. He watched for the notch in the reef. He slowed when he came to it and tried to guess the drift of wind and tide. The first time he dropped anchor, he was too far back from the estimated spot where Winkler's boat had been. He was correct on the next try.

"Here?" she asked. "It's close to the reef."

"Pretty close." He stripped down to his swimming trunks, worked his feet into the swim fins, put the mask on. It was smeared, so he moistened a cigarette, rubbed the glass with the wet tobacco, inside and out. He strapped the belt on and went over the stern and tested himself for buoyancy. He had too much lead, so he emptied four of the snap pockets. With a full breath, he sank very slowly. He broke surface and grabbed the stern of the *Baby Barnacle*. He said, "Watch down there for Winkler's boat. And keep a watch on the shore for Corson. There's a dinghy there. If he wakes up, he may try to come out."

He took a few slow breaths, let them out, took another, turned, and swam down hard. The green color of the water deepened rapidly. The reef was jagged at his left. He knew that if he brushed against it, the coral would infect him at every scratch. The currents were tricky. At what he guessed to be forty feet, he came to flat sand bottom outside the coral reef. He flapped the swim fins and moved across the sand toward the reef. His chest tightened, and he released some air. When his throat began to work convulsively, he braced his feet, sprang upward and swam hard, looking up to be sure he didn't come up under the *Baby Barnacle*. He came up forty feet away and swam wearily to the stern.

"Nothing that trip," he gasped, and shoved the mask up. He clung there until his breathing quieted.

He went down again, and again he saw nothing. She watched him with concern as he clung to the stern of the boat. "This time," she said with artificial cheer.

He went down again and saw nothing. On the way up, as he peered up through the lightening green of the water, he saw a line that stretched up from the bottom. He swam to it, worked his way up it. It was fastened to a red buoy suspended a good eight feet below the surface.

Paul surfaced over the buoy, marked the position of the boat, and swam to it. He said pantingly, holding onto the

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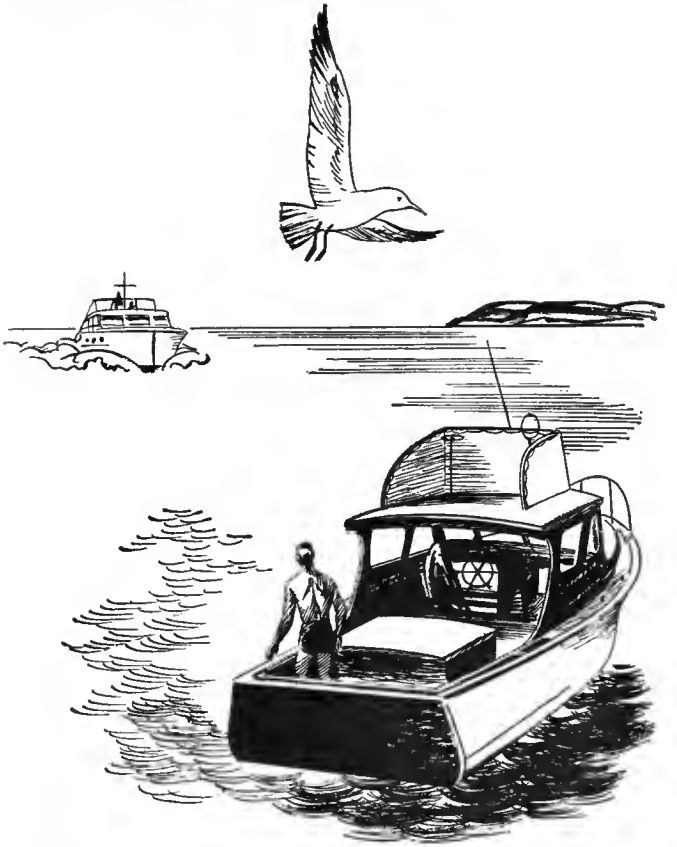

He watched Winkler's cruiser bearing down and realized it was much too late to try to escape

transom, "Pay out a little more anchor line. Got to let out about fifteen feet."

"Have you got something?"

"I think so."

She let out the line, and he told her to stop when he could see the faint gleam of the red buoy directly below him.

"Shouldn't you rest a little longer?"

"I'm okay. This is taking longer than I thought."

He surface-dived, found the line, followed it down. It passed through a bolt set in a gallon tin of concrete and stretched from the ringbolt toward the reef itself. He followed it and found that the end was fastened to another ringbolt driven into a crevice in the coral. There was a definite overhang to the reef there, so that, holding the ringbolt, he was in a big shallow cave in the side of the reef. There was a wide shallow depression in the sand. He saw the huge rotting timbers, lime encrusted, worm-eaten, still hinting of the shape of an ancient ship. He saw the digging tools, clumsily lashed to the coral, saw the wire screen on the anchored frame, saw the pry bar, the chunks of coral that had been prized away. He saw it and knew that it was enough, and knew that he was near the limit of his endurance. He knew he had to swim out before starting up. The coral would cut like knives.

He floated down onto his hands and knees on the sand and began to dig in the loose sand. And then he knew at once that he had waited too long. His chest began to heave with the convulsive effort to breathe against the closed throat. He thrust hard with his legs, slanting up and out of the shallow cave. But the surface was too far away, and he knew that his throat would open. He released the snap of the weighted belt and then, in a dim and dreamlike state, made listless motions of swimming, moving slowly upward through the paler green of the water as he neared the surface. Water was solid in his throat, and he felt the sun and air on his face as he surfaced, and turned slowly so that his face was under once again, and the green water world was something going away from him very fast, like something seen from the observation platform of a train.

Paul felt a mild annoyance as he was grasped and turned. He wanted to protest, but he coughed, gagged.

She took his hand and lifted it and put it on the transom and folded his fingers over the warm wood and said in his ear, her voice coming from far away, "Hold on, Paul! Hold tight for just a minute."

He clung there, blinded by coughing, vaguely aware that she had climbed into the boat, that she knelt, dripping in the soaked cotton dress, holding his wrists. She stood up and pulled hard. The transom edge scraped his chest, then cut across his middle. She grabbed the back of the belt of his swimming trunks and tumbled him awkwardly the rest of the way in. He coughed water out of his lungs, sourly.

Finally he could sit up. The whole world looked bright and new and freshly scrubbed after the dimness.

"Thanks. I—"

"Not twice, Paul. Not two of you. I couldn't stand that." Her voice was low and shaken, and her gray eyes were wide. The soft brown hair was plastered flat to her head, the sun-bleached streaks darkened by the water. The soaked dress displayed the woman-lines of her, the strong body, the young sturdiness.

One had drowned, he thought, and one had not. One had dived or fallen from the reef. There were no rocks farther in than the reef. It was all flat sand. Some uncertainty nibbled at a back edge of his mind. Broken chunks of coral down there in the green depths. A man who had watched too often and learned too much. Tracks that led into the water and did not—

"Linda!"

"What, Paul? What's the matter?"

"Linda, those footprints your husband made going into the water. Bare footprints, weren't they?"

"Why, yes, of course. I don't know what—" And he saw her face change, saw her turn her head and look at the reef. He did not have to turn to see what she saw, the waves hissing and breaking to whiteness on that cruel surface that would have slashed bare feet to bloody tatters in seconds. And with an incoming tide, he couldn't have been hurled against the reef while swimming, not if he had never crossed it. And it had been one of those calm gray mornings. . . .

She said, in a voice full of lost wonder, "The day he swam out to that rocky

island he wore tennis shoes so he could cross the reef."

"It isn't proof," he said.

As she looked at him, she was like somebody coming awake. "What else do we need?"

"There's timbers down there, bits of old rigging. Spanish, I'd say. Their treasure ships used to sail out of Veracruz, full of Aztec gold. Hurricanes out of the Caribbean used to drive them onto this coast, onto these reefs. Most of the gold is gone for good, buried over, lost. The reef helped protect this one. Maybe it was uncovered by one of the storms. What I heard last night gave me the clue. What I heard, and a rusted old hand-forged ringbolt. They've been working it. Diving with Aqualungs, bringing the stuff up, and Corson has been melting it down. There's a profitable illegal traffic in gold. I bet Winkler's peddling it all over Latin America. Corson melts it right there, I imagine, with one of those little lab-size electric furnaces.

"Lord knows how they happened to stumble across it. Maybe while spear fishing. Then Winkler knew he had to have a base that was handy. I don't know how they would have worked it if I'd been around. But they had it easy. A woman alone, and a woman who was emotionally vulnerable through loneliness, and not very brave. Donny got close to her, and found out she could be frightened, and then they scared her into selling, and she decided her penalty would have to be to get out of my life."

"And Eddie," she said, "found out too much, and they—just killed him. . . ."

He stood up and picked up the mask. "I'd like to get a piece of the gold, if I can find any."

She took the mask from him. "Let me. I've got to help."

His strength was coming back too slowly for him to protest. Unself-consciously, she pulled off the soaked dress and spread it out on the engine hatch. She wedged her feet into the swim fins, adjusted the mask, slipped over the stern. He saw her locate the buoy, then turn down in a quick surface dive. He saw a last flutter of green fins, then nothing.

He stood and watched the water, legs braced against the slow rise and fall of the *Baby Barnacle*.

She was staying down a long time. Too long. There was a drone like that of a mosquito, far away, and he did not notice it until it seemed to grow heavier, drumming in the air over the sound of the wave wash on the reef. He turned sharply, cursing his own inattention.

Winkler's cruiser was coming hard and fast, white bow waves sparkling in the sun. It was about four hundred yards away. Even if he had had the anchor up and the slow engine chugging, it was far too late to hope for escape. He turned and looked again at the surface of the water. Just as he turned, Linda broke through the surface, gasping, smiling at him, holding up a dark object the size of a plum. She looked past the *Baby Barnacle* and saw the cruiser bearing down on them.

She reached the transom in two strokes, and he hauled her up and into the boat. He hoped Winkler didn't have glasses on them. He snatched the surprisingly heavy piece of metal out of her hand, shoved the engine hatch over, snatched up the pistol, and placed both down beside the engine, out of sight.

"Get your dress on, and don't say anything," he said.

They came up at full speed, and at the last possible moment Winkler, at the wheel, shifted into full reverse. The cruiser lugged down, and the water boiled astern. The battered craft eased gently to within ten feet of the *Baby Barnacle*.

Donny stood at the stern of the cruiser, one of the rifles held across his thighs. Winkler headed into the tidal current, and the heavy marine engines turned over slowly, just matching the drift.

"Any luck?" Winkler asked. Paul decided it was something in the way they stood, something in their eyes, something in the set of their mouths. He had seen that look before.

"Where's your fishing party?" Paul asked.

"We got a little ship-to-shore. Corson got us word. Little code word that means company. That's the boat belongs to that bum that runs the tavern, isn't it?"

"This is Al Wright's boat," Paul said steadily. "And I'm the guy whose wife you turned Donny loose on, Winkler. And this is the lady whose husband you killed. And today is the day you run out of luck."

"I make my luck, Rayder."

Donny moved close to Winkler. Winkler gave instructions in a low tone that Paul could not hear. Donny did not take his eyes from Paul as he listened. Paul felt as if every nerve in his body were being pulled slowly through his skin. His hands were wet. It was a familiar feeling, adrenalin in his blood. That patrol feeling, when your ears magnify the night sounds, when your eyes see more than ever before.

Winkler took the rifle, held it easily in one hand, the other on the wheel. Donny uncased binoculars and climbed to the cabin roof, braced his feet, and methodically searched the shore line, the surrounding horizon."

"Nothing I can see, Moss."

The big, red-bodied man bit his lip. Paul could sense the deep uneasiness in him and tried to increase it by giving the impression of calm. He glanced at Linda. She stood easily in the drying dress, and he saw that she never took her eyes from Winkler's face. He knew there was fear in her, and knew also that she would never show it.

"Toss her a line, Donny."

The coiled line rattled aboard. Winkler said, "Girl, make that fast to the bow."

Linda looked at Paul, and he nodded. She went forward with the end of the line and made it fast.

"Now, girl. Heave up that anchor. And then sit down in the bow. You, Rayder, sit on the engine hatch."

Donny stood in the stern of the cruiser with the rifle Winkler had given back to him. The engine sound deepened, and the cruiser began to move straight out away from the reef. The line tautened and pulled the bow of the *Baby Barnacle* around, and the smaller boat began to waddle busily in tow after the cruiser.

There had been, as yet, not the slightest opportunity for escape. And Paul realized, with a sudden chill feeling, that if Winkler wanted to play it safe all the way, there never would be an opportunity. With the island blocking the view and the boats far out on the horizon.

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Their flat, cruel eyes told him their brutal decision; its execution was a mere detail

too far away to be of any help or even to be aware there was trouble, it would take merely two quick shots, the flat sounds lost in the sea sound, and two weights and some wire, and casting the *Baby Barnacle* adrift. Winkler would be enormously stupid to kill the two of them. It would focus enough attention on him as to inevitably lead to too many questions and not enough answers.

And yet there would be a supreme futility in saying, "Don't kill us, please, because it really isn't terribly bright of you, old boy." And no matter how deep the water was off the island, Winkler would not be impressed by the fact that corpus delicti means not the body of the deceased but the body of the evidence.

He saw Winkler turn away from the wheel and bend over a compartment to his right. He straightened up with a twin to the weight that anchored the buoy line, only larger. A two-gallon pail full of concrete with a ringbolt set in it. Linda attracted Paul's attention with a furtive motion of her hand. Paul saw that she had found a heavily rusted fish knife. Winkler turned in a slow curve around the island and cut the engines. The cruiser drifted to a stop. The *Baby Barnacle* drifted toward the stern of the cruiser, the tow line going slack.

"There's a hundred feet of water here," Winkler said in the sudden silence.

Paul saw there had been a subtle change in the attitude of the two men. In the minds and limited imaginations of Winkler and Donny, he and Linda were already dead. There remained only the details of effecting it neatly. Winkler seemed to be growing more calm. Donny seemed taut, unable to look at Linda.

The *Baby Barnacle* thumped gently against the stern of the cruiser. Both men looked down into the smaller boat. Paul saw Linda had tucked the rusted knife under her thigh, out of sight.

"It's a stupid idea." Paul said softly.

Winkler barely glanced at him. Donny shifted the rifle, and the muzzle swung and centered on Paul's face.

Winkler hit the barrel up with the heel of his hand. "Fool!"

"Oh." Donny said. "I get it. No marks on the boat."

"Which one of you killed him?" Linda asked.

Winkler looked at her with annoyance. "Don't talk."

"Which one of you was it?"

Donny didn't look at her. He said. "I did it, if that makes you happier. I was out there before daylight, standing on bottom, wearing the air tanks. I looked up and saw him coming, above my head, so I jumped up and clubbed him with a hunk of corral." Paul saw him slant his eyes toward her and quickly look away.

Winkler took a length of line and threaded it through the ringbolt and took the rifle from Donny and handed him the two long free ends of the line. He said, "Get down there and knot one end good to her ankle and the other end to his. And don't get between me and either of them, hear?"

Paul was aware of the clear blue of the sky overhead. Tied to a common rope, they would dance down there in the deep-green current, swinging apart, coming back together again, her wild hair afloat, deep-sea maiden in the sea-rotted cotton. Once the line was firmly knotted, Winkler had only to heave the improvised anchor overboard. There would be a hard tug. And then Donny could muscle them over the side, loosen their desperate fingers, and stand, watching the steep, slow-motion falling, the dwindling, and then the empty sea. Paul looked at Linda. Her face was a sick color under the tan.

Winkler had the flat eyes of a man who is not susceptible to any improvised diversion. It would, Paul saw, depend largely on how cleverly or how stupidly Donny approached him to affix the rope. And he knew, thinking of it, exactly how he would do it. Make a slip noose, direct the leg to be raised, toss the noose over the foot, and tighten it with one hard yank, trusting to the water to soak the knot quickly, make it too stubborn for fingers that would fumble at it during the slow fall through the deepening green.

"Move back to the stern, girl." Winkler directed. Paul saw Linda half turn her head and then slump, her head thumping with a painful sound against the thwart.

Donny pulled the *Baby Barnacle* a bit closer and jumped lightly in. Winkler held the barrel aimed directly at Paul's eyes. Donny seemed not to want to touch the unconscious girl. He wet his lips and wiped his hands on the side of his shorts, and finally squatted and looped the rope around her slim ankle, pulled it tight, knotted it expertly. He tested it, wiped his hands on the sides of his shorts again, and stood up, turning with the other end of the line in his hand to look at Paul..

In that instant, Linda moved like a cat. She was in an awkward position. Paul realized, even in that flash, that he had not noticed that her fingertips had been tucked under her thigh as she had slumped in an apparent faint. Too low and a shade too far from Donny to reach any vital part of him with the rusty blade, she did, apparently from some primal instinct the only damaging thing she could do. She sliced hard across the backs of his knees.

Paul had once heard a pack mule scream with sudden, unexpected agony. He did precisely what he had rehearsed mentally for the past fifteen minutes, a linked series of movements so completely thought out that now there was no thought involved in the performance. He tumbled backward off the hatch, catching the hatch cover in his fingers, hurling it aside, rolling to his knees, knowing he was taking far too long, even though Donny's scream was still high and clear and he had only begun to fall, then snaking his arm down beside the motor, yanking out the heavy automatic pistol, working the slide as he dropped back to use the maximum possible cover of the engine compartment, hearing the flat crack mingling with the fading scream, feeling the hot rawness along the side of his face as the heavy pistol in that same instant jumped in his hand. He did not hear the sound of his own shot, but he watched the slow and vivid dance Winkler did in the sunlight, the slow-motion disintegration as when a cliff is dynamited a long way off. Winkler had been working the rifle bolt, and he took the slug in the pit of the stomach. It swept him backward and off his feet, his face wild and slack with surprise.

Donny rolled in agony. Paul straightened up, hearing his grunting and thumping, and saw Linda with the rusty knife poised above the broad hard brown back, her lips flat back against her teeth, and she was on her knees. She dropped the knife and sagged back on her heels

and covered her face with her hands.

First Paul tied the *Baby Barnacle* close to the cruiser. He looked at Winkler. The man was unconscious from the force of impact, flat on his back, a viscid hole an inch above his belt and a shade off center to the right. There was a knife in a rack near the wheel. Paul took it and cut short lengths of rope and found a screw driver and a short-handled gaff, which could be used as tourniquets. The right leg, where the stroke hit first, was the worse of the two. He rolled Donny onto his back. Donny watched the sky with gray face and his powerful fingers dimpled his thighs as Paul worked over him. The hamstrung legs were sickeningly distorted because the severed tendons had pulled back up into the muscle tissue of the thighs and down into the hard calves.

"Is there something I can do to help?" she asked at his elbow, in a weak voice.

"Take that knife and cut two more pieces of line about a yard long, please."

"You're bleeding, Paul."

"It's wood splinters. He hit the engine compartment an inch from my cheek."

She brought the pieces of line. Donny lay still while he got the tourniquets tightened and lashed in place. Paul straightened up and wiped his bloody hands on his swimming trunks. Most, but not all, of the flow had stopped. Donny's face looked shrunken, simian. He propped himself up on his elbows, looked unbelievingly at his legs, and slumped back.

She tore off a scrap of her skirt and wet it and made Paul hold still while she gently cleaned the side of his face. The salt stung tears into his eyes. She bit her lip and gingerly pulled out the more obvious splinters. One had missed the corner of his eye by a quarter of an inch.

They towed the *Baby Barnacle* to the Cove's End municipal dock. Winkler regained partial consciousness on the way back. They did not talk on the way in. Reaction was too heavy in them. There was no exhilaration at escape. Only a heavy weariness.

The Miami office where the three men questioned them was frigidly air-conditioned. The men were neat, trim, brisk, efficient, and formal. At last the one in charge reached over and turned off the tape recorder.

"We'll want your signatures on the transcription. Now, I'd like to show you this." He took a plum-sized object of burnished glowing gold and handed it carefully to Linda.

"Why, it's a buckle, isn't it?"

"The experts cleaned it up. They tell me it was made in Oaxaca. That face is supposed to be the Aztec god called Xipe. I guess my accent is a little shaky. The experts were almost in tears thinking of the other priceless things that crew melted up into little bars worth six thousand apiece, approximately. Corson and that Donny Walto agree on the number of bars they turned out and sold. Nearly a hundred and sixty. Figure it out. It's a million-dollar business."

The phone buzzed. The man in charge picked it up, spoke briefly. He hung up. "Winkler won't confirm anything. He just died without ever being in any shape to answer questions."

"I had to shoot quickly."

"Don't apologize. I guess he had a certain cleverness. He had sense enough not to bring in regular diving equipment."

"And clever enough," Paul said, "to ruin Valerie's life."

"I don't think you want to hear what Walto had to say about that, Captain. It's pretty clinical. Pain as a persuasive. Once they convinced him at the hospital that he'll have to be carried to his execution, he was willing to answer any question. He's got no more interest in his own future, protection, or welfare. By the way, I suggest you get your lawyer to start an action to get that property sale set aside on the grounds of duress. We'll be glad to cooperate. Title should revert to you without too much difficulty."

On the way down the Keys, Linda reverted again to the somber silence that had worried him since those moments of violence on the boat. The last of the day was nearly gone as they approached Cove's End. With a bitter impulse, he braked the car hard and turned into the road that led down to the abandoned fishing camp, the battered sea wall.

She sat up. "What are you doing?"

"I'd like to sit on the wall for a little while. Do you mind?"

"Well, for a little while."

He parked, and they went down, and as before, he helped her up onto the wall. The sea looked deep purple, and the first faint stars were out. He gave her a cigarette, lit hers and his own.

"Linda, what is it?"

"What do you mean?"

"I don't know. Maybe the best way to say it is: Where have you gone?"

"I don't know."

"Something happened to you."

"I know that. Maybe all this is something I didn't want in my life. All I wanted was the good things, the warm and safe things. Not murder, and the way blood looks, and knowing that there's some dark, violent thing in me that can come out and use my arm and hand and a knife."

"A good thing you did."

"I thought it was over, Paul. We were done, you and I. They were going to finish us. So all I wanted to do was hurt him. What kind of a person does that make me?"

"Normal, I'd say."

"Normal?"

"It's something you learn. Some people never learn it. A form of self-knowledge. We've got a veneer. A neon, TV, asphalt, cocktail-lounge veneer. But scratch any of us hard enough and deep enough, and out comes the jungle."

"You seemed to topple off that hatch cover and have the gun in your hand and fire in the same instant."

"I couldn't do it again that fast unless there was just as much hate and fear and anger. The jungle quickness. In you, in me, when the chips are down."

She turned her head sharply and said with surprising bitterness, "I don't want to think. Why can't you let me alone?"

Before he could answer, she dropped off the wall, landed lightly, walked slowly up the beach. He was angry until he remembered another time. When he had walked away. He followed her slowly. She stopped. When he spoke her name, she started violently, yet as he took her shoulders, turned her around gently, he had the feeling that she had stopped there to wait for him. And there was a fire at sea where the moon would soon appear.

THE END

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OUR READERS WRITE

The Last Word

JUSTICE FOR VANESSA BROWN

Seattle, Washington: I am a twenty-year subscriber to COSMOPOLITAN, and since I can't save all the issues, I save only the most important articles. I find your new format wonderful for this. But what

Surely *this* does her justice

happened with Vanessa Brown ["Her Brains Didn't Get in Her Way," March]? I saw her make a picture in 1949, and, frankly, her pictures don't do her justice.

—EMILY T. PURSLEY

BUGS IN THE BUGATTI

New York, New York: It seems to me your recent article on the Bugatti ["Bugatti—World's Greatest Car," January] is a direct steal from material in a recent book by Mr. Ken Purdy entitled *Kings of the Road.*

—JOHN FELLOWS

Not a direct steal, surely, but the similarity was quite appalling.
—The Editors

NO FAT TO TRIM

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania: I am afraid I must disagree with Maurice Zolotow's article "A Diet for Thin People" [March]. I have been ten to fifteen pounds underweight all my life, yet I love to eat, and do eat like a little pig. My doctor tells me that I am disgustingly healthy but still underweight. Thanks, though, for a good laugh.

—JO ANNE VIRESILE

MOTHER FOR SCHEINFELD

Falmouth, Virginia: Congratulations to COSMOPOLITAN for your insight in obtaining the services of Amram Scheinfeld. I have three children and felt as if he were talking to me in his article "How Real Is a Mother's Influence on Her Child?" [March]. It was such a help and answered so many questions I had hesitated to ask.

—MRS. JOAN KURCH

GI RENT

Giessen, Germany: With general pleasure and one annoyance I read your recent article "The Welby Logans of Germany" [February]. Despite what you think, no one in the military gets family quarters rent free, here or Stateside. Since we are quartered by the Army, our rental allowance is deducted from my husband's pay. —MRS. PRIOR THWAITS

Quite the contrary. Military personnel receive a rental allowance only when the Government cannot furnish quarters.
—The Editors

PLAUDITS FOR FICTION

Phoenix, Arizona: Hooray for COSMO. You are the only magazine whose fiction I still read. Couldn't we have more?

—A. J. M.

Sure can. Look in this issue, where you'll find seven fiction pieces.
—The Editors

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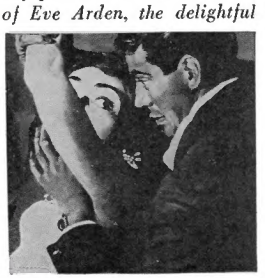
Looking into June

Penguin

"OUR MISS BROOKS"

America's most famous teacher is a master technician of the wisecrack. No shrinking violet, she has done more for the teaching profession than any person since Mr. Chips. Next month we tell the first complete story of Eve Arden, the delightful "Our Miss Brooks" of radio and TV.



"THE MAN WHO KNOWS MOST ABOUT WOMEN"

When it comes to the fair sex, Dr. Kinsey is an amateur compared to a man who works for a soap company. He knows things women don't know about themselves. We feel that June is the time to discuss "The Man Who Knows Most About Women."

And the year's most suspenseful short story—"Fifty Beautiful Girls"

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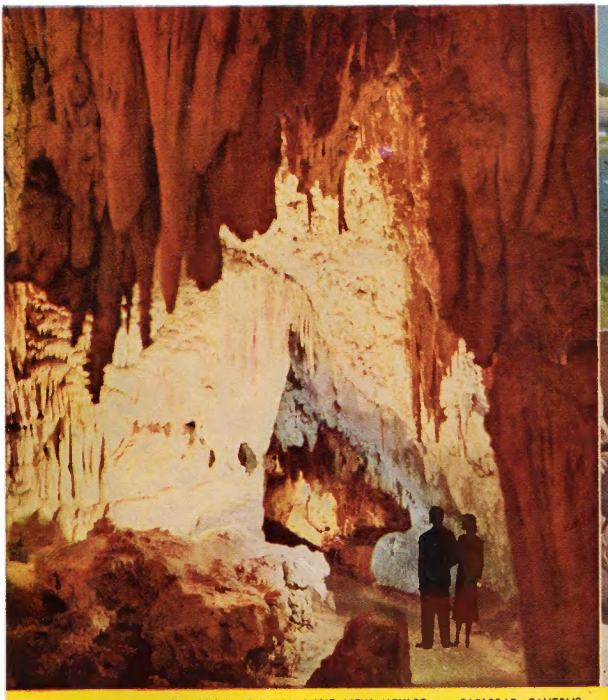

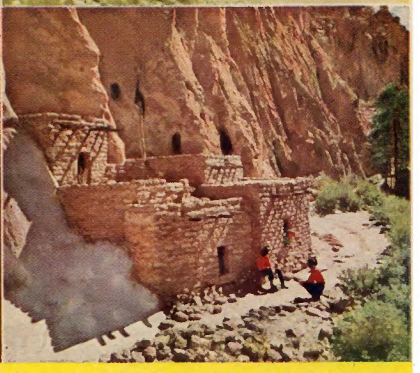

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